Feb. 15, 1982

# THE NEW YORKER

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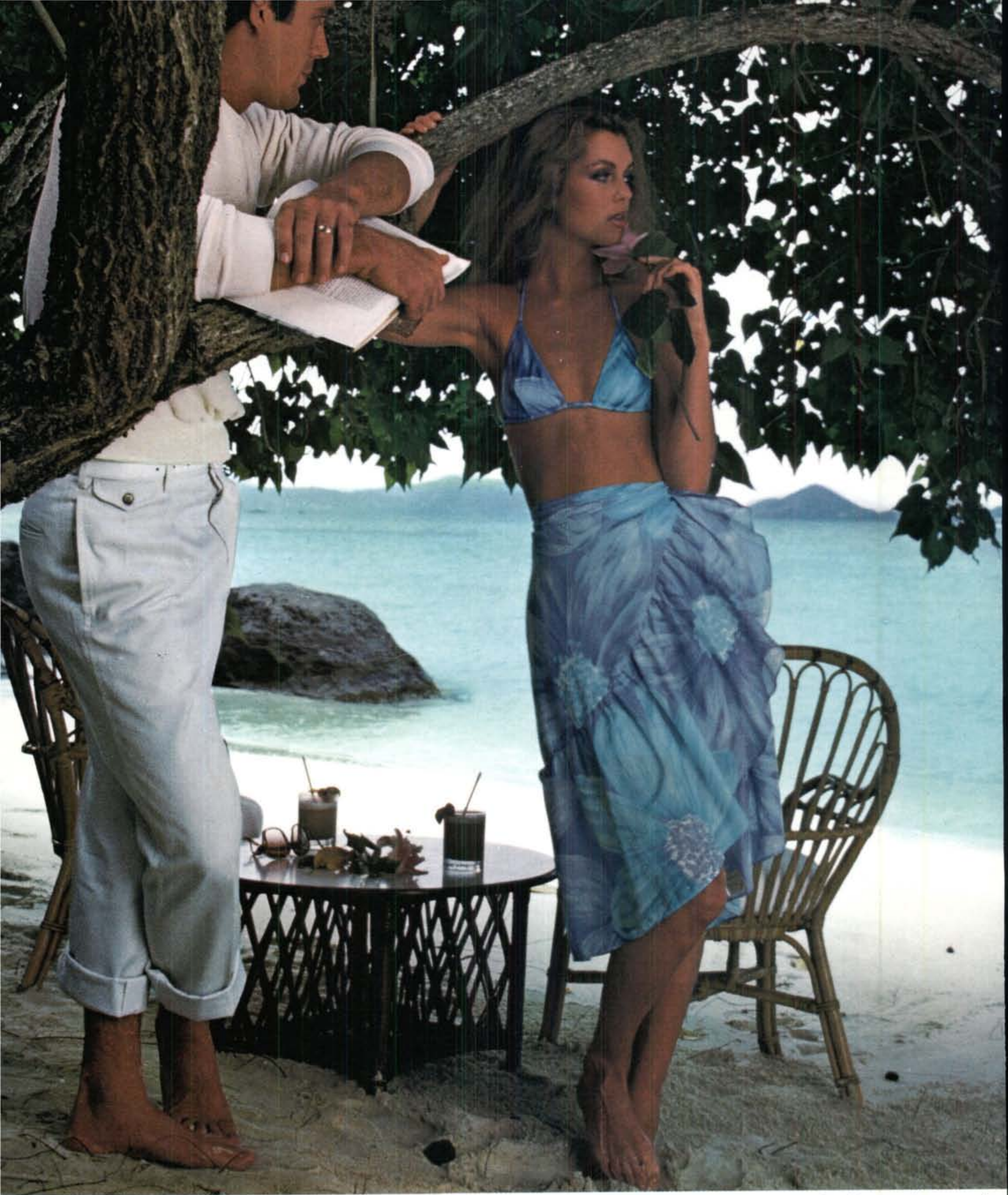

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 15. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**The Brixton Recovery**—In this play by Jack Gilhooley—scarcely more than a conversation piece, but a lively one—a battered Irish-American fighter takes refuge in the London flat of a sparkling young Jamaican woman. With Tom McLaughlin and Hazel Medina. (Reviewed in this issue.) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**La Chefa**—A play by Tato Laviera about a Puerto Rican family living on the lower East Side. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 28.)

**Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean**—A play by Ed Graczyk, with a cast headed by Cher, Sandy Dennis, and Karen Black. The director is Robert Altman. It was presented Off Off Broadway two years ago. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 18. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Confluence**—Three frail, sporadically entertaining one-acters, by three generally robust dramatists: John Bishop's eponymous "Confluence;" "Am I Blue," by Beth Henley; and "Thymus Vulgaris," by Lanford Wilson. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Final performances Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 10-11, at 8.)

**Cotton Patch Gospel**—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays, except Feb. 16, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 10, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

**Crimes of the Heart**—In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but it is the particular gift of the author, Beth Henley, to make nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. The cast is an ensemble as nearly perfect as one is ever likely to see. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/16/81.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays, except Feb. 16, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

**The Curse of an Aching Heart**—A nostalgic glance at Irish-American life in Brooklyn in the nineteen-twenties. Not much of a play, but it provides the occasion for Faye Dunaway to make a successful return to Broadway. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Dreamgirls**—Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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**The Dresser**—Tom Courtenay plays to the hilt a marvellous role as the sharp-tongued homosexual Cockney dresser of an aging Shakespearean actor-manager (Paul Rogers). Ronald Harwood is the author of this clever, old-fashioned, well-made play. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 15, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—Aristophanes' comedy **LYSISTRATA** will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Feb. 11, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 28. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Grown Ups**—The title is satiric; all the characters in Jules Feiffer's latest play are emotionally under ten, however old they may be in chronological terms. Bob Dishy is sensationally good as an urban Jewish-American male on his way to total breakdown. (12/21/81) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 15, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Sunday and Monday, Feb. 14-15, at 3.)

**The House Across the Street**—A play by Darrah Cloud. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesday through Monday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Monday, Feb. 15.)

**Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat**—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays—except Feb. 14—at 2; special matinées Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

**Keyboard**—A play by Matt Robinson, with Cleavon Little as a rhythm-and-blues singer trying to make a comeback. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

**Key Exchange**—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicy-

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cles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music**—A couple of dozen cherished standards (by Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, Feb. 21: **PRINCESS IDA.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Little Me**—A tasteless musical, revived after twenty years, and who knows why? Book by Neil Simon, music by Cy Coleman, lyrics by Carolyn Leigh. (2/1/82) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Sunday and Monday, Feb. 14-15, at 3.)

**Lullaby and Goodnight**—A new musical by Elizabeth Swados. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Macbeth**—Duncan's mistake was to invite himself for a weekend at the Macbeths' country place. The Macbeths were a very high-strung couple, bent on social advancement. In this production, Nicol Williamson displays his gift for ill-controlled hysteria, and Andrea Weber is his deteriorating consort. (2/8/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

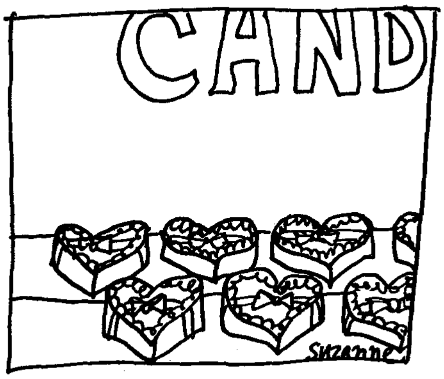
**The Man and the Fly**—A play by José Ruibal, presented in an English version with Rip Torn and in a Spanish version with Norman Briski. Jack Gelber directed both casts. Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 749-8474. In English Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

**Mass Appeal**—White-haired and black-browed, Milo O'Shea is a Catholic priest to the life; the only other character in Bill C. Davis's brilliant little comedy is Michael O'Keefe, who plays a troubled seminarian. Many contradictory opinions divide the two men, and out of the division comes, for one of them, salvation. Geraldine Fitzgerald is the able director. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, except Feb. 16, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

**Miss Julie**—The Strindberg play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. On Tuesday, Feb. 16, David Alan Grier will succeed Mr. Riley. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 2.)

**Othello**—A well-acted and unusually handsome production of Shakespeare's sure-fire thriller, starring James Earl Jones and Christopher Plummer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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**Pump Boys and Dinettes**—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You** and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Special Occasions**—Suzanne Pleshette and Richard Mulligan strive to pour life into this stuffed doll of a sit-com by Bernard Slade; their efforts are in vain. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 15, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

**Strange Snow**—This play about two war-damaged Vietnam veterans and the sister of one of them is in-and-out absorbing (to say nothing of plausible), but the playwright, Steve Metcalfe, surely seems to be in the right profession. With Christopher Curry, Dann Florek, and Kaiulani Lee. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 21.)

**Tomfoolery**—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Torch Song Trilogy**—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. His performance is stylish and very good, and he is ably supported by, among others, Estelle Getty, as his mother on a visit from Miami, and Matthew Broderick, as a street kid he is trying to adopt. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

**The Unseen Hand**—A revival of Sam Shepard's astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Waltz of the Stork**—Melvin Van Peebles in a quasi-autobiographical display of ego that bears little resemblance to "The Education of Henry Adams." (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays, except Feb. 16, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 10, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

**The West Side Waltz**—Katharine Hepburn successfully survives a mechanically plotted play about a tough-minded old lady on the West Side. Dorothy Loudon lends strong comic support as a lonely, feckless ditherer. (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Whales of August**—Two elderly sisters, both of them widows, spend their final summer together at a beach house off the Maine coast. David Berry's play is very much one of mood, and the mood is well sustained by the company, under William Ludel's direction. Edward T. Gianfrancesco's spacious setting on a tiny stage is a mystery and a wonder. (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 691-2274. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 21.)

**The World of Sholom Aleichem**—A revival of Arnold Perl's dramatization of stories by Sholom Aleichem and I. L. Peretz. Jack Gilford, who appeared in the original 1953 production, stars. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 11, at 6:45. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Zastrozzi**—The great Czech actor Jan Triska in a murky drama. (2/1/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 15, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with John Wood, Peter Firth, and Amy Irving heading the large cast. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 16, Caris Corfman will replace Miss Irving. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical that is more circus than Barnum. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street The-

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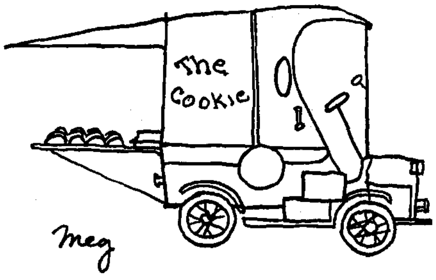
At A. M. Burns, Scarsdale; Argyle Shop, Birmingham, Michigan; Bonwit Teller, Short Hills; Bullock & Jones, San Francisco; Clipper Shop Clothier, Avon, Connecticut; F.R. Tripler, New York; Herzfeld, New York; Jodphur's, Charlotte; Kilgore Trout, Cleveland; Louis, Boston; Mr. Guy, Beverly Hills; Raleigh, Ltd., Indianapolis. © 1982 Chester Barrie

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

atre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 17, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and Peter Evans play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays, except Feb. 16, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays, except Feb. 16, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,064 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 15, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 15, at 3.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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## MISCELLANY

**EVERYMAN**—The medieval morality play performed by the Classical Theatre Ensemble. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Thursday, Feb. 11; Saturday, Feb. 13; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, all at 8.)

**THE NIGHT OF 100 STARS**—A tiny, almost secret colloquium celebrating, in its introverted way, the hundredth anniversary of the Actors' Fund. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 7. For information about tickets, call 874-3407.)

## DANCE

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Wednesday evening, Feb. 10: "The Gershwin Concerto," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 11: "Apollo," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 12: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Orpheus," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 13: "Chaconne," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 13: "Apollo," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 14: "The Gershwin Concerto," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Duo Concertant," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 14: "La Source," "Orpheus," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 16: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Meditation," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 17: "Orpheus," "Histoire du Soldat Suite," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 18: "Capriccio Italien," "Orpheus," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 19: "Chaconne," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 20: "La Source," "Andantino," "Meditation," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 20: "Irish Fantasy," "The Cage," "Andantino," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. *Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays* at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

**DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 10, and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2: "Serenade," "Equus: the Ballet," *and* "Dougla." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 11-12, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2; and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 7:30: "Fête Noire," "The Four Temperaments," and "Firebird." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

**JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY**—"Magrite Magrite," "The Moor's Pavane," "Cleopatra," and other dances. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

**MEREDITH MONK AND COMPANY**—A return engagement of the full-length work "Specimen Days." Opens Thursday, Feb. 11, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 28. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8.)

**DANCEMOBILE WINTER SERIES**—Thursday, Feb. 11: Alpha-Omega Dance Company and Dinizulu Dancers & Drummers. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 12: Danz, Inc. and Troupe Shango. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13: Philadelphia Dance Company and Al Perryman's Brooklyn Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 14: Rod Rodgers Dance Company and Eleo Pomare Dance Company. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 860-8640.)

**TAPPIN' UPTOWN**—Honi Coles and the Copasetics, Chuck Green, Peg Leg Bates, Steve Condos, Harold Nicholas, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, at 8; and Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2.)

**DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY**—Two premières—"Ratatat" and "Stumble Up to Stand"—"Disposal," "Harold," and "Traces." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th Street. 864-2929. Wednesday, Feb. 17, and Friday, Feb. 19, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 20-21, at 2.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**ANGRY SQUIRE,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously stride and free pianist, will lead a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, hard-bop pianist **BARRY HARRIS'S** trio will be on hand. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

**BLUE NOTE,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER** and drummer **MEL LEWIS** co-pilot a quartet here through Sunday, Feb. 14; on Tuesday, Feb. 16, guitarist **JIM HALL** will arrive with his trio. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

**BOTTOM LINE,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, Feb. 10, vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI;** Thursday, Feb. 11, two bluegrass bands, the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL** and **TONY TRISCHKA & SKYLINE;** Friday, Feb. 12, guitarist, singer, and ex-retired performer **DAVID BROMBERG;** Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 13-14, the **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO,** whose ranks include **LESTER BOWIE, JOSEPH JARMAN, ROSCOE MITCHELL, MALACHI FAVORS,** and **DON MOYE,** and its enormous array of musical instruments and avant-gardisms; Tuesday, Feb. 16, blues archivist and singer **JOHN HAMMOND** and British pop singer Georgie Fame; Wednesday, Feb. 17, the Shirts; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, rock singer Del Shannon. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**BRADLEY'S,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** handle the piano-bass chores through Saturday, Feb. 13. Music from nine-forty-five.

**BROADWAY JOE'S,** 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

**Cachaça,** 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

**Café Pierre,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BARBARA COOK,** who sings in a wonderfully clear, ringing soprano, has moved into the Café Carlyle for a month. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings and plays piano, too, works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

**Carnegie Tavern,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 10, Dave Leonard & the Look, the Staff, the Greg Steer Band, and the Affectives; Thursday, Feb. 11, the Article, Attention, and the Dates; Friday, Feb. 12, the Stimulators, the Egyptians, and Soviet Threat; and Saturday, Feb. 13, the Swinging Madisons, Mystery Dates, and Ex-Husbands. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

**City Limits,** 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-mixed bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Actor **MICHAEL MORIARTY** is here singing some of the songs he's written, with assistance from bassist **JAY LEONHART** and pianist **DAVID LAHM,** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays, composer, singer, and pianist **ARTHUR SIEGEL** presents show tunes in medleys, and introduces them with thorough, witty dossiers on their history. Mr. Siegel appears very much a product of the fifties—he has carefully combed wavy hair and horn-rimmed glasses and looks a great deal like Robert Q. Lewis. His performing style isn't self-indulgent or overbearing, and his arrangements are simple, unadorned, and straightforward—in short, perfect. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

**Eagle Tavern,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind, but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Feb. 10, Around the World for Sport; Thursday, Feb. 11, Claire Reynolds and Dave Rimelis; Saturday, Feb. 13, Out to Lunch; Sunday, Feb. 14, guitarists Nick Katzman and Mary Reynolds; Wednesday, Feb. 17, the Irish Tradition; and Saturday, Feb. 20, the Chicken Chokers String Band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Feb. 14, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will lead his Jazz Sultans from about nine-thirty. On Wednesdays and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

**Fat Tuesday's,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Silken, melodic tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** performs with his latest quartet through Sunday, Feb. 14; on Tuesday, Feb. 16, alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** will bring in his quartet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Ginger Man,** 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music of their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. The **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—made up of trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM,** guitarist **AL CASEY,** tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** bassist **AL HALL,** pianist **GENE RODGERS,** and drummer **SHELTON GARY**—goes at it at nine and ten-thirty on Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays.

**Greene Street,** 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, Feb. 10, singer Miles Jaye; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 11-13, bluesy, gutbucket saxophonists **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** and **HANK CRAWFORD;** Monday, Feb. 15, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and vibraharpist **DWIGHT GASSAY;** and Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 16-20, jazz vocalists **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**—**JACKIE & ROY** to their admirers. Sundays are the property of Kenia, a Brazilian band. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist Bill Triglia, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins performing at ten; and Sundays **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to ten. Pianist Don Golson is at the piano from seven to ten nightly except Sundays.

**Griff's Plaza Café,** Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires fine pianists and bassists. **MAJOR HOLLEY,** a humming, buzzing bassist, is currently in residence along with pianist **RICHARD WYANDS.** Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

**Hanratty's,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays, Hal Schaefer mans the keyboard. Sets Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

**Hors d'Oeuvrerie,** at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** and a trio perform for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Bob Curtis alternates with them after nine.

**Jazzmania Society,** 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, trumpeter **BUTCH MORRIS** will lead a twelve-piece band; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, saxophonist **BILL BARRON** will drop by with a quartet that will feature his brother, **KENNY BARRON,** on piano. Thursdays, a young octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND,** plays sambas (of course) with *grandeza de animo.* Music from about eight-thirty, and if you hang around until one in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Knickerbocker Saloon,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes undulating and romantic, other times clipped and percussive, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, and his bassist, **MIKE RICHMOND,** are two good reasons Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another couple of good reasons are **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** the Sunday and Monday piano-bass men. Music from ten.

**Lone Star Café,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, Feb. 10, the Rockats; Thursday, Feb. 11, singer **MARTHA REEVES;** Sunday, Feb. 14, Texas standup folkie Kinky Friedman; Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 15-16, the flamboyant soul singer **WILSON PICKETT;** and Thursday, Feb. 18, the Burrito Brothers. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

**Lush Life,** 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A brand-new jazz club. **NAT ADDERLEY,** an earthy cornettist and raconteur, is leading *some band*—**SONNY FORTUNE** on alto, **LARRY WILLIS** on piano, **WALTER BOOKER** on bass, and **JIMMY COBB** on drums—through Saturday, Feb. 13. On Sunday, Feb. 14, drummer **BEAVER HARRIS** and pianist **DON PULLEN** will co-pilot a big band. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 15-16, have been set aside for pianist **ALBERT DAILEY'S** quartet. And on Wednesday, Feb. 17, bassist **ART DAVIS,** pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** drummer **BOB MOSES,** saxophonist **DAVE SCHNITTER,** and trombonist **DICK GRIFFIN**—known collectively for this gig as the Vibration Society, the name of the band that the late Rahsaan Roland Kirk used to lead—will perform some of Kirk's music. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Dining.

**Marty's,** 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view. Singer Johnnie Ray, whose recordings of "The Little White Cloud That Cried," "Broken Hearted," and "Cry" resulted in the three most touching hits of 1951, is present Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, still doles out a generous portion of "Lullaby of Birdland" per set. He's aided by his able, enthusiastic bass player, **BRIAN TORFF,** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, **ERIC GALE,** the honey-toned R. & B. guitarist, will guide a reggae band, and Wednesday, Feb. 17, **GRACE TESTANI** will sing with support from pianist **JIM**

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**MC NEELY,** bassist **RON MC CLURE,** and drummer **JIMMY MADISON.** Music from about ten until two.

**OTHER END,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 10, Rollo; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl; and Wednesday, Feb. 17, the Fishman Brothers Band. Every Thursday bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** alto saxophonist **ALEX FOSTER,** vocalist **ESTHER MARROW,** and the rest of the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL,** a stirring R. & B. band, occupy the bandstand. On Sundays, jazz singer **CHRIS CONNOR** appears at ten and eleven-thirty. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

**PEPPERMINT LOUNGE,** 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Rock and roll on Broadway: Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 10-11, the Waitresses and Shrapnel; Friday, Feb. 12, guitarist Chris Spedding; Saturday, Feb. 13, the Dance; and Sunday, Feb. 14, the Heartbreakers. Music from about midnight.

**RAINBOW ROOM,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **PANAMA FRANCIS,** the fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also gigged with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—and his **SAVOY SULTANS** make it virtually impossible not to want to dance. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**RED BLAZER TOO,** 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

***RITZ,*** *119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy* (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The live-music schedule: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, **DAVID JOHANSEN;** Sunday, Feb. 14, Dragons and Hooks; Monday, Feb. 15, the Nails and Scandals; Tuesday, Feb. 16, Shrapnel; Thursday, Feb. 18, soul singer Bobby Womack (at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty); and Saturday, Feb. 20, the dB's and guitarist Rhys Chatham. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

**ST. REGIS-SHERATON,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, a tribute to Jerome Kern is under way, with a cast that comprises Chris Groenendaal, Judy Kaye, Armelia McQueen, and Ken Page. Shows Mondays *through* Thursdays at *nine-thirty,* and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

**SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, Feb. 10, Steve Tarshis; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 11-14, trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO;** Tuesday, Feb. 16, Guanabara, a Brazilian-jazz octet; Wednesday, Feb. 17, **YOSHIAKI MASUO,** an adept R. & B. and jazz guitarist; and Thursday through *Sunday, Feb. 18-21, a real fine quartet*—pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** drummer **BILLY HIGGINS,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK.** Music from nine-thirty.

**STAR AND GARTER,** 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, the Joe Ruddick trio will perform; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will bring in his hard-bop combo. Music from ten. Dining.

**SWEET BASIL,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS,** who sounds equally good whether he's playing spiritual-enlightenment music or just good old regular bebop, heads up a quartet through Saturday, Feb. 13; on Sunday and Monday, Feb. 14-15, Kilimanjaro will be present; and on Tuesday, Feb. 16, the bluesy alto saxophonist and singer **JOHN HANDY** will begin a rare visit to the city. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**TRAMPS,** 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues–rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). **COUSIN JOE,** a New Orleans entertainer, whose real name is Pleasant Joseph, is at the piano through Saturday, Feb. 13, playing and singing blues songs—funny ones, sneaky ones, low-down ones, bone-chilling ones. Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

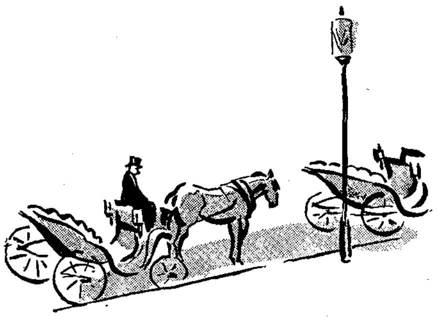
**TRAX,** 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 10, Peter Tork & New Monks; Thursday, Feb. 11, Leaders; Friday, Feb. 12, Rhythm Method and Blotto; Saturday, Feb. 13, Hooks and Last Licks; Sunday, Feb. 14, the Zantees; and Tuesday, Feb. 16, Side 1 and Songster. Music after eleven. Dancing.

**VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room. On Monday, Feb. 15, there will be two bands, **HECTOR LAVOE'S** and **SAOCO,** and one guest soloist, cornettist **NAT ADDERLEY.** They'll begin sometime after nine. On Friday, Feb. 19, at eleven, trombonist and arranger **MELBA LISTON** will perform with her nonet, which will feature tenor saxophonist **BUDD JOHNSON.** On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a *trio from nine.*

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and multi-instrumentalist **IRA SULLIVAN** and their quintet are here through Sunday, Feb. 14; on Tuesday, Feb. 16, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** will arrive with his nonet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regusis has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

**WEST END,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet can be heard through Sunday, Feb. 14; and on Wednesday, Feb. 17, blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will come in with his quintet. Mondays are given over to pianist Gene Rodgers, and Tuesdays to the great **JO JONES,** master of the ride cymbal, the high-hat, and bass-drum bombs. Music nightly from about nine.



## JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ**—Buddy Rich and his orchestra, with Steve Marcus. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8 and 10.)

**RUFUS AND CHAKA KHAN**—Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 12-14, at 9.

**BARRY WHITE & HIS LOVE UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA** and **RAY GOODMAN & BROWN**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

**PAUL KNOPF**—With Clare Johnson. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 7.)

**THE GREAT GUITARS**—Charlie Byrd, Barney Kessel, and Herb Ellis, with saxophonist Gerry Mulligan. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

**JOAN ARMATRADING**—With Tom Chapin. (Palladium. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

**J. GEILS BAND**—With George Thorogood and the Destroyers. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

**DOC WATSON**—With the Bluegrass Band. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 7:30 and 10:30. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

**SALSA MEETS JAZZ**—McCoy Tyner, Eddie Palmieri, and Arthur Blythe. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8 and 11:30.)

**JAZZ FORUM**—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Sundays at 9: Pé-De-Boi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 11, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Janet Lawson quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, at 10, 11:30, *and 1: Gary* Bartz quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 14, at 3: Renee Adrienne. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 10: Mike Crotty Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Frank Foster Loud Minority. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 9: Brazilian Carnaval, with Pé-De-Boi. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

**SOUNDSCAPE**—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Feb. 12, at 9:30: Jimmy Lyons quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 9 and midnight: Sun Ra & His Arkestra. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 10: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 9:30: Frank Lowe quintet. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

**BENEFIT CONCERT**—Cedar Walton, Ron Carter, Roy Haynes, Clifford Jordan, Buster Williams, and others. (Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. 255-4037. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**MAUREEN CONNOR**—Delicate constructions (organdy, caning, straw) by a costume designer. Through Feb. 27. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

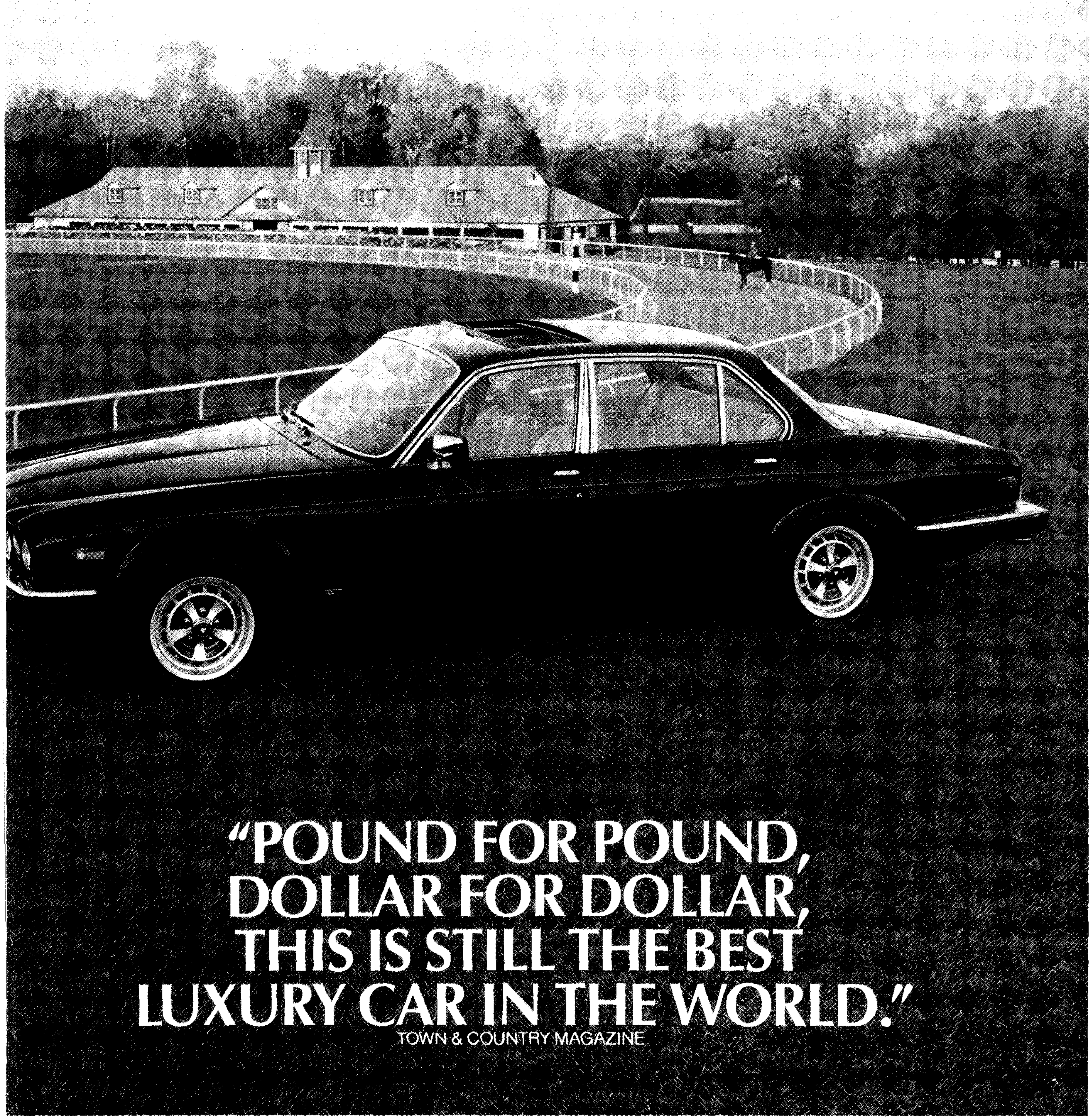
***FRIEDEL DZUBAS***—Color-field paintings. Through Thursday, Feb. 18. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

**STEPHEN EDLICH**—Abstract paper collages. Through Feb. 27. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St.)

**IGOR GALANIN**—Recent paintings, surreal in nature and somewhat naïve in style. Through Feb. 27. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**BUDD HOPKINS**—An installation in mixed mediums mounted on the gallery wall (and taking up part of the floor), plus four maquettes for outdoor sculptures; all the work was influenced by Greek temples the artist saw on a trip last summer. Through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

**REX LAU / ROXANNE BLANCHARD**—Stylized paintings of mountains and of cypress trees bent by the wind, done in oil on hydrostone. / An



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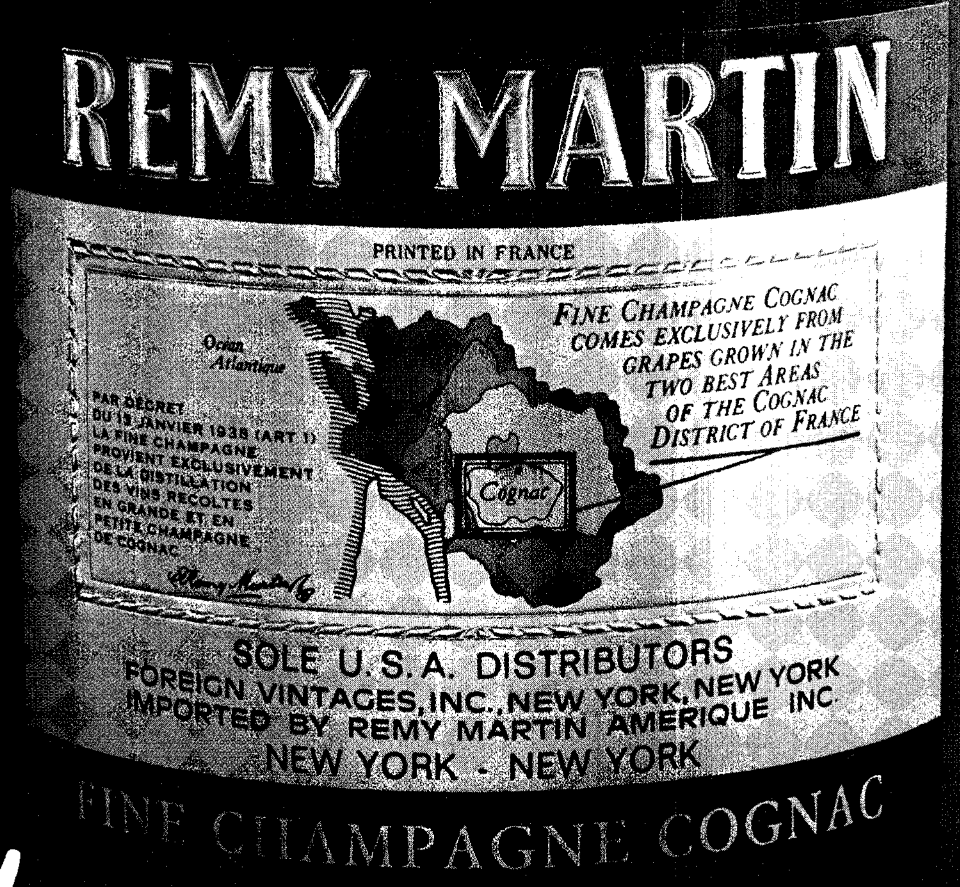
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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installation—a macabre room that might be a taxidermist's workshop, with animal pelts drawn on the wall and beakers of chemicals lying around. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

**abel McIlvain**—Small (fifteen to thirty inches), highly articulated sculptures of female nudes, in bronze and hydrocal. Through Feb. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**nneth Price**—A group of drawings and six new ceramic cups. Through March 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**chard Thompson**—Figurative paintings with emblems of pioneer life—campfires, log cabins, and wagon trains. Through March 3. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

**érard Titus-Carmel**—A series of watercolors, drawings, and prints under the title "Caparaçons." First one-man show in New York. Through March 13. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

**am van Velde** (1895-1981)—Abstract paintings. Through March 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**m Whanki** (1913-74)—Forty-five gouaches from his sketchbook. Through Feb. 27. (Poindexter, 1160 Fifth Ave., at 97th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

**itz Winter** (1905-76)—A small retrospective of oils, drawings, and monotypes, from 1929 to 1956. Through Thursday, Feb. 18. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**elanie Wygonik**—Large scratch drawings—decorative grids picked out with a stylus on a checkerboard of colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

**dja Yunkers**—Large abstract works, most of them incorporating strands of cordage across a field of soft color, by this veteran artist, now eighty-two. Through March 17. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

**roup Shows**—At the **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century, early-twentieth-century, and contemporary artists, including Robert Henri, Georgia O'Keeffe, Ernest Fiene, and Jeffrey Kronsnoble. Through Feb. 27. . . . **ADLER-CASTILLO,** in a new location at 58 E. 79th St.: Early-twentieth-century Russian art: eleven gouaches by Popova, a watercolor by Kandinsky, and five drawings by Malevich are among the paintings and works on paper by nearly twenty artists. Through Feb. 27. . . . **GIBSON,** 205 E. 78th St.: Five contemporary French artists, Jean Le Gac and Arman among them. Through March 6. . . . **KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Robert Cottingham's Photo-Realist city façades are shown alongside the naturalism of Andrew and James Wyeth in a display of about thirty paintings by a score of twentieth-century American realists. Through Feb. 26. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by Georges Braque, Paul Klee (paintings), Robert Delaunay, Henri Matisse (drawings), and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by John Parks, constructions and collages by Reginald Case, and sculptures by Bruce Pollock. Through Feb. 27.

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**illes Aillaud**—Paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 27. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

**ielma Appel**—Landscapes reduced to abstractions. Through Wednesday, Feb. 17. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**usté**—Macabre landscapes dotted with elongated figures, painted in bold colors. Through Feb. 27. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

**jis Cruz Azaceta**—Self-portraits treated as fantasy; e.g., the artist depicts himself as a horseman of the Apocalypse. Through March 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**llen Blagden / Irma Cavat**—Watercolors: portraits, landscapes, and birds. / Closeup views of market produce and of studio paint pots, among other oils. Through Feb. 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**harlotte Brown**—Recent collages in which rich, Oriental-tapestry designs are carried out in combinations of clay, fabric, and handmade paper. Through Feb. 27. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

**harles Clough**—Paintings with references to art history. Through Feb. 27. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

**James Coignard**—Sketchy architectural forms, hints of floor plans, and bits of Spencerian penmanship are perceptible in these abstract collages done on crusty, heavy-duty handmade paper, sometimes as thick as a bath mat. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Richard Corey**—Paintings. Through March 5. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

**Joellyn Duesberry**—Landscapes of the Hudson River and Martha's Vineyard. Through Feb. 27. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Maurice Freedman**—Expressionist landscapes and still-lifes done over the past fifty years on the Mediterranean, in Maine, and in various other parts of the world. Through Feb. 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Sonia Gechtoff**—New abstract works: a different selection from (but faithful in style to) her previous show, which ran at this gallery during the past month. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Craig Kauffman**—Elements of still-lifes and interiors enlarged and rearranged in these light-colored abstractions, in which pale yellows seem to predominate. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Ray Lewis**—Ovals, arcs, and triangles in pastel stick and acrylic on large canvases. Through Feb. 27. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Bruce Monteith**—Miniature slices of architectural structures—a beach-house outdoor shower, an art-gallery interior—contained in boxes. Through Feb. 27. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Maud Morgan / Sandra Lerner**—New collages, made of Japanese mulberry paper. / Subtly textured abstract paintings influenced by the gardens and mountain scenery of Japan. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Irving Petlin**—Large canvases (ten feet by eight) on which a big egg-shaped outline frames various amorphous figures in misty, surreal settings. Through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Man Ray** (1890-1976)—Books, catalogues, portfolios, and other printed matter, dated 1915-74, with their respective "manuscripts" (which often include three-dimensional objects); early cut-paper collages; and graphics. Through March 13. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Martial Raysse**—Surreal vignettes, in mixed mediums, of rural France. Through Feb. 27. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

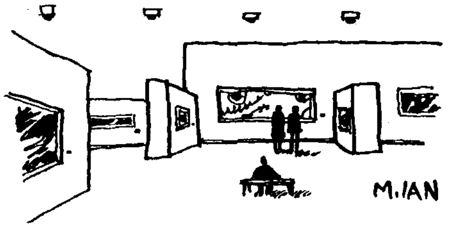
**Judy Rifka**—Paintings with figures in silhouette. Through March 6. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Larry Rivers**—New work. Through Feb. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**François Rouan**—Paintings and drawings. Through March 6. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Fanny Sanin**—Geometric abstractions. Through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At **AARON BERMAN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by thirty-eight women artists from New York and from Florida: Fish, Nevelson, Krasner, and Sleigh are among them. Through Feb. 27. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: "The Gloucester Years," a show of sixty paintings by Milton Avery, Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, Edward Hopper, and John Sloan, who recorded their impressions of that seaside town from about 1915 (Sloan) to 1956 (Avery). Through March 6. . . . **DINTENFASS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Five artists—Hyman Bloom, Philip Evergood, Sidney Goodman, Robert Gwathmey, and Jacob Lawrence—who, in diverse styles, "established the realist character" of the gallery between 1950 and 1970. Through Feb. 25. . . . **EMMERICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: New monotypes by Sam Francis, Precisionist drawings by Jeannette LeRoy, and paintings by Simon Hantaï. Through Feb. 27. . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Small paintings and drawings by American artists who were included in exhibitions mounted by the curator Dorothy Miller at the Museum of Modern Art in the forties, fifties, and sixties. Kline, Pollock, Rothko, and Johns are some of the artists. Through March 6. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century European and American folk artists, including Edward Hicks, Henri Rousseau, and Grandma Moses. Through March 6. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by seven artists who received their training at the Art Institute of Chicago: Roger Brown, Philip Hanson, Jim Nutt, Ed Paschke, Suellen Rocca, H. C. Westermann, and Karl Wirsum. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. . . . **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.: "American Figurative Expressionism 1950-60" has paintings by Willem de Kooning, Lester Johnson, Grace Hartigan, and others. Through March 4. . . . **SIGNS,** 37 W. 57th St.: A survey of Cuban painting and drawing over the past fifty years, sanctioned by their government and ours. The first of a three-part exhibition by artists of the island. Through Feb. 27.



### GALLERIES—SoHo

**Joseph Beuys**—Souvenirs from performances by this German art-world celebrity—basins he washed people's feet in, photographs, documents, scribbled drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

**Natalie Bieser**—Outsize watercolors crowded with billowing abstract forms. Through Wednesday, Feb. 17. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**Cathey Billian and David Nash**—"Two Views of Nature," drawings by two sculptors. Through Feb. 27. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

**Bruce Boice**—Nonobjective, impasto paintings and the pencil studies for them. Through Feb. 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

**Louis Cane**—Expressionist paintings of women. Through March 6. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**Rosemary Cove**—Sculptures and drawings. Through March 3. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

**Constance Dodge**—Wire-and-stained-cloth sculptures, some of them suspended from the ceiling. Through Thursday, Feb. 18. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

**Michel Gerard**—Forged-steel sculptures and handmade-paper pieces. Through Feb. 27. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**Michael Hurson**—Drawings. Through March 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**Patrick Ireland / Jean-Pierre Pincemin**—A new wall painting and related drawings. / Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

**Mario Merz**—Six oils and two metal-and-glass sculptures. Through Feb. 27. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

**Donald Newman**—Photographic blowups worked over with paint and charcoal. Through Feb. 27. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

**Gladys Nilsson / Christina Ramberg**—Watercolors depicting caricatured figures. / Totemic acrylics. Through Feb. 27. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

**Anne Flaten Pixley**—Paper reliefs. Through March 10. (Stewart Neill, 136 Greene St.)

**Anne and Patrick Poirier / Christian Boltanski**—Pagodas and pyramids represented in gilded wood. / A photographic installation. Through Feb. 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**Mira Schor / Joseph Santore**—Abstractions from nature; the medium is dry pigment on rice paper. / Small-scale abstract oils and ink

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drawings. Through March 6. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

**Edith Seltzer**—Pattern paintings in which geometric forms are incorporated. Through Sunday, Feb. 14. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

**Nora Speyer**—Paintings of sombre-looking figures, together with two Cape Cod landscapes, and working drawings for all. Through March 3. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

**Robert Straight**—Nonobjective paintings on shaped canvases and paper. Through Feb. 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

**Michelle Stuart**—The Peruvian Nazca lines were the starting point for a large wall work of a hundred per cent rag paper whose line was traced with earth. Also, other recent works. Through Feb. 27. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**Michael Tracy**—Paintings. Through March 3. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway.)

**Claude Viallat**—Painted canvas pieces, including a large tent (one may enter) and unstretched, irregularly shaped wall works. Through Feb. 27. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

**Group Shows**—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: The first installment of a two-part fifth-anniversary exhibit, which consists in total of a hundred and seventy-four of the artists whose work has been featured here. Through Feb. 27. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **meisel,** 141 Prince St.: Photo-Realist watercolors by C. J. Yao, paintings of cows on a grid by John Roy, and large abstract pastels by Evelyn Ellwood. Through Feb. 27. . . . **soho 20,** 99 Spring St.: An all-gallery (twenty members), all-paper work in this feminist establishment. Through March 3. (Opens at noon.) . . . **holly solomon,** 392 West Broadway: Four French artists showing paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 20.

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Thomas Bang**—Wall objects in black and red wax and in cast iron; also floor pieces and stencilled-graphite drawings. Through Feb. 27. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

**E. E. Cummings** (1894-1962)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Feb. 27. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

**Jean Le Gac / John Mendelsohn**—Large works that combine photographs, drawings, and texts. / Paintings of women. Through March 6. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

**Lou Myers**—Drawings by an artist whose work is often seen in these pages. Through April 1. (International Typeface, third floor, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. Opens at noon; closed Saturdays.)

**Small Works Competition**—Dealer Nancy Hoffman judged this sixth annual show of art works that measure under a foot. Through Feb. 26. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University.)

**Group Shows**—At the **city gallery,** 2 Columbus Circle: Paintings and drawings by New York artists in a show of twenty-one current museum purchases—for example, Ellsworth Kelly's "Tulips" (Museum of Modern Art), Howardena Pindell's "Memory Test" (Metropolitan), and John Duff's "White Wall Piece" (Whitney). Through Wednesday, Feb. 17. (Open daily.) . . . **fraunces tavern museum,** 54 Pearl St.: The two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of George Washington's birth is the occasion for a show of contemporary renderings of G.W. by such artists as Roy De Forest, George Deem, and Audrey Flack. Through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.) . . . **the new museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by six New York artists: Tom Butter, Tom Evans, John Fekner, Judith Hudson, Peter Julian, and Cheryl Laemmle. Through March 25. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **visual arts,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Preparatory works for Precisionist paintings by Sheeler, Lozowick, Ault, and others. Through Feb. 26. (Mondays, except Feb. 15, through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Marilyn Bridges**—Sixty aerial photographs of the "ground drawings" attributed to the Nazca Indians of Peru—the titanic (one is over ten miles wide) renderings of plants, animals, and geometric forms which range across thirty miles of a desert plain southeast of Lima. Through Feb. 21. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**Lois Conner**—Large-format platinum-palladium prints. Through March 12. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Patrizia della Porta / Edwin Hale Lincoln** (1848-1938)—Abstract photographic renderings of architectural details. / Platinum-print studies (made in the photographer's studio) of the wild flowers found in the Berkshires. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Andreas Feininger**—Photographs: examples of photojournalism, nudes and portraits, architectural studies, abstractions. Through Feb. 27. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

**Mark Feldstein**—Photographs of urban places. Through Feb. 27. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

**Evelyn Hofer**—New work, including color portraits of Saul Steinberg and Diana Vreeland. Through March 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Werner Mantz**—Architectural photographs of Germany during the twenties and thirties. *Through March 6. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.* Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

**W. Eugene Smith** (1918-78)—A few obscure photographs paired with such well-known works as "Walk to Paradise Garden." Through March 6. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Nineteenth-Century German Photography**—More than two hundred photographs on loan from the Agfa-Gevaert museum in Leverkusen, West Germany, in a show that documents the early work and subsequent developments in the field: portraits, landscapes, and motion studies. Through Sunday, Feb. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.)

**Group Show**—An inventory of photographic techniques is provided in an exhibit of the work of eleven contemporary women photographers. Through Feb. 27. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Michael C. Rockefeller Wing houses the permanent collection of traditional objects from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas in grand, newly constructed first-floor galleries that occupy nearly an acre of space overlooking Central Park to the south. Among the almost two thousand items (given largely by Nelson Rockefeller in memory of his son) are a Peruvian gold-and-shell nose ornament, which would mask the lower half of the face, and nine twenty-foot-high carved ancestor poles collected by Michael Rockefeller on his final expedition to New Guinea. . . . ¶ Two acquisition shows: thirty-one paintings and sculptures by contemporary artists and a hundred or so purchases, from seventeen curatorial departments, each costing under five thousand dollars. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Edouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14 . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annua fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. (Open daily except Mondays Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 4:45.)

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**Museum of Modern Art**—The museum will be closed for a few months for construction work.

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Munich: 1896-1914," the first of three exhibits planned by the museum (to be held at two-year intervals) to follow the artist's development as influenced by the various cities where he lived. Most of the nearly three hundred works assembled here (paintings, works on paper, furniture and ceramic designs, art-related books) are by Kandinsky himself, most are on loan, and all are intended to show the interrelation between the artist and the city where he arrived, at the age o thirty, to begin the formal study of art Through March 21. . . . ¶ A fluorescent-light sculpture by Dan Flavin. Through March 14 (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 15, from 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave at 75th St.—A show of paintings, drawings and prints, selected from a bequest by Katherine Schmidt Shubert, which includes works by such artists as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Peggy Bacon, John Sloan, and the donor herself Through April 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 15, from 1 to 5.)

**American Craft Museum,** 44 W. 53rd St.—Nineteen winners of crafts competitions showing their current works in metal, glass, fibre, and so forth. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Asia Society,** 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Eight Dynasties of Chinese Painting," a show of sixty paintings—hanging scrolls hand scrolls, album leaves, and fans—on silk and paper and dated from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred original drawings (plus furniture, silver, and ceramics) by the Scottish architect Robert Adam (1728-92), as well as some by those who were influenced by his neoclassical style. Through April 11 (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Japan House,** 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of Asian art from the collection of the Idemitsu Museum of Art, Tokyo, centering on Japanese paintings and ceramics; a Yüan-dynasty cobalt-glaze jar stands out. The Nanga school, the Ukiyo-e school, and the painter Sengai Gibon are well represented. Through March 14. (Open daily, except Monday, Feb. 15, from 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—A display of paintings of Old Testament scenes by J. James Tissot, the late-nineteenth-century French painter and etcher who devoted his later years to illustrating the Bible. Through May 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**ORGAN LIBRARY,** 29 E. 36th St.—The many worlds of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (a.k.a. Lewis Carroll), the focal point of which is the original 1864 manuscript (with drawings) of the prototypical "Alice's Adventures Under Ground." Also, five illustrations by John Tenniel for "Wonderland" (which appeared the following year); holographic poems and riddles; photographs; and correspondence. Through April 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**EW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's nod to the centennials of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. Excerpts from Woolf's four decades of diaries (where one learns that she regarded "Ulysses" as "an illiterate, underbred book") are here, as are her letters and essays (in working drafts and final copies) and the bulk of her novels (manuscripts, first editions). The Joyce material focusses on his years in Paris (1920-40) and includes the first English (1922) and French (1929) editions of "Ulysses," along with the many pages of work involved in the translation of the novel. (Open Wednesday, Feb. 10; Saturday, Feb. 13; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 16-17; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20. Hours: 10 to 6.)

**HOMBURG CENTER,** 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—An index to black American history, ranging from a broadside (1812) offering freedom to slaves enlisting in the Army to a photograph (1963) of Martin Luther King addressing Freedom Marchers in Washington. Through March 27. (Open Mondays, except Feb. 15, through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6.)

### EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

arious avant-garde enterprises that may in-
olve not only traditional art but music, video,
nce, and so on.)

**ANKLIN FURNACE,** 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Susan Mogul (performance), Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A group show by conceptual artists, among them Komar & Melamid and Chris Burden. Through March 6.

**E KITCHEN,** 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Diamánda Galás (music), Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; Elizabeth Streb (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 18-21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A display of photographs and videotapes derived from pictures made at the Goddard Space Flight Center. Through Feb. 27.

**S. I,** 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Paintings and works on paper in a show (one of many here) in which eight art critics personally invited artists to exhibit work. Lynda Benglis, Michael McClard, and Catherine Porter-Scully are some of the sixty-six selectees. Through March 14.

## MUSIC

he box-office number for the Metropolitan
pera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall
62-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for
arnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey
ogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum,
ifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kauf-
ann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington
ve. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin
oncert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129
. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office
umbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**ETROPOLITAN OPERA**—Wednesday evening, Feb. 10: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Patricia Craig, Giuliano Ciannella, and Brent Ellis; conducted by Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, evening, Feb. 11: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Viorica Cortez, Ermanno Mauro, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 12: "Così Fan Tutte," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, James Morris, and Donald Gramm; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 13: "Norma," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Placido Domingo, and John Cheek; James Levine. . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 13: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Patricia Craig, Giuliano Ciannella, and Brent Ellis; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 15: A new production of Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Pablo Elvira, and Rockwell Blake; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 16: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Julia Migenes-Johnson, Placido Domingo, and Brent Ellis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 17: "Così Fan Tutte," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, James Morris, and Donald Gramm; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 18: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Pablo Elvira, and Rockwell Blake; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 19: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Julia Migenes-Johnson, Giuliano Ciannella, and Brent Ellis; Jeffrey Tate. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 20: "Così Fan Tutte," with Pilar Lorengar, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, Lenus Carlson, and Donald Gramm; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 1.)

**CHAMBER OPERA THEATRE OF NEW YORK**—The first two of five performances of Thea Musgrave's "The Voice of Ariadne," conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Thursday, Feb. 18, and Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

**JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER**—Benefit performances of Roger Sessions' "Montezuma" (New York première), staged by Ian Strasfogel, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Frederik Prausnitz. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3; and Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Klaus Tennstedt conducting—Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8; Friday, Feb. 12, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 7:30: A Weber-Liszt-Schubert program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); Friday, Feb. 19, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 7:30: Performances of Mahler's Ninth Symphony; no soloists.

**BOSTON SYMPHONY**—Claudio Abbado conducting Mahler's Third Symphony, with Hanna Schwarz, mezzo-soprano; the women of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 10-11, at 8.)

**BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA**—John Lanchbery conducting, with Roberta Peters, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

**KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA OF ISRAEL**—Noam Sheriff conducting a varied program, including his own work "Mai Ko Mashma Lan." With Emily Mitchell, harp. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

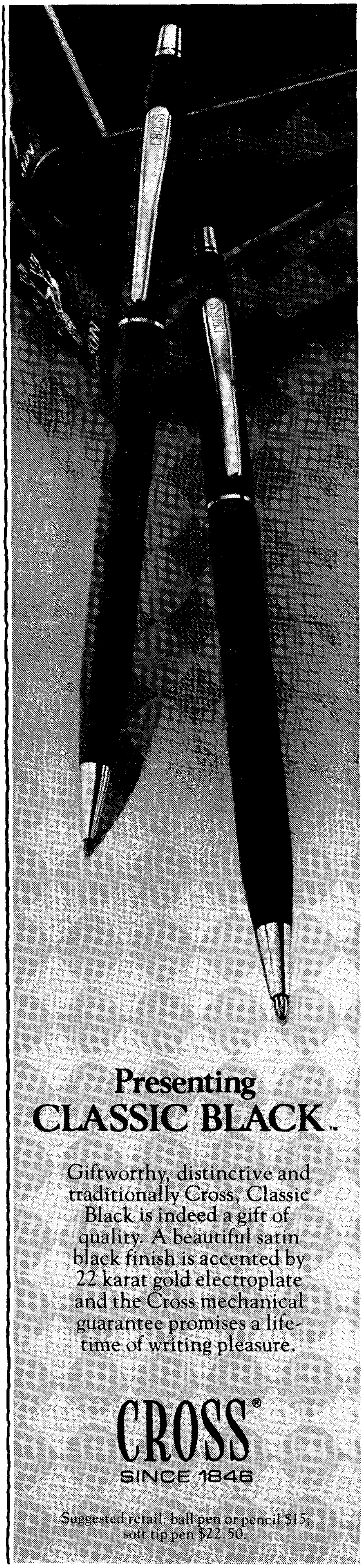
**SWISS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA**—An ensemble that performs without a conductor and is making its first appearance here. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2:30. For information about tickets call 586-4680.)

**VIRTUOSI DI ROMA**—Renato Fasano conducting a Vivaldi-Haydn program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 3.)

**ORCHESTRE DE PARIS**—At Carnegie Hall—Daniel Barenboim conducting the last four in a series of concerts devoted to the complete symphonic works of Beethoven. Monday, Feb. 15, at 8: The Fourth and Fifth Symphonies. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8: The Eighth Symphony and the Violin Concerto in D Major, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8: The Sixth and Seventh Symphonies. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 8: The First and Ninth Symphonies, with Christiane Eda-Pierre, soprano; Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Robert Schunk, tenor; Dimitri Kavrakos, bass; and the Westminster Choir.

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Riccardo Muti conducting a Copland-Mozart-Ravel program, with Radu Lupu, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

**VERDI'S REQUIEM**—James Levine conducting the Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra in a benefit performance, with Leontyne Price, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Placido Domingo, tenor; and John Cheek,



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bass. (Metropolitan Opera House. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30.)

**Mozart Festival Orchestra**—Baird Hastings conducting. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 4:30. No tickets necessary.)

**New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra**—Raffael Adler conducting a program part classical and part jazz, with Marian McPartland, jazz pianist-composer. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting a Mozart-Debussy-Ravel program, with *Paula Robison, flute, and Heidi* Lehwalder, harp. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

**Y Chamber Symphony**—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Lynn Harrell, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

**Gregg Smith Singers**—Gregg Smith directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

**New York City Gay Men's Chorus and the Windy City Gay Chorus**—A joint concert, directed by Gary Miller and Richard Garrin Pekala. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

**Sine Nomine Singers**—Harry Saltzman directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

## RECITALS

**Itzhak Perlman**—Violin, with the New York Philharmonic conducted by David Zinman. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

**Guarneri Quartet**—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 10-11, at 8. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8, with Walter Trampler, viola.)

**Ursula Oppens**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

**Edelton Gloeden**—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

**League-ISCM**—The fifth in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by the Jubal Trio and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

**Aulos Ensemble**—A program of baroque music on original instruments, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 663-7565.)

**Sylvan Wind Quintet**—With Svjetlana Kabalin and Susan Carlson, flute, and Kenneth Cooper, keyboard. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**New Repertory Ensemble of New York**—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

**Chamber Music**—Dong-Suk Kang, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Colin Carr, cello; and Cecile Licad, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2.)

**Composers String Quartet**—The third in a series of five concerts presenting a survey of quartets from the eighteenth century to the present, this one devoted to the twentieth century. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**Mordecai Shehori**—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8. Admission is free, but seating is limited, so it would be wise to arrive early.)

**Ensemble for Early Music**—An all-Haydn program commemorating the composer's two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

**Aeolian Chamber Players**—Music for strings, winds, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

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| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |

**Ian Shapinsky**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2:30.)

**Music Before 1800**—The first in a series of seven recitals is entitled "The World of the Troubadour," with Martin Best singing to the lute and guitar. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—James Buswell and Laurie Smukler, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 15-16, at 7:30.)

**Parnassus**—With Kenneth Bell, bass. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

**Jean-Yves Thibaudet**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

**Richard Goode**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

**Music from Marlboro**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

**New Music Consort**—The second in a series of three concerts of twentieth-century music by *American composers, this one devoted to* works by John Cage, Elliott Carter, Dean Drummond, Arthur Kreiger, and Andrew Frank. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

**Composers' Forum**—The second in a series of five programs, this one devoted to works by Ross Lee Finney, William Albright, Robert Ashley, George Crumb, and Roger Reynolds. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

**Juilliard String Quartet**—The first in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 3.)

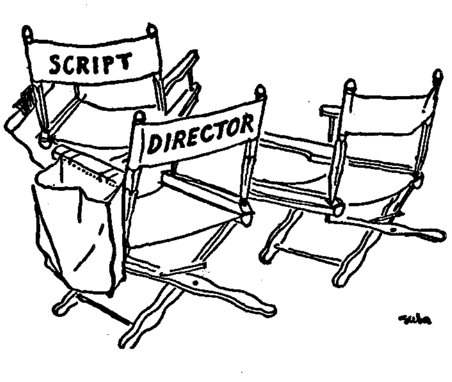
**Renata Scotto**—Soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

**Yo-Yo Ma**—Cello, in an all-Bach program, with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

## MISCELLANY

**"The Yellow Sound"**—Gunther Schuller conducting performances of Kandinsky's theatre piece for singers, dancers, actors, and a chamber orchestra. The score used will be the original one, by Thomas de Hartmann. With the Zero Moving Dance Company; Speculum Musicae; Beverly Morgan, soprano; and Russell Sherman and Dennis Helmrich, piano. A Schoenberg-Scriabin-de Hartmann recital will open the program. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 10-12, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2. Tickets at the door one hour before the performances.)

**Philip Glass**—With his ensemble in a program of his own works. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 11-13, at 9.)



## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**Professional Basketball**—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Golden State, Thursday, Feb 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs Dallas, Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 7:35. . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Friday, Feb. 19, at *7:35*. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (*1-201* 935-8888): Nets vs. Detroit, Wednesday Feb. 10, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State Friday, Feb. 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Dallas, Sunday, Feb. 14, at 4. . . . ¶ Nets vs Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 7:35. . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Friday, Feb. 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Saturday, Feb. 20 at 7:35.

**Hockey**—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs Quebec Nordiques, Sunday, Feb. 14, at 7:35 . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Thursday, Feb. 18, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday Feb. 13, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8:05 . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Colorado Rockies, Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

**Racing**—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Ruthless, Sunday, Feb. 14. . . . **bowie,** Md. Weekdays; last day Friday, March 12. Post time will be 12:30 through Saturday, Feb 13; after that, it will be 1. The Bowie, Monday, Feb. 15.

**Track Meet**—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 12, at 6.)

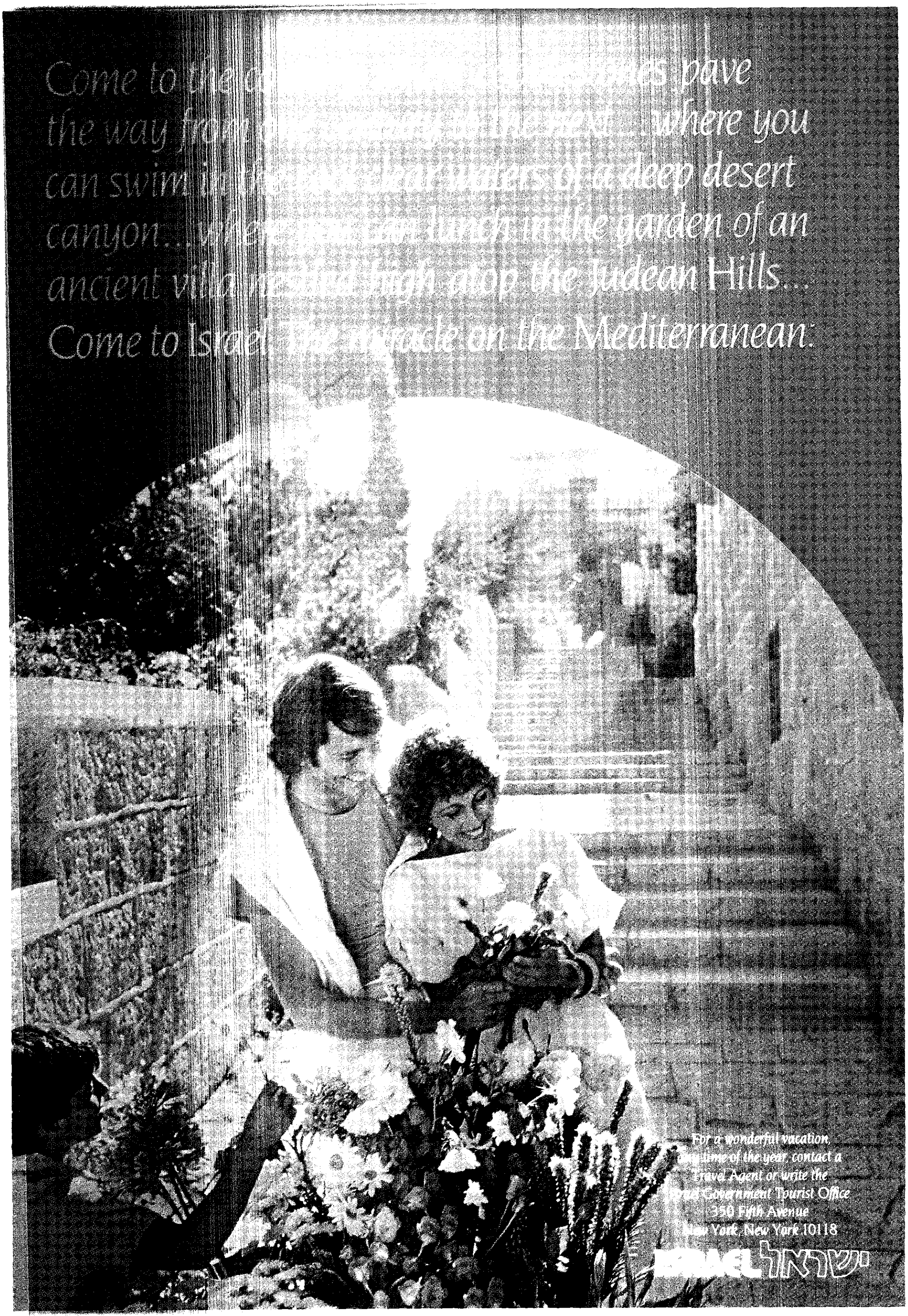
**Trotting**—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8 through Saturday, April 3. . . . **meadowlands** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

## ET ALIA

**Flower Show**—The Spring Flower Show of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park opens in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory on Friday, Feb. 12. Daily, 10 to 5.

**National Antiques Show**—*Among this year's exhibits* will be a collection of Girl Scout memorabilia, a pair of porcelain opium pillows, a Wedgwood black basalt planter in the shape of a hedgehog, and some Hindu masks (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday, Feb 13, through Sunday, Feb. 21. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

**Auctions**—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at *76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through* Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 16-17, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 2: Impressionist, modern, and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 13. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 1 to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Saturday, Feb. 13, at 10:15 and 2: French and other Continental furniture, decorations, and works of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 10:15, and Thursday, Feb. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Watches and clocks, English and Continental silver, and portrait miniatures. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 11. . . . **sotheby's,** 171 E. 84th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 9:30 to 5.) Monday, Feb. 15, at 2: Natural history and color-plate books. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 11, at 10 and 2: Silver, Russian works of art, watches, and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 12, at 10 and 2: English and American literature, from the library of Dr. Gerald E. Slater. (Exhibition by appointment only; for information, call 546-1195.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 11: European and American paintings and prints. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 12.



Come to the [illegible] pave
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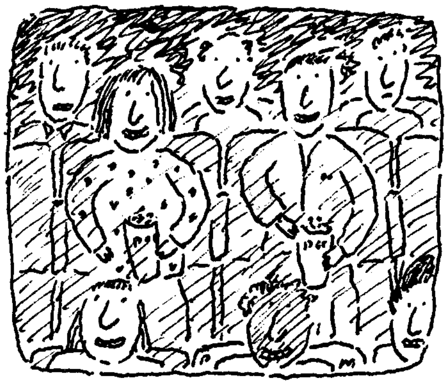
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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**FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.**

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 14: "The Hungry i Reunion" (directed by Thomas Cohen), a documentary.
Feb. 16: "Discovery in a Landscape" (1968) and "Native Land" (1942), both films directed by Leo Hurwitz.
Feb. 17: "The Young Fighter" (1953) and "Strange Victory" (1948), both films directed by Leo Hurwitz.
Feb. 18: "The Sun and Richard Lippold" (1966), "This Island" (1970), and "The Museum and the Fury" (1956), all directed by Leo Hurwitz.
From Feb. 19: "Dialogue with a Woman Departed" (Leo Hurwitz), a four-hour documentary.

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 11: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol; and "Kramer vs. Kramer" (†).
Feb. 12-18: "True Confessions" (†) and "Thief" (†).
From Feb. 19: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Feb. 11: "Atlantic City" (†).
From Feb. 12: "The Border" (†).

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Reds" (†).

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 11: "The Border" (†).
From Feb. 12: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 11: "Four Friends" (†). From Feb. 12: "Cannery Row" (David S. Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 2: "Absence of Malice" (†).
Theatre 3: "On Golden Pond" (†).

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Ragtime" (†).

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 11: "Blow Out" (†) and "Dressed to Kill" (†).
From Feb. 12: "McVicar" (1980; Tom Clegg), with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Personal Best" (Robert Towne), with Mariel Hemingway and Scott Glenn.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Feb. 11: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.
From Feb. 12: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.

**Manhattan 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss. From Feb. 19: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Ragtime" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reds" (†).

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Shoot the Moon" (†). From Feb. 19: "Three Brothers" (Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Michel Placido.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 18: "On Golden Pond" (†). From Feb. 19: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

**Gemini 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Border" (†).
Theatre 2: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Feb. 11: "The Last Waltz" (†).
From Feb. 12: "Missing" (Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek.

**Loews New York 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 11: "Four Friends" (†). From Feb. 12: "Cannery Row" (David S. Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 2: Feb. 10: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson. From Feb. 11: "Absence of Malice" (†).

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Feb. 10: "Absence of Malice" (†).
From Feb. 11: "One from the Heart" (†).

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 11: "Ticket to Heaven" (†).
Feb. 12-18: "Pennies from Heaven" (†).
From Feb. 19: To be announced.

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Border" (†).

**Loews Orpheum 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Venom" (Piers Haggard), with Sterling Hayden and Klaus Kinski.
Theatre 2: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson.

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 11: "A Stranger Is Watching" (Sean Cunningham), with Kate Mulgrew and Rip Torn.
From Feb. 12: To be announced.

**R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: To be announced.

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum 1 and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "John Heartfield, Photomontagist" (1977; directed by Helmut Herbst; in German), a documentary; and "A Good Example" (1979; Bertrand Sauzier), with David Rothauser. From Feb. 17: A program of fourteen new animated shorts by American and Canadian independent filmmakers.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "The Aviator's Wife" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière. Feb. 12-15: "Every Man for Himself" (†). Feb. 16: "Les Petites Fugues" (1980; Yves Yersin; in French). From Feb. 17: "Without Anesthesia" (1978; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

**Waverly 1 and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Absence of Malice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

**Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 11: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss. From Feb. 12: "Ticket to Heaven" (†).
Theatre 2: "Four Friends" (†).

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 11: "Dressed to Kill" (†) and "Blow Out" (†). From Feb. 12: "Cannery Row" (David S. Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 4: "Pixote" (†).

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Night Crossing" (Delbert Mann), with John Hurt and Jane Alexander.

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Feb. 11: "Pennies from Heaven" (†).
From Feb. 12: "Quest for Fire" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Everett McGill.

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Four Friends" (†).

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Feb. 11: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
From Feb. 12: "Love and Money" (James Toback), with Ray Sharkey and Ornella Muti.

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Feb. 17: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).
From Feb. 18: "She Dances Alone" (Robert Dornhelm), with Kyra Nijinsky and Bud Cort.

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Feb. 10: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 11: "Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlondorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Sisters, or the Balance of Happiness" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Jutte Lampe and Gudrun Gabriel.

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Feb. 10: "Absence of Malice" (†).
From Feb. 11: "One from the Heart" (†).

**Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Chariots of Fire" (†). From Feb. 19: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 18: "David" (Peter Lilienthal; in German). From Feb. 19: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

**Cinema Studio 1 and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 11: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant. From Feb. 12: "The Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi and Anouk Aimée.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German). From Feb. 12: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

**Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Road Games" (Richard Franklin), with Stacy Keach and Jamie Lee Curtis. From Feb. 12: "Man of Iron" (*Andrzej Wajda; in Polish*).

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Night Crossing" (Delbert Mann), with John Hurt and

Jane Alexander. From Feb. 19: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 18: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss. From Feb. 19: To be announced.

*Theatre 3: Through Feb. 11:* "Saturday the 14th" (Howard R. Cohen), with Richard Benjamin and Paula Prentiss. From Feb. 12: "Pennies from Heaven" (†).

Theatre 4: Feb. 10: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From Feb. 11: "Absence of Malice" (†).

**New Yorker 1 and 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Four Friends" (†).

Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Dressed to Kill" (†) and "Blow Out" (†). From Feb. 12: "The Border" (†).

Theatre 3: "Pixote" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 11: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson. From Feb. 12: "Cannery Row" (David S. Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 11: "Taps" (directed by Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton. From Feb. 12: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 18: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase. From Feb. 19: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 11: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. Feb. 12-18: "McVicar" (Tom Clegg), with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith. From Feb. 19: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

Theatre 4: Feb. 10: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss. *From* Feb. 11: "Absence of Malice" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Feb. 11: "Saturday the 14th" (Howard R. Cohen), with Richard Benjamin and Paula Prentiss. From Feb. 12: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Feb. 18: "Night Crossing" (Delbert Mann), with John Hurt and Jane Alexander.

From Feb. 19: "Ragtime" (†).

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 18: "Ragtime" (†). From Feb. 19: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Theatre 3: Feb. 10: "Revenge of the Shogun Women" (Tsang Mei-Chun), with Shiusen Leong and Shirley Han. In 3-D. From Feb. 11: "Return of Bruce."

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 18: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From Feb. 19: "Night Crossing" (Delbert Mann), with John Hurt and Jane Alexander.

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Reds" (†).

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson.

Theatre 2: "Venom" (Piers Haggard), with Sterling Hayden and Klaus Kinski.

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Feb. 18: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

From Feb. 19: "Personal Best" (Robert Towne), with Mariel Hemingway and Scott Glenn.

**Rivoli 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "The Border" (†).

Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

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**R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Dressed to Kill" (†) and "Blow Out" (†). From Feb. 12: "Cannery Row" (David S. Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Feb. 10: "The Lusty Men" (1952; directed by Nicholas Ray), with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy; and "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame.

Feb. 11: "California Split" (1974; Robert Altman), with George Segal and Elliott Gould; and "The Gambler" (1974; Karel Reisz), with James Caan and Lauren Hutton.

Feb. 12-13: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortesa.

Feb. 14: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey.

Feb. 15: "The Naked Kiss" (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, and Virginia Grey; and "Hustle" (†).

Feb. 16: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

Feb. 17: "Bonnie and Clyde" (†) and "Mickey One" (†).

Feb. 18: "The Parallax View" (†) and "Lilith" (†).

Feb. 19-20: "Shampoo" (†) and "Heaven Can Wait" (†).

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Feb. 13: "Cabaret" (†); and "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent. (On Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 7, and Friday, Feb. 12, at 7:30, two programs of new German films.)

Feb. 14-16: "Doctor Zhivago" (†). On Monday, Feb. 15, at 8:30, "The Seventh Cross" (1944; Fred Zinnemann), with Spencer Tracy, Signe Hasso, Hume Cronyn, and Jessica Tandy, will be shown.

Feb. 17-20: "A Man and a Woman" (†); and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. *11:* "An Enemy of the People" (1977; George Schaefer), with Steve McQueen, Bibi Andersson, and Charles Durning; and "Tom Horn" (1980; William Wiard), with Steve McQueen, Linda Evans, and Richard Farnsworth.

Feb. 12-13: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Julia Adams; and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush. Both in 3-D.

Feb. 14-16: "Cabaret" (†).

Feb. 17-18: "Nicholas Nickleby" (1947; Alberto Cavalcanti), with Cedric Hardwicke, *Derek Bond, and Bernard Miles.*

Feb. 19-20: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Feb. 11: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

From Feb. 12: "McVicar" (1980; Tom Clegg), with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Feb. 10: "The Caine Mutiny" (1954; Edward Dmytryk), with Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, and Fred MacMurray; and "High Noon" (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Gary Cooper, Thomas Mitchell, Grace Kelly, Lloyd Bridges, and Katy Jurado.

Feb. 11-12: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Shampoo" (†).

Feb. 13-14: "All the King's Men" (1949; Robert Rossen), with Broderick Crawford, Joanne Dru, Mercedes McCambridge, John Ireland, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick; and "Of Mice and Men" (1940; Lewis Milestone), with Betty Field, Burgess Meredith, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Bob Steele.

Feb. 15-17: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.

Feb. 18-20: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Feb. 10: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

Feb. 11-12: "Carrie" (1976; Brian De Palma), with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt; and "The Andromeda Strain" (1971; Robert Wise), with Arthur Hill, David Wayne, James Olson, and Kate Reid.

Feb. 13-14: "Fiddler on the Roof" (1971; Norman Jewison), with Topol.

Feb. 15-17: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.

Feb. 18-20: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

**Olympia Quad 1,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Feb. 11: "Pather Panchali" (1954) and "The World of Apu" (1959), both films in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.

Feb. 12-13: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966; Alain Resnais; in French), with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté.

Feb. 14-16: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (1966; Roberto Rossellini; in French), with Philippe Erlanger; and "Senso" (1955; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Farley Granger and Alida Valli.

Feb. 17-18: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (†).

From Feb. 19: To be announced.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 10: "I Want to Live!" (1958; Robert Wise), with Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland, and Virginia Vincent; and "Johnny

Belinda" (1948; Jean Negulesco), with Jane Wyman, Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, and Agnes Moorehead.

Feb. 11-13: "A Woman's Face" (1941; George Cukor), with Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and Conrad Veidt; and "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder.

Feb. 14-15: "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor.

Feb. 16-17: "The Shanghai Gesture" (1941; Josef von Sternberg), with Gene Tierney, Victor Mature, Ona Munson, and Walter Huston; and "The Blue Angel" (†).

Feb. 18-20: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (†) and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (†).

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 10: "Running Wild" (1927; Gregory La Cava; a silent film), with W. C. Fields and Mary Brian; and "Sally of the Sawdust" (1925; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with W. C. Fields, Alfred Lunt, and Carol Dempster.

Feb. 11: "The Harder They Fall" (1956; Mark Robson), with Humphrey Bogart and Rod Steiger; and "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame.

Feb. 12-13: "The Cat and the Canary" (1978, Radley Metzger), with Edward Fox, Wendy Hiller, Olivia Hussey, and Wilfrid Hyde-White; and "Sleuth" (1972; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.

Feb. 14: "The Gang's All Here" (†); and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

Feb. 15: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (†).

Feb. 16: "Practice Makes Perfect" (1980; Philippe de Broca; in French), with Jean Rochefort, Danielle Darrieux, and Annie Girardot; and "A Simple Story" (†).

Feb. 17: Four silent films by René Clair—"Imaginary Voyage" (1926), "La Tour" (1928), "Phantom of the Moulin Rouge" (1924), and "The Crazy Ray" (1924).

Feb. 18: "Bride of the Monster" (1956) and "Plan 9 from Outer Space" (1956), both films directed by Edward D. Wood, Jr., with Bela Lugosi.

Feb. 19-20: "A Purple Taxi" (1977; Yves Boisset), with Charlotte Rampling, Fred Astaire, Peter Ustinov, and Philippe Noiret; and "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Charles Tacchella), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 10: "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and "21 Days Together" (1937; Basil Dean), with Vivien Leigh, Leslie Banks, and Laurence Olivier.

Feb. 11: "Ecstasy" (1933; Gustav Machaty; in Czech), with Hedy Lamarr; and "Algiers" (1938; John Cromwell), with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer.

Feb. 12: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon; and "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin, Louis Jouvet, Robert Le Vigan, and Vladimir Sokoloff.

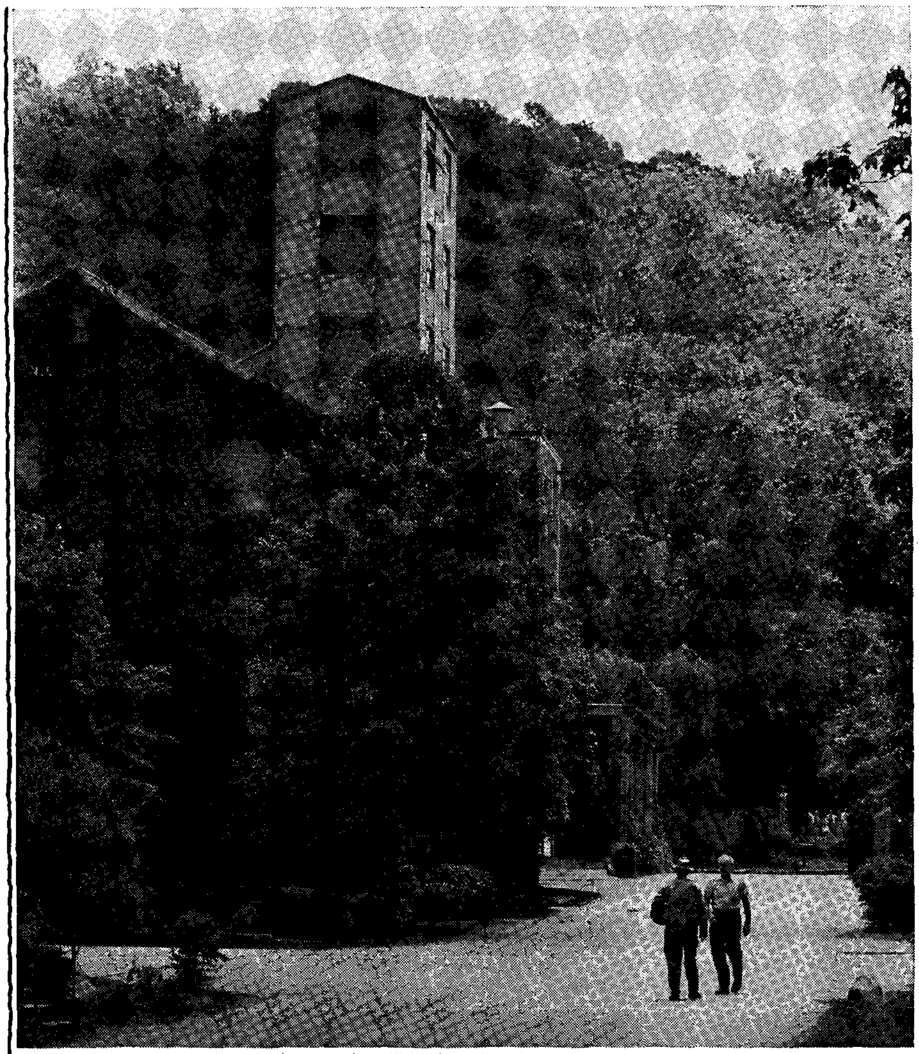
Feb. 13-14: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke) and "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Feb. 15: "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

Feb. 16: "Foreign Correspondent" (†); and "Number Seventeen" (1932; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leon M. Lion and Anne Grey.

Feb. 17: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (†).

Feb. 18: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell; and "The Ox-Bow Incident" (1943; William Wellman), with Henry Fonda,



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Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, and Frank Conroy.

*Feb. 19-20:* "Murder Most Foul" (1965) and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Whitney Museum,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Starting Feb. 19: A video installation by Michael Smith, including a twenty-five-minute videotape starring Smith, directed by Mark Fischer. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**Anthology Film Archives,** 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Feb. 10 at 8: A program of early French films by Georges Méliès. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 8: A program of films by Harry Smith. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: "No. 12" ("Heaven and Earth Magic," 1958-61, Harry Smith). . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2: A video program by Karen Finley, Ann Radner, and Carol Shymanski. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 8: "Sausalito" (1948; Frank Stauffacher) and "Wavelength" (1967; Michael Snow). . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 8: "Kinoglaz" (1925; Dziga Vertov; a Russian silent film; no English titles). . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 8: A film each by Michael Snow and Karl Valentin. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 8: "Greed" (1921; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film). . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 8 "The Eleventh Year" (1928; Dziga Vertov; a Russian silent film; no English titles). . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 8: "Shagai, Soviet!" (1926 Dziga Vertov; a Russian silent film; no English titles). . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 8: "La Région Centrale" (1971; Michael Snow).

**Note**—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in June.

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Absence of Malice**—A well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a false story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force (Bob Balaban). The federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim who turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. The script is by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, the director is Sydney Pollack, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Loews New York, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting Feb. 11.)

**Arthur**—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Criterion Theatres.)

**Atlantic City**—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Gramercy; through Feb. 11.)

**Blow Out**—What happens seems to go right to your head. It has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car to the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this Watergate movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political film. Playing an adult (his first), and an intelligent one, Travolta has a vibrating physical sensitivity like that of the very young Brando, and Nancy Allen, who gives her role a flirty iridescence, is equally vivid. It's as if De Palma had finally understood what technique is for; this is the first film he has made about the things that really matter to him. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as an unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (7/27/81) (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama; through Feb. 11.)

**The Blue Angel** (1929)—The director Josef von Sternberg had been working in Hollywood for more than fifteen years when he went to Germany, at Emil Jannings' request, to direct this film; he had directed Jannings in "The Last Command," one of the two American silent films that had won Jannings the Academy Award in 1927-28, and Jannings wanted him to guide his first sound film. They set in motion the Marlene Dietrich myth that was eventually to surpass their own fame. Adapted from Heinrich Mann's novel "Professor Unrath," this film deals with the breakdown of an authoritarian personality. Jannings plays the inhibited, tyrannical high-school instructor who is prudishly indignant about his students' visiting Lola Lola (Dietrich), the singer at the Blue Angel; he goes to the café to put a stop to it and instead succumbs to her callous, impassive sexuality. Dietrich's Lola Lola is a rather coarse, plump young beauty; as she sings "Falling in Love Again," her smoldering voice and sadistic indifference suggest sex without romance, love, or sentiment. The pedant becomes her husband, her slave, her stooge; he travels with the café troupe, hawking dirty pictures of his wife. Dietrich is extraordinary, and "The Blue Angel" is a movie you can admire sequence by sequence, because it's made in an imaginative, atmospheric style, yet you may feel that you don't really like it on an emotional level; the sexual humiliation gets very heavy in the scenes in which the teacher, now a clown, returns to his home town and to his old classroom. With Hans Albers. Songs by Friedrich Hollaender (later Frederick Hollander). A 1959 American remake directed by Edward Dmytryk starred Curt Jurgens and Mai Britt. In German. (Regency; Feb. 16-17.)

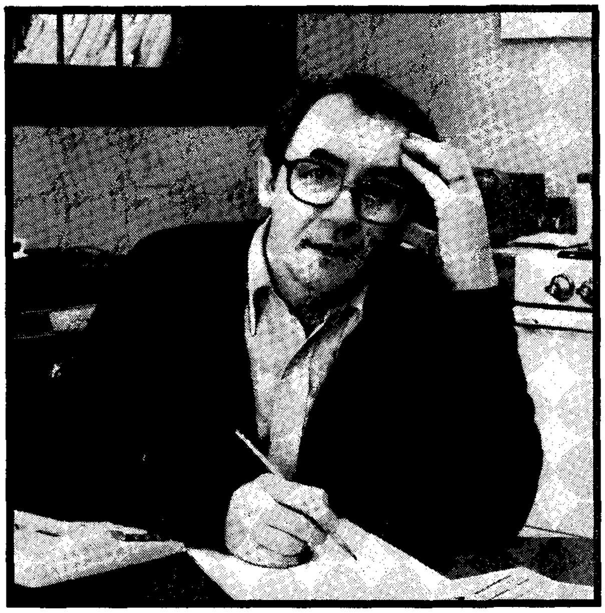
**Bonnie and Clyde** (1967)—A landmark movie, this account of the lives of the thirties outlaws, Bonnie Parker (Faye Dunaway) and Clyde Barrow (Warren Beatty), keeps the audience in a kind of eager, nervous imbalance; it holds our attention by throwing our disbelief back in our faces. In a sense it's the absence of sadism—it is the violence without sadism—that throws the audience off balance. The brutality that comes out of the innocent "just folks" Barrow-family gang is far more shocking than the calculated brutalities of mean killers. And there is a kind of American poetry in a stickup gang seen chasing across the bedraggled backdrop of the Depression—as if crime were the only activity in a country stupefied by poverty. Arthur Penn directed, from a screenplay by David Newman and Robert Benton, with some rewriting by Robert Towne (who is credited as Special Consultant). With Gene Hackman, Estelle Parsons, Michael J. Pollard, Gene Wilder, Denver Pyle, Dub Taylor and Evans Evans. Cinematography by Burnett Guffey; editing by Dede Allen; art direction by Dean Tavoularis; music by Charles Strouse. Produced by Warren Beatty (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 17.)

**The Border**—In this solid, impressive muckraking movie directed by Tony Richardson and filmed largely on location in El Paso, Texas Jack Nicholson plays a United States border patrolman whose job is to shove Mexicans back to their side of the Rio Grande. The patrolman hates his work; it fills him with disgust, because most of his colleagues are in cahoots with the American businesses that hire wetbacks, and the patrolmen make their money—their big money—by closing their eyes to vans full of workers earmarked for their business partners. It's an ugly life—persecuting enough Mexicans to keep the government bureaus happy while functioning as slave dealers. Working from a script by Deric Washburn, Walon Green, and David Freeman, and with the cinematographers Ric Waite and Vilmos Zsigmond, Richardson is able to encompass so much in the wide-screen frame that he shows how the whole corrupt mess works. Nicholson's role is much like that of the hero of Kurosawa's "Ikiru," who knew that he couldn't do anything big to fight the bureaucracy but was determined to do one small thing. Nicholson tries to help an unspoiled young Mexican girl (Elpidia Carrillo), who is the opposite of his giggly sexpot wife (Valerie Perrine), and has to fight his pals and go through hell to do it. Nicholson is completely convincing as a man who has been living in dung up to his ears, so that when he feels he has to do something decent before it covers his head, there's nothing sentimental about his need. It's instinctive—like a booze-soaked man's need for a drink of water. With Harvey Keitel, Warren Oates Shannon Wilcox, and Jeff Morris. (2/1/82 (Gemini, U. A. East, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 12.)

**Cabaret** (1972)—A great movie musical. Taking its form from political cabaret, it's a satire of temptations. In a prodigious balancing act, Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director keeps the period—Berlin, 1931—at a coo distance. We see the decadence as garish and sleazy; yet we also see the animal energy in it—everything seems to become sexualized The movie does not exploit decadence; rather it gives it its due. With Joel Grey as our devil-doll host—the master of ceremonies—and Liza Minnelli (in her first singing role on the screen) as exuberant, corruptible Sally Bowles, chasing after the life of a headliner no matter what; Minnelli has such gaiety and dynamism that she becomes a star before our eyes. From Christopher Isherwood's "Goodbye to Berlin" stories, via the play and movie of "I Am a Camera," and the Broadway musical "Cabaret," which has been adapted for the screen by Jay Allen, with the assistance of Hugh Wheeler. The metallic songs, by John Kander and Fred Ebb, have a distinctive acrid flavor. With Michael York, Helmut

Some people feel...

## "My house was robbed. My neighbor says I should 'pad' my insurance claim. Why should I have to lie to come out even?"



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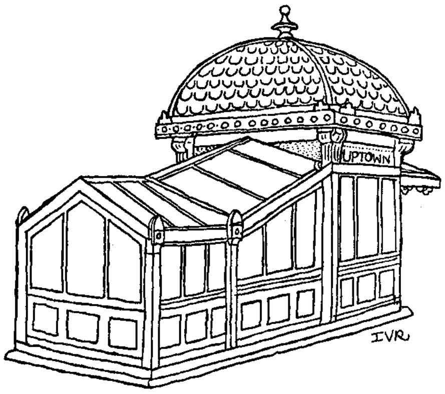
Griem, Marisa Berenson, and Fritz Wepper. Shot in West Germany; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Feb. 13. No evening performances on Wednesday, Feb. 10, and Friday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Feb. 14-16.)

**Chariots of Fire**—*The story of the courage and* the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Art, Manhattan, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Movieland; through Feb. 18.)

**The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz** (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Luis Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity—perhaps a little more giddy than usual. It has a wonderful start: Archibaldo finds a music box which reawakens his memories of a childhood experience. His governess had found him dressed up in his mother's clothes, and while she was bawling him out for it, a stray bullet from the revolution going on outside had killed her. This gratification of his desires gave him ecstasy. Later, Archibaldo keeps trying to recapture that sexual pleasure, but his attempts to commit murder are continually frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. With Ernesto Alonso as the smiling dilettante and fantasist, Archibaldo, and Miroslava Stern as the amoral Lavinia. The script, by Buñuel and Eduardo Ugarte, is based on a story by Rodolfo Usigli. In Spanish. (Olympia Quad 1; Feb. 17-18.)

**Doctor Zhivago** (1965)—The pure-souled poet-doctor Zhivago (Omar Sharif, with wet, dark eyes) is at the center of the scenarist Robert Bolt's poetic enigma, and the director David Lean surrounds him with enormous historical reconstructions of the Russian Revolution. Neither the contemplative Zhivago nor the flux of events is intelligible, and, what is worse, they seem unrelated to each other. (It's hard to know what kind of hero or even what kind of group of people *could* hold these events together.) And in this movie, so full of "realism," nothing really grows—not the performances, not the ideas, not even the daffodils, which are also so "real" they have obviously been planted for us, just as the buildings have been built for us. After the first half hour you don't expect the picture to breathe and live; you just sit there. It isn't shoddy (except for the balalaika music—it's so repetitive you could kill the composer); it's stately, respectable, and dead. It's not in itself a disgraceful failure, but it does have one disgraceful effect: the final shot of a rainbow over the huge dam where Zhivago's lost daughter is working. This banal suggestion that it has all been for the best and that tomorrow will be brighter is not only an insult to the audience, it is a coarse gesture of condescension and appeasement to the Russians. Would Lean and Bolt place a rainbow over the future of England? With Julie Christie, who does have some life as Lara, and Rod Steiger, who brings something powerful, many-sided, and sexual to the role of Komarovsky, and Geraldine Chaplin, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, Siobhan McKenna, Jack MacGowran, Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson, Adrienne Corri, Geoffrey Keen, Noel Willman, and Klaus Kinski, with his eyes popping and huge veins bulging out of *his forehead as he says, "I am the only free* man on this train." From the novel by Boris Pasternak; cinematography by Freddie Young; production design by the aptly named John Box. (193 minutes.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 14-16. No evening performances on Monday, Feb. 15.)



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**Dressed to Kill** (1980)—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy, written and directed by Brian De Palma, is permeated with the distilled essence of impure thoughts. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. Angie Dickinson, as a beautiful, aging golden blonde, shows a much warmer expressive range than might be expected; she's married yet frustrated, and longing to be made love to; Michael Caine brings fine, precise shadings of ambiguity to the role of her analyst; the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen is a pretty, investment-minded hooker, who witnesses a murder; Keith Gordon is Dickinson's teen-age prodigy son, who builds computers; and Dennis Franz is a brash police detective. The music is by Pino Donaggio, the cinematography is by Ralf Bode, and the editing is by Jerry Greenberg. (8/4/80) (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama; through Feb. 11.)

**Every Man for Himself** (1980)—This picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and about people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, colored by masochism. He's saying, "Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is: that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Film Forum; Feb. 12-15.)

**Foreign Correspondent** (1940)—Hitchcock appears to have concocted this spy thriller out of all the breathtaking climaxes he'd been hoarding; there's the assassination with the gun concealed in a newsman's camera, the Dutch windmill going against the wind, and a tremendous finale aboard a transatlantic plane from London on the very day war is declared. The plot that links all this is barely *functional, and the jaunty reporter-hero* (Joel McCrea) is held down a bit when he has to attend to the ever-busy heroine (Laraine Day), but the movie is intermittently first-rate, and the topnotch supporting cast includes George Sanders, Albert Basserman, Herbert Marshall, Edmund Gwenn, Martin Kosleck, Eduardo Cianelli, Barbara Pepper, and Robert Benchley, who also had a hand in the dialogue. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 16.)

**Four Friends**—Arthur Penn goes laboriously, painfully wrong in this story about the friendship of three boys and the girl whom each of them loves at some time—a friendship that spans the American social changes of the sixties and takes the four through adolescence (in Indiana) to maturity. The script is Steve Tesich's semi-autobiographical account of the arrival in this country of a Yugoslavian youth, Danilo, who comes with a heavy, symbolic trunk—it seems to be full of solid values. There's a wholesome, beefy moralism in Tesich's writing, and Penn brings out its hearty bouquet. The film combines the worst of the Freudianism and the self-pity of the William Inge-Elia Kazan "Splendor in the Grass" with the worst of the immigrant theme of Kazan's "America America." The characters are always learning life's important lessons, and the movie carefully spells out which side it's on. The colorless quartet is made up of Craig Wasson as Danilo, Jodi Thelen as the girl, and Jim Metzler and Michael Huddleston. Also with Miklos Simon, Reed Birney, Julia Murray, James Leo Herlihy, and Lois Smith. (1/4/82) (Greenwich Playhouse, Festival, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews New York; through Feb. 11.)

**The French Lieutenant's Woman**—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Little Carnegie; through Feb. 17.)

**The Gang's All Here** (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film: chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and, for the song "The Lady in the Tutti-Frutti Hat," Carmen Miranda appears in platform wedgies on an avenue of giant strawberries. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot Polka" ballet, which as a piece of staging passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra, and Charlotte Greenwood, James Ellison, Edward Everett Horton, Sheila Ryan, Eugene Pallette, and Phil Baker. The songs are by Leo Robin and Harry Warren, except that polka, which is David Raksin's. Screenplay by Walter Bullock, from a story concocted by three other fellows. (Thalia; Feb. 14.)

**Heaven Can Wait** (1978)—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly *guardian angel; and—most startling of all—* in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Beatty. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 19-20.)

**Hustle** (1975)—As a Los Angeles police officer, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence and, since the system is rigged on the side of the rich, he takes the law into his own hands. He's a romantic-liberal Dirty Harry in this sloshy melodrama, which is caught between the pulpy weltschmerz of the writer, Steve Shagan, and the harshness of the director, Robert Aldrich. When Aldrich tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. With Paul Winfield, Catherine Deneuve, and Eddie Albert. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 15.)

**KRAMER VS. KRAMER** (1979)—This emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, based on a novel by Avery Corman, was written and directed by Robert Benton, who was a co-author of "Bonnie and Clyde" and later the author and director of "The Late Show." It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case, but its deeper search is into the mores of rising young families on the middle East Side of New York, whose anxious lives have never been examined with such a scrupulous and certifying attention to background and detail. Four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—almost convince you that this is a masterpiece instead of a first-class tearjerker, but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. The photography, which is also of a high order, is by Nestor Almendros. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 11.)

**THE LAST WALTZ** (1978)—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a rock-and-roll performance by The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, of course, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system is an overloud nightmare that could make one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (Beekman; through Feb. 11.)

**LILITH** (1964)—Jean Seberg is the demonic, corrupt Lilith, a patient in an elegant Maryland asylum who wants to "leave the mark of her desire on every living thing in the world;" Warren Beatty is the trainee therapist who finds her madness seductive. This high-toned, humorless attempt to create a mystic enigma was the last work of Robert Rossen, who adapted the J. P. Salamanca novel and directed; it's an unusual sort of disaster—full of symbols, chitchat about schizophrenic spiders, and exquisite cinematography (by Eugen Shuftan), and utterly lacking in energy and depth. Beatty gives his most irritating performance: he broods over each bit of dialogue for an eternity, his heavy eyelids flickering. With Peter Fonda, Kim Hunter, Gene Hackman, Jessica Walter, Anne Meacham, and René Auberjonois; the score is by Kenyon Hopkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 18.)

**A MAN AND A WOMAN** (1966)—Probably the most efficacious make-out movie of the swinging sixties. The young cinematographer-director Claude Lelouch conveys tender love by cutting to gambolling lovers among gambolling horses and then lambs and then dogs. The characters have exciting, photogenic occupations: stunt man, script girl, racing-car driver. They take their kids on photogenic boats or for walks on wintry beaches. The actors don't have to do anything because the camera—shooting through rain and snow and ice and into sunsets—supplies the moods for them. Anouk Aimée is blankly mysterious and glamorous; Jean-Louis Trintignant and Pierre Barouh are like a teen-age girl's dream boyfriends—daredevils to the world but gentle and sweet with her. Lelouch blurs for romantic softness and he tints for mood and variety; he throws a nimbus of mist around everything. The score is by Francis Lai; the script is by Lelouch and Pierre Uytterhoeven. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, Feb. 17-20.)

**MICKEY ONE** (1965)—An overfreighted allegory by Arthur Penn, fancily put together and fancily photographed. If "art cinema" means anything, it means something portentous—something that hints at more intellect within the portals than there actually is. "Mickey One" is Arthur Penn's piece of art cinema, though anyone who cares a lot for Penn's work will still find rewarding signals in it of his true talent. The film was mostly overcriticized in its time. Warren Beatty plays a night-club comedian looking for a better way to cope. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 17.)

**MY DINNER WITH ANDRÉ**—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**ONE FROM THE HEART**—Francis Ford Coppola's jewelled version of a film student's experimental pastiche—the kind set in a magical junk yard. You get the feeling that the movie grew by accretion—that he piled so many visual ideas and comedy bits on top of the small story he started with that it disappeared from sight and the movie turned into something like a poet's salute to the banal silver screen. It's set in a metaphorical Las Vegas (constructed at Zoetrope Studios) on Independence Day, when Frannie (Teri Garr), who works at the Paradise Travel Agency, walks out on the man she has been living with—Hank (Frederic Forrest), who runs Reality Wrecking. The holiday is treated like Mardi Gras, with crowds dancing through the street. All we're asked to care about is whether Hank, who's in love with Frannie, will win her back. Or, rather, this story being negligible, what we're asked to respond to is Coppola's confectionary artistry. The movie is very pretty and sometimes eerily charming, but the effects don't have any emotional meaning in terms of the characters, and the video editing techniques that Coppola uses seem to destroy the dramatic definition of the scenes; a day later the film is as blurry in the mind as the memory of a psychedelic light show. With Nastassia Kinski, Raul Julia, Harry Dean Stanton, and Lainie Kazan. From a script by Armyan Bernstein and Coppola; there's a song track, with Tom Waits and Crystal Gayle telling us the meaning of what we're seeing and wailing words of wisdom. (2/1/82) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; starting Feb. 11.)

**ON GOLDEN POND**—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, R.K.O. Century 86th St., Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Feb. 19.)

d. ehrenberg

**THE PARALLAX VIEW** (1974)—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about the political assassination of a Presidential aspirant. The film skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were organized political murders or the madness of lone men. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, and Hume Cronyn. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 18.)

**PENNIES FROM HEAVEN**—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and out of them come the voices on hit records of the thirties. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross. (12/21/81) (Ziegfeld; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Feb. 12-18. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Feb. 12.)

**PIXOTE**—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli (Marília Pera), the whoriest whore imaginable—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad.)

**RAGTIME**—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (34th St. East, and Baronet. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Feb. 19.)

**RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK**—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film works, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 11.)

**Reds**—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

**Shampoo** (1975)—This sex roundelay is set in a period as clearly defined as the Jazz Age—the time of the Beatles and miniskirts and strobe lights. When George (Warren Beatty), the hairdresser hero, asks his former girlfriend, Jackie (Julie Christie), "Want me to do your hair?," it's his love lyric. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; it deals with George's frantic bed-hopping during those forty-odd hours, in which he tries to borrow the money to open his own shop, so he can settle down with his current girlfriend, Jill (Goldie Hawn). The script by Robert Towne, with the collaboration of Beatty (who also produced), isn't about the bondage of romantic pursuit—it's about the bondage of the universal itch among a group primed to scratch. The characters (the others are played by Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher) have more than one sex object in mind, and they're constantly regrouping in their heads. When they look depressed you're never sure who exactly is the cause of their misery. The director, Hal Ashby, has the deftness to keep us conscious of the whirring pleasures of the carnal-farce structure and yet to give it free play. This was the most virtuoso example of sophisticated, kaleidoscopic farce that American moviemakers had yet come up with; frivolous and funny, it carries a sense of heedless activity, of a craze of dissatisfaction. With Jay Robinson, George Furth, Brad Dexter, William Castle, and, in a bit, Susan Blakeley. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 11-12. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 19-20.)

**Shoot the Moon**—As Faith and George Dunlap, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books, either. Their emotions are raw, and rawness is what makes this film get to you. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And Finney seems possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. (1/18/82) (Cinema I; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Cinema II, and Criterion Theatres; starting Feb. 19.)

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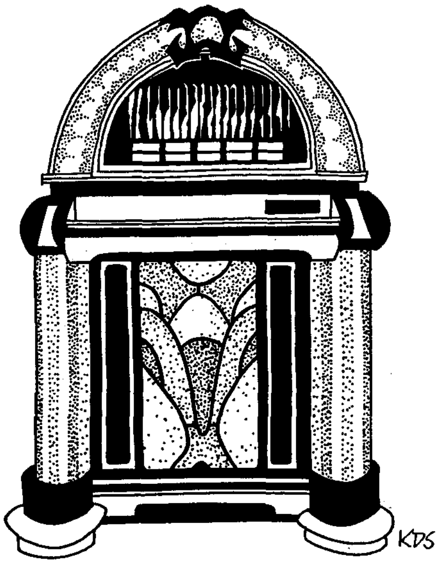
**A Simple Story** (1980)—A low-hued portrait of a divorced, intelligent, imperfectly happy thirty-nine-year-old French woman (Romy Schneider), who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends. Director Claude Sautet's brief, glancing scenes place us in the midst of concerns and pauses of life, and convey a vivid sense of the onrush of time. A movie for grownups. With Claude Brasseur, Bruno Cremer, and Arlette Bonnard. In French. (2/18/80) (Thalia; Feb. 16.)

**A Streetcar Named Desire** (1951)—Vivien Leigh gives one of those rare performances that can truly be said to evoke pity and terror. As Blanche DuBois, she looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. No one since the early Lillian Gish and the almost unknown, plaintive Nadia Sibirskaya of "Menilmontant" (1926) has had this quality of hopeless, feminine frailty; Shakespeare must have had a woman like this in mind when he conceived Ophelia. Blanche's plea "I don't want realism . . . I want magic!" is central to "Streetcar." When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compassion—both infant and brute. Elia Kazan's direction is often stagy, the sets and the arrangement of actors are often transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? When Vivien Leigh says "The Tarantula Arms!" or "It's Della Robbia blue," you know how good Tennessee Williams can be. He adapted his play himself, with additional adaptation work by Oscar Saul; the music is by Alex North; the cinematography is by Harry Stradling. Academy Awards: Best Actress (Leigh), Best Supporting Actress (Kim Hunter), Best Supporting Actor (Karl Malden), etc. But at the time theatre managers complained that more customers left than came in. (It took a while for this movie to reach its audience.) (Regency; Feb. 18-20.)

**Sweet Bird of Youth** (1962)—Paul Newman as the gigolo Chance Wayne, and Geraldine Page as the battered, fading star Alexandra Del Lago, in Richard Brooks's slicked-up version of Tennessee Williams' flamboyant po fantasy. When Newman's bare chest isn't being fumbled at and crooned over by Mis Page, it's being pawed and picked at by Shirley Knight, who plays his fresh-faced girlfriend, Heavenly Finley. This hysterica twaddle features a sadistic attack on Newman, engineered by Heavenly's father (E Begley), a crooked political boss, and a climactic telephone soliloquy by Miss Page (We hear her part of a long-distance conversation with Walter Winchell, who convinces her that, far from being a flop in her last picture, she has scored her greatest hit.) Rip Torn and Mildred Dunnock are also involved in the madness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb 17. . . . ¶ Regency; Feb. 18-20.)

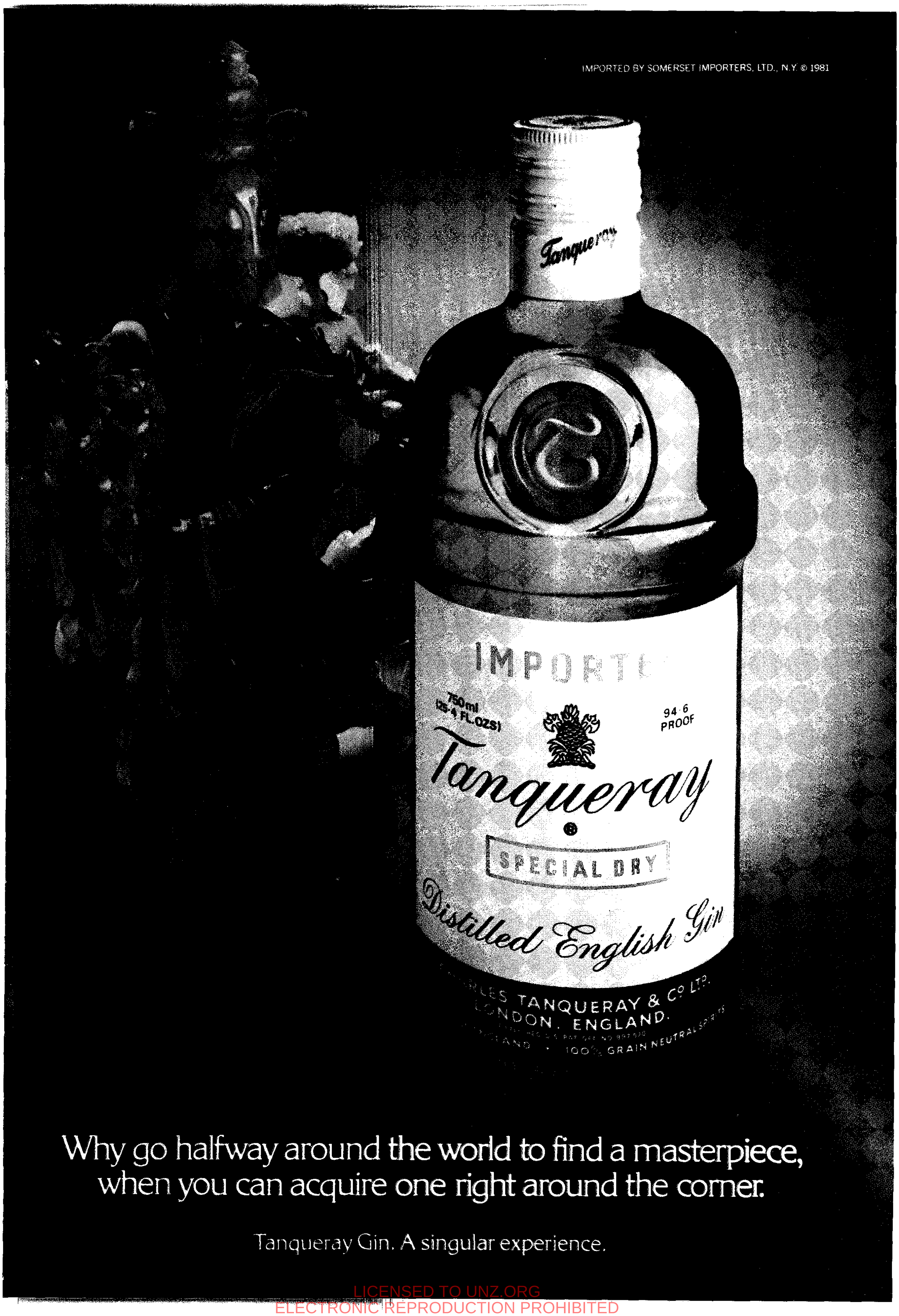


**Thief**—Grandiloquent masochism of the kind an adolescent boy might fantasize. With rain outside and smoke inside, this Chicago-set movie is almost a parody of *film noir:* it's the underworld movies of the forties and fifties made volcanic and abstract and existential This is the first theatrical feature by the writer-director Michael Mann, and he has designed it like a choo-choo train to the box office. James Caan is the big-time safecracker who wants to take his bundle and retire marry, have a nice house, and raise a family But the corrupt System won't let him. The film is hyper-animated by this conception of existential tragedy: the thief—a loner in pain, the embodiment of a macho mystique—must learn that he's free only when he doesn't care about life and has nothing to lose. The film sets up an improbable character in a series of rigged situations and then leaps to universal despairing conclusions Mann belongs to the pressure-cooker school of filmmaking: Tangerine Dream's synthesized electronic music pulsates like mad, and the cinematography (by Donald Thorin) is so snazzy it overwhelms the action. With Tuesday Weld as the dazed, frizzed-out woman whom Caan marries; Willie Nelson, oozing sincerity as Caan's only friend, who dies; and Robert Prosky and James Belushi. (5/4/81) (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 12-18.)

**Ticket to Heaven**—A Canadian film on a hot dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler. As the hero's friend, Saul Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy; directed by Ralph L. Thomas from his and Anne Cameron's script. (11/23/81) (72nd Street East; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; starting Feb. 12.)

**True Confessions**—Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 12-18.)

**The Wild One** (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Thalia; Feb. 15.)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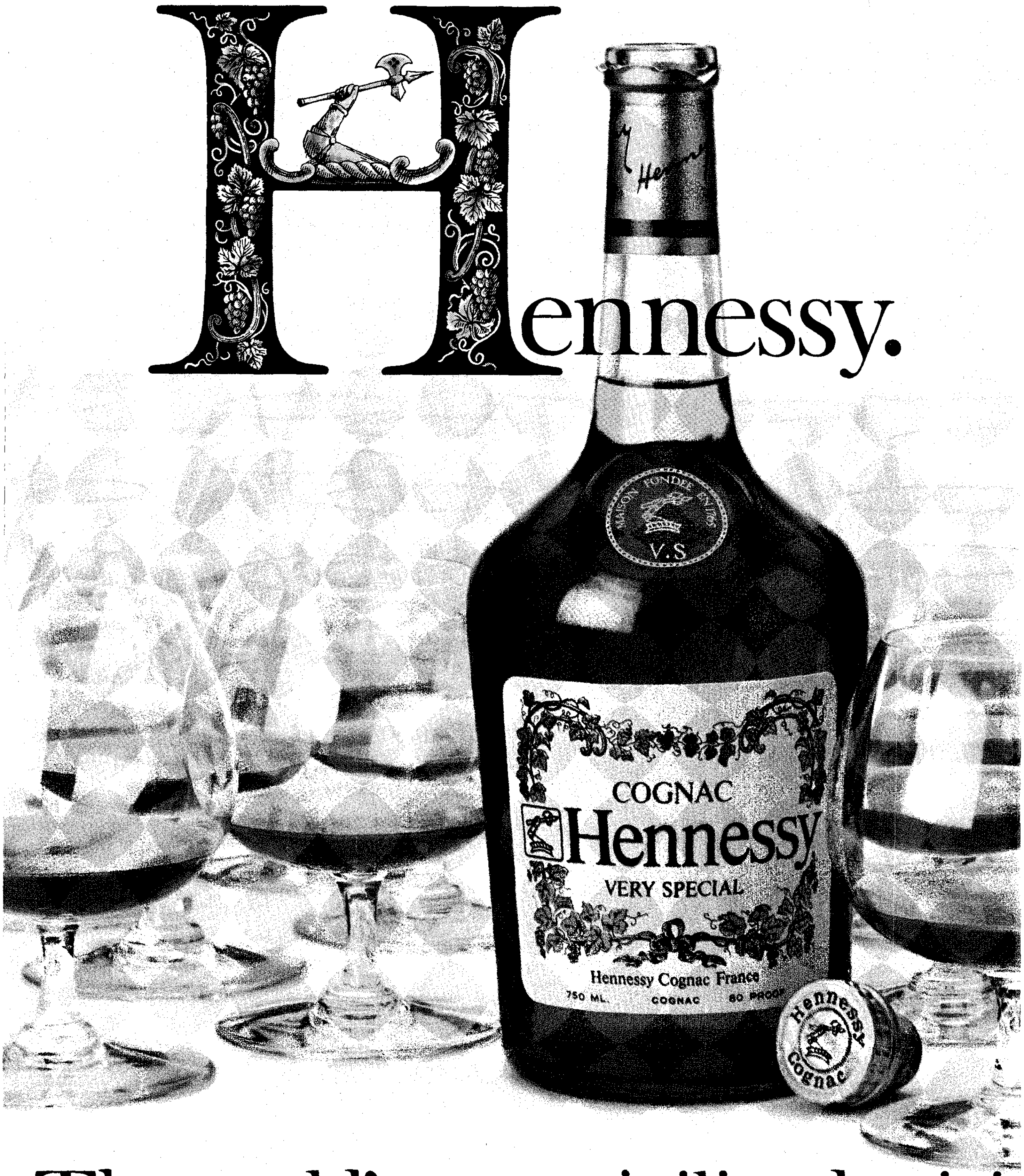
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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WE received the following communication about a peculiar weekend from a young woman in Manhattan:

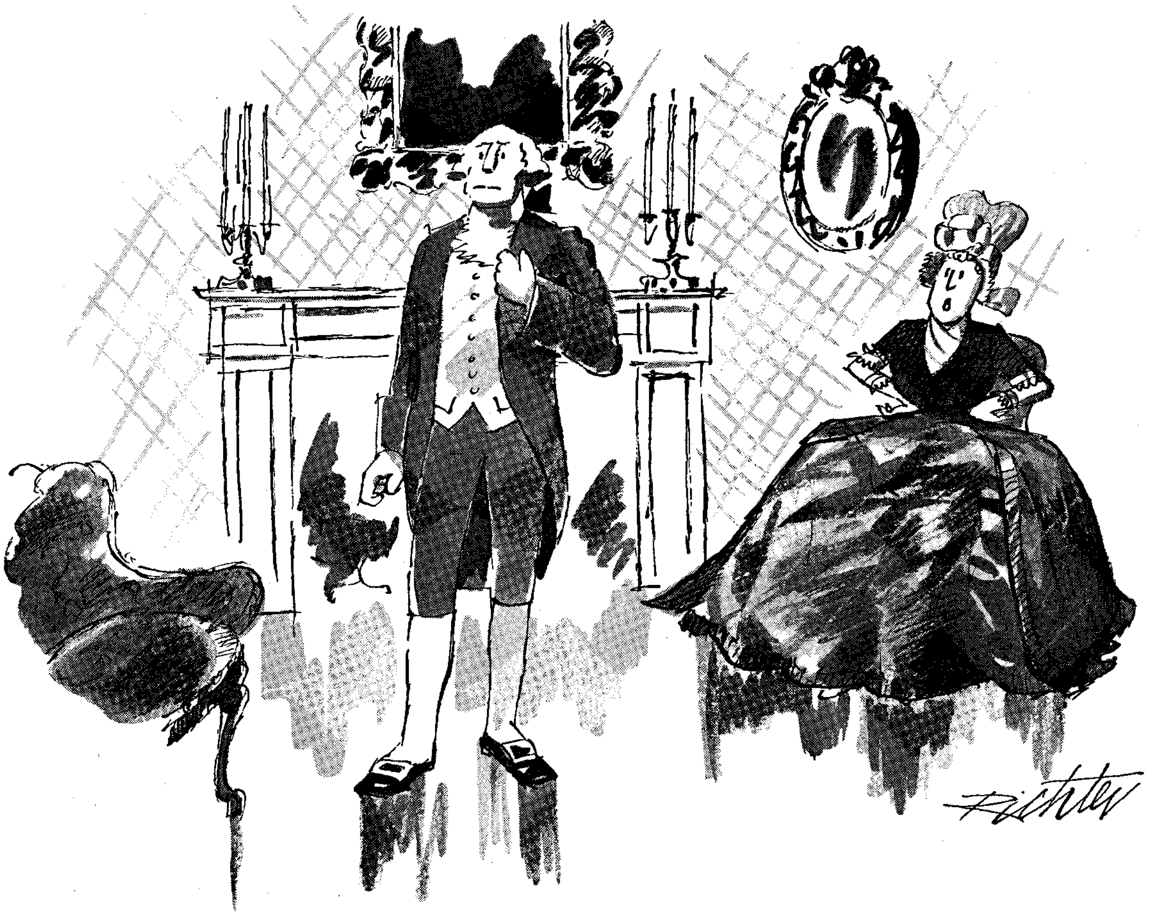
Saturday night, four friends came over for dinner. One of the friends and I go back at least fourteen years, to undergraduate days. He stood in the kitchen and talked to me while the others talked in the living room. He explained to me that there was no easy way to defrost my refrigerator. He told me that his wife had recently found out that she was pregnant, and he seemed a little dazed and very pleased. I sautéed snow peas and dumped shrimp into marinara sauce. He put more ice cubes in his drink. In the living room, two friends of mine who have recently returned from Africa told the story—which is apparently now funny to them but horrifies everyone who hears it—about the night a Blanding's tree snake got into their hut and they decided to sleep until morning: Why search for it, anger it, and possibly not find it? The wife of my friend from college modestly answered a few questions about her recent art exhibition in SoHo. When we sat down to eat, everyone began telling jokes. I remembered one joke to tell, and was proud of myself. After dinner, we drank champagne and ate candy. When the candles had burned to stubs, my friends left. (One umbrella and one gray hat remained.)

I did the dishes and turned on my answering machine, to hear two messages that weren't important and one message, from my friend Lynn, that was: If I had a sedative "or anything like that," please bring it in the morning for Sam. Lynn and I were freeing Sam the dog from the kennel he'd been left in when his owner moved to L.A., and we were going to Kennedy to send Sam back to his owner. I checked the bottle of pills I carry, and found, among the allergy pills, sleeping pills, and a couple of white pills I didn't recognize, a chip of Valium and three whole ones.

Sunday morning, Lynn rang my doorbell at nine-forty-five, and, along with Sam, we drove downtown to pick up Marty, a friend of ours who was flying to L.A.—possibly to be on the "Tonight Show." It seems that if a dog accompanies a passenger the dog can fly much cheaper. It would have cost hundreds of dollars if the dog had had to be sent alone. We waited outside Marty's apartment house. It gave us time to look at the Operator's Manual: it was a new car, and Lynn wasn't sure how to turn on the heater. After the heater was blaring, Marty came out of his building a couple of minutes late, opened the hatch, and put in his suitcases. (Sam had started out in the hatch but had made it to the back seat by the time I was picked up, and was now nosing his way into the front seat.) We greeted each other—I was in the back, trying to restrain Sam. I realized for the first time that the dog looked rather baleful. I whispered reassurances.

At Kennedy, Lynn waited while I got the dog out of the back seat (*large* Labrador—not easy) and Marty got his suitcases. As he and I went through the automatic doors, which slid open as we approached, I noticed that the dog continued to look baleful but now also looked a little surprised.

Many people inside. Marty already had his ticket, but what were we supposed to do to get a cage? Marty went up to one of the American Airlines personnel, who told us to get in line. We did, wondering if we were in the right line. The dog sat when I suggested it. Line moved quickly. A nice ticket agent, who acted as though Sam were the millionth large black dog she had seen that morning, made arrangements for a cage. Marty said, "There isn't a movie, is there?" "Of course there is," the ticket agent said. "Oh," he said. "Then can I change to an aisle seat?" "You certainly can," she said. While she pushed endless buttons on the computer, I reached in my purse, opened the bottle of pills, and tried something I'd never tried on the three previous occasions on which



*"You never remember my birthday!"*

• •

Sam and I had met: I opened his mouth and pushed a pill down his throat. He swallowed and averted his eyes. I whispered reassurances.

A large cage appeared. The top had to be attached to the bottom, and Marty climbed over the metal baggage platform to help the ticket agent. The assemblage took quite a while, because it was a very large cage. The ticket agent tried a couple of possibilities, then attached the front door. Marty went to get water in a plastic dish that fitted in the cage—none of us ever figured out where or how, but it didn't really matter, because Sam lapped up half of the water right away. I removed Sam's leash and gave it to Marty, along with Sam's tag and papers. Marty looked a little baleful himself, trying to figure out the best pocket in which to put a long metal dog leash. I urged Sam into the cage. I pushed only the teeniest, tiniest bit, when he was three-quarters in and stopped. After he was in, he turned around and looked at me. I pushed down the metal bar. "See?" I said. "Everything's fine. You can even turn around."

The ticket agent interrupted what might have become a melodramatic scene. "You're going to have to help me lift," she said. We grabbed the cage and hoisted it onto the conveyor belt, and I was astonished at how fast it moved away from me. I ran after it, startling another ticket agent, who wasn't used to people running behind her; the cage was on a little crooked, and it seemed important that it be right in the center. I got it facing perfectly forward, stepped over the metal baggage area, said out-of-breath goodbyes to the ticket agent and Marty, and went out to the car. The flight was going to leave in half an hour.

On the way back to the city, I read the Operator's Manual and figured out how to make the windshield wipers stay on. We took a wrong turn and detoured through some dreary side streets before we got back on the right track. We parked the car, and I went into Lynn's apartment to have breakfast fixed for me. Before she started fixing it, she called L.A. (covering the mouthpiece to whisper that Sam's owner was *terrified* when he heard who was calling), confirmed what flight Sam was on, said Sam had done marvellously—hadn't he? ("Yes," I said loudly.) "Eighty dollars," she said. Then she said, "I know, but that's probably a cage for poodles or something." Then she said, "I knew this last night, but I didn't want to tell you." When she described again the friend who was accompanying the dog, I realized that she had been a little more nervous about the whole adventure than *I'd* known: she seemed almost skeptical when she said that Marty had been wearing a shirt and—with increasing vagueness—an overcoat, and . . . a *scarf.* ("Yes," I said loudly.)

A couple of hours later, back in my apartment, I called another friend. She seemed distracted. Finally, she blurted out, "Do you know if my brother's back in New York or still out of town?" I didn't know. She didn't want to disturb him if he was still out of town, she said, but the *cat* had run away. I tried to make her feel better: Cats did that, didn't they? The cat was fourteen, she said, and it *never* ran away. I suggested that she try his apartment to see if he was home yet. She said she would. Or maybe she'd even call him where he was. "I don't think it's right to keep things like this from people," she said.

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## *Auto Show*

THE 1982 Greater New York Automobile Show was held at the Coliseum last week, and we stopped by one afternoon for a look. Here are some of the things we saw:

A man with a watering can watering a carpet.

A radiant-looking woman in a

golden gown standing on a revolving platform.

Two young children holding balloons made of blue-and-silver Mylar and shaped like fish.

A robot about ten feet tall, with a brass head, silvery biceps, and blue forearms, and with a lighted instrument panel set into its torso. Visitors, by pushing a button, could cause the robot to move its arms back and forth, turn its head from side to side, and—by means of a voice from a speaker—answer questions listed on a sign in front of it. The questions included things like "DO YOU HAVE A FAVORITE FANTASY?" and "CAN YOU COOK?"

A sign that read "YOU WILL BE AMAZED."

A booth featuring something called a Telorex "5000" Personality Computer. Behind a counter was a bank of electronic devices about nine feet wide and seven feet high with flashing red, green, and amber lights. After a person paid a dollar and signed his or her name on a small sheet of cellophane, an attendant inserted the cellophane in one of the electronic devices. The device then issued a sheet of yellow paper printed with messages like "Your personal magnetism attracts many people to you" and "You have a very intense nature so must often be careful to curb your feelings."

A gleaming black partition, about eight feet wide and ten feet high, printed with large white letters that read "QUANTUM QUANTUM QUANTUM QUANTUM QUANTUM."

Two robots in the back seat of a car that was standing on fake cobblestones on a low platform. A sign identified the robots as Robert and Mathilde. Pictures were being displayed on small screens along the sides of the platform, and a voice from a speaker said, "This is the robot test track at the Peugeot Technical Center in Belchamp, France. One kilometre of cobblestones, dips, bumps, and potholes. . . . Robert and Mathilde spend an average of fourteen weeks in each Peugeot model."

A sign that read "$59,000 PLUS FREIGHT."

A boy of about ten behind a counter selling T-shirts and looking bored.

A girl of about three holding a model car and looking bewildered.

A reprint of an article from *Motor Trend* that read "You gotta be a car lover to appreciate this. . . . The tires will pick up the backbone of an ant."

Lots of metallic paint.

A schedule of events that read, in part, "11:30 A.M.—Hypnotist Robert Halpern will give a discussion and demonstration on 'How to Cope with City Traffic and Highway Hypnosis.' "

Lots of oil filters.

A sign that read "CALL FREE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD FROM COMMCAR."

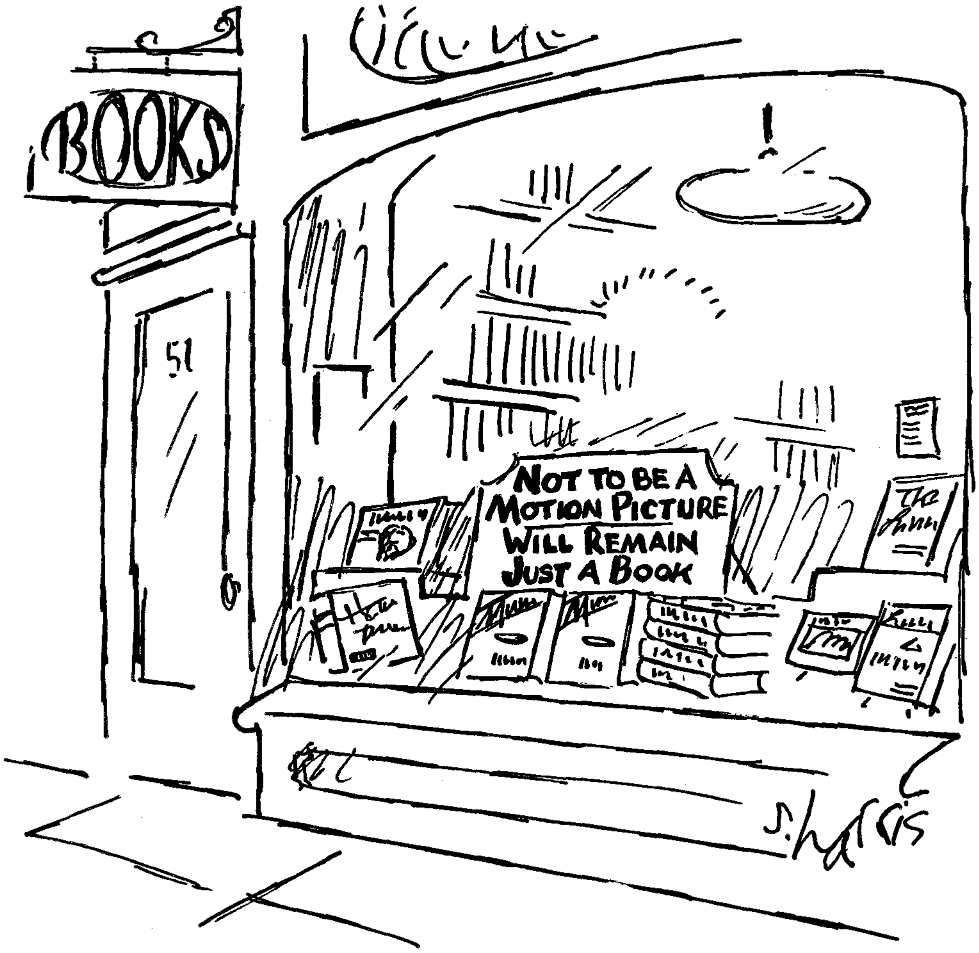
Lots of hot dogs.

A sign that read "THIS TRANS AM WAS ORDERED BY BURT REYNOLDS."

A diesel-fuel pump, mostly silver-colored, with blue-and-red lettering, a black hose with a blue-and-silver nozzle, and black-and-white gauges. In front of the pump was a small white button on a low stand. Above and below the button were signs that read "PUSH." We pushed the button, and a voice from a speaker said, "Hi! Bet I know what you're thinking!"

## *Rubber Rodeo*

RUBBER RODEO, a musical group from Providence that has been described as a punk country-and-Western band, recently gave a private performance for record-company representatives at Sundown, a club on East Fifty-sixth Street. We arrived a bit early—appropriately, just as the sun was setting behind a huge butte of cloud—and, inside, found the club lively with preparations. Most of the action was on the stage, which, besides holding instruments and amplifiers, was decorated with big, brightly painted cardboard cutouts: a cowboy, a cactus with a vulture sitting on it, an ear of corn, a rattler and a lightly clad cowgirl talking on the telephone. Amid the equipment, band members and assistants were testing volume with the usual electronic thuds and warblings. Across the room, another intent group was stationed around a large pot of chili on a hot plate. We talked to Don Rose, a cheerful-looking curly-headed young man, who was to be the master of ceremonies that evening, and learned that the chili had been put together not under a big sky somewhere but in the kitchens of *Gourmet*. "I have friends who work at the magazine," he told us. "I found a butcher down near Chinatown, bought twenty pounds of beef, and


BOOKS
51
NOT TO BE A MOTION PICTURE
WILL REMAIN JUST A BOOK
S. Harris

told my friends to make a good, subtle, slow-burning chili—the kind that doesn't ring its alarms till it hits the back of your throat. It's urban chili."

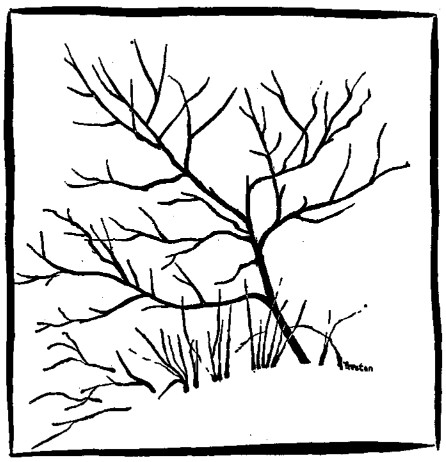
Mr. Rose, who lives in Salem, Massachusetts, and occasionally spells his name "Roze," is the owner of Eat Records, an avant-garde label that had just finished recording Rubber Rodeo's first album; he hopes to sell the album to a major company. In a pair of baggy khaki pants and a natty broad-shouldered, single-button tweed jacket, he looked more like Ned Nickerson, Nancy Drew's boyfriend, than like Roy Rogers. When we asked him for insights into Rubber Rodeo, he waited to answer until he had handed us a promotional booklet and we had taken in the cover, which showed a mesa with a cowboy on horseback talking to a young man and woman sitting in a sleek convertible. "That's it," Mr. Rose said. "Home on the range with modern technology. The main thing to understand about Rubber Rodeo is that they are more than a group—they're an exercise in commercial art. They all used to be students at the Rhode Island School of Design, and now they're packaging and marketing a product that's a calculated reflection of American pop culture. They've taken the newest rock and roll and combined it with the elements of cowboy tradition reflected in the television and comic books of the fifties and sixties. Their roots are in Gene Autry and Devo. I call the whole concept Prairie Modern."

"What kind of audience do they appeal to?" we asked.

"A smart audience," said Mr. Rose. "The scene they come from in Providence is the same one that spawned the Talking Heads and, a little earlier, Martin Mull. Their act is based on very subtle satire, and understanding the reference points requires some sophistication. Luckily, you can dance to their music whether or not you get the jokes. Most of the band members come from solid, meat-and-potatoes Midwestern families, and their parents don't know *what* they're doing. For example, the lead singer Bob Holmes and his brother Barclay, the percussionist, are sons of a justice of the Ohio Supreme Court. The men in the family have been judges all the way back to Oliver Wendell Holmes, so Bob and Barc's father is genuinely puzzled when he sees his sons playing cowboys up on the stage."

When the show began, we found out that besides the Holmes brothers the members of Rubber Rodeo are Patricia Milliken (lead vocals, Farfisa organ), Doug Allen (bass guitar, string bass, vocals), Gary Leib (synthesizers), and Mark Tomeo (pedal steel guitar). The men wore black jackets and Western-style string bow ties, and Miss Milliken wore a full-skirted rodeo dress with layers of stiffly starched petticoats, small white boots, and a platinum-blond, Dolly Parton-style wig. They started off by racing into the theme from "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly," and then Bob Holmes greeted the audience, urging everyone to eat some chili, kick up some dust, and have a stinkin' good time. "Hoo-oo!" he yelled. "We're going to play some *music* for you tonight!" They played versions of "Wichita Lineman" and Dolly Parton's "Jolene" and also some original songs, one of which is called "Slippin' Away." Their renditions of the country-and-Western numbers had eerie electronic flourishes that suggested whole fleets of UFOs in communication; and their delivery—with the two lead singers preserving an evil aloofness during the sentimental ballads—had a touch of New Wave nihilism that made their occasional whoops seem downright perverse. The audience clapped hard and shouted after each number. We saw no cowboy hats in this crowd, or flouncy skirts, or pointy amphetamine-colored boots—no evidence of Prairie Modern. The style was generally Manhattan Muddle, with a bit of Lazy Punk.

While Rubber Rodeo was still playing, Don Rose came and sat beside us and whispered, "Spaghetti Western. That's another great way to describe them. They've been deeply influenced by Ennio Morricone, the guy who wrote the scores for all those cheesy Italian movies. They love being fakes."



After the performance, we talked to Bob Holmes, a tall young man, whom the promotional material describes as "a Cowboy Mick Jagger." He has full lips, slicked-back hair, and a way of speaking for which the words "modest" and "engaging" seem to have been invented. He told us that Rubber Rodeo had been started just a year ago but that his own fascination with the West had begun long before that. "I grew up in an Ohio suburb that was pretty far from the range," he said. "In fact, John Glenn was our next-door neighbor. But, like all American kids, I dreamed of cowboys, and I just never got away from it. I still have a huge collection of cowboy comics and cowboy toys. Those kitschy things keep dreams of the West alive in the space age, and that's what we try to do in our music. We're different from urban-cowboy musicians. What they do is really traditional country-and-Western music with a rock flavoring. Our music is very new-style rock with country-and-Western themes. We're slightly satirical, but we don't mean to make fun of country-and-Western music. We only play songs we love. The idea for the band came into being one day when I was listening to a Hank Williams album and I got that high, lonesome pang that hits you sometimes on the inside of your chest. I got the same pang from some New Wave rock and roll, and, though it seemed impossible, I tried to put the two forms together." He paused, and leaned back on the heels of his boots. "Of course, Rubber Rodeo has other roots as well," he said. "We all tried out different musical forms. My brother Barclay, who is a great musician, used to play with a French band called Boring Music. The rest of us performed with the Asphalt Cowboys and, before that, with Blind Gary and the Foggy Vision Boys."

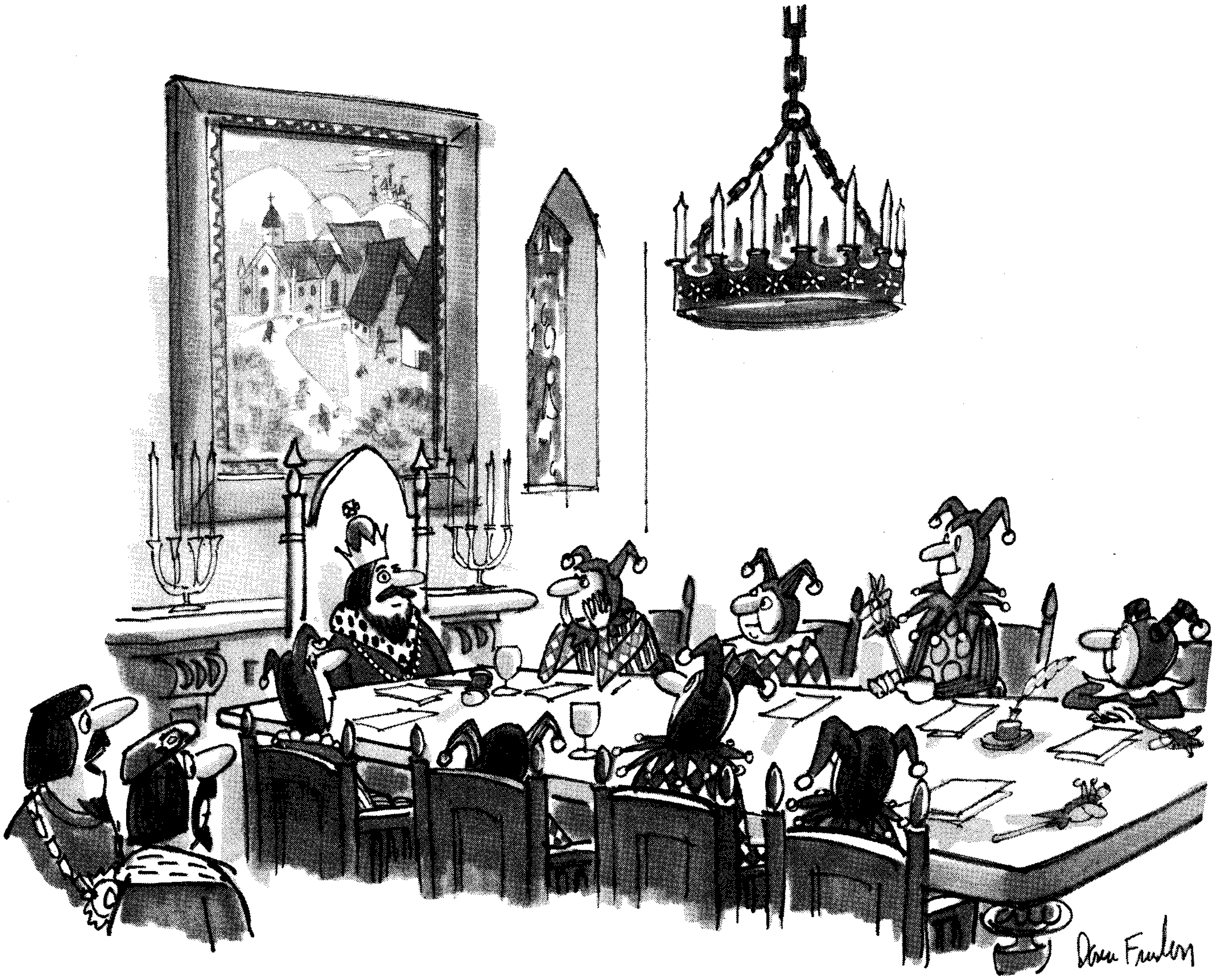
## *In the Way*

WHILE we were sitting by the telephone one night last week, Janet called again. The last time, she had a broken toe.

"I'm calling from my bed," she said this time. "Recovering from what could have been a broken spine."

We gasped.

"I was on my way to a gourmet



*"Frankly, it's no better or worse than any other form of government."*

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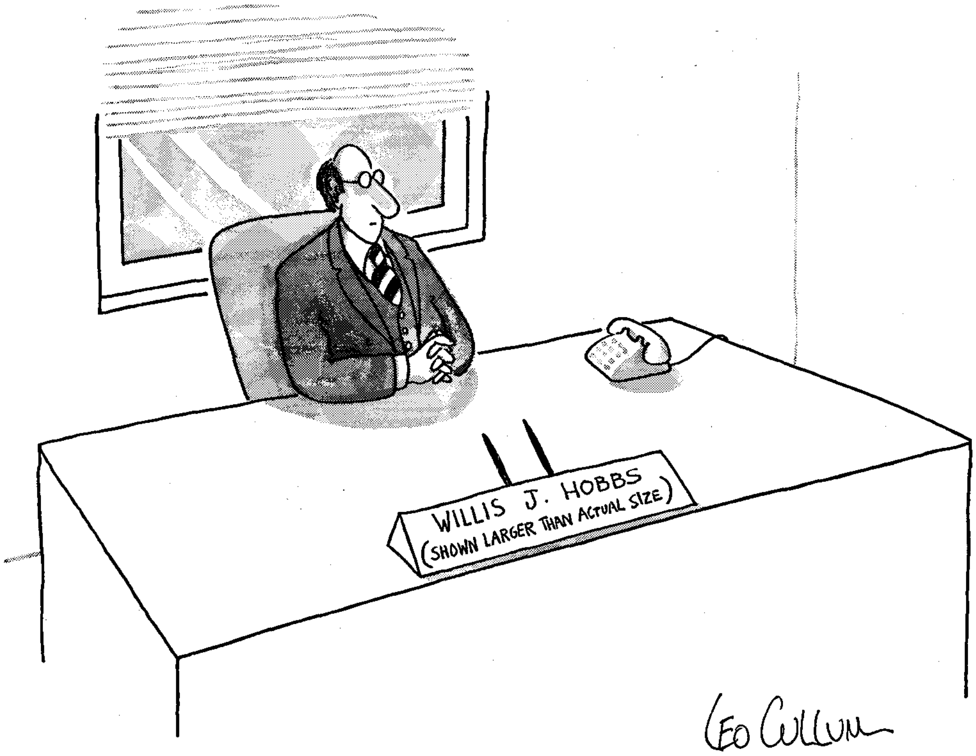
shop on Eighty-eighth Street to get a little smoked something for dinner," she explained. "It was snowing. At Eighty-seventh Street and Columbus, I slipped on the ice in the middle of the street and crashed onto my spine and the back of my head. I remember thinking, Either I'm dead or my spine is broken—this is it. Then the light must have changed, because I noticed a whole bunch of cars coming at me, and I thought, No, *this* is it. A woman rushed out screaming 'Stop!' and a car . . ." Janet paused. "The car didn't exactly stop," she continued. "It went skidding around me at the last minute. At that point, I decided I was not dead—I was in agony. I kept saying, 'I think I'm in the way.' I was having trouble breathing, but I thought I should continue. A lot of anxious faces were peering at me through the snow saying, 'Are you all right?' I wasn't, but I didn't want to upset them any further, so I said, 'Yes, but call my brother, who is a doctor in White Plains.' I started to cry, but I explained to them that I was only crying because I was scared stiff. All of a sudden, a young man asked me to move my feet, and he grabbed my head and turned it slowly from left to right. He turned out to be a doctor. Someone had called an ambulance, but a cop said we shouldn't wait for the ambulance, because they always come too late. Just then, the ambulance showed up, and the cop climbed in with me and asked for my right age. In the emergency room at Roosevelt Hospital, six different doctors came to see me in the six hours I was there. They were all twenty-eight years old, they all had beautiful teeth, and they all asked, 'Did you lose consciousness?' In every compartment, there was somebody else who had slipped on the ice. I overheard somebody in the next one say, 'Keep your finger elevated. Put it on a pillow.' I heard a woman's voice in the hall crying 'Oy, oy, oy!' 'Please take care of that Jewish lady out there,' I said to the doctor. He said she was Spanish. I said that if she was Spanish she would be saying 'Ay, ay, ay!' "

Janet took a breath. "After the X-rays, they told me I could go home," she said. "I explained that I was in complete agony, so they gave me a pill for pain, a shot for pain, a wheelchair, and a cane, and told me to call a friend, because the volunteer who wheels you to the door had left. By the way, my broken toe is completely healed."

# FEB

Feb is what I call it, and Feb is what it is. Someone will tell you that at least it is the shortest month of the year. Oh, come off it, I say—by a day or two, if you can call them days. Each is like yesterday: now you see it, now you don't. What is fun in Feb? We are invited to celebrate the birthdays of three Goners—one murdered, one martyred, and one who is spinning in his grave. In our family, too, there is a natal day, one we dare not celebrate—that of Gladstone, who is my husband. Gladstone is not your typical birthday boy; the night his father got him, his mind (his father's, that is) was not on him, is the way Gladstone looks at it. Only last summer Gladstone suggested that should I wish to honor him I might walk one pace in back of him and call him "sir." I told him to forget it. No presents, please; should one be offered, it will be returned to sender. Jokey cards can be recognized by their shape and thrown away unopened. Because this occasion cannot be totally ignored by the young people in the family, who might in the future have guilt feelings, they contrive to sneak in a little something. As today is Gladstone's birthday, the children have arranged to gather here later simply to show by their presence that they are loving and caring and everything. They themselves will prepare dinner. Our children do not wear the skins of animals or eat their flesh. Caviar, if available, which is not likely, is not acceptable; it is torn from the body of the female. Hens' eggs, on the other hand, are freely given, they say. I say, Consult a hen, but who am I? The children travel by plane or train—in this case, because they are not far away, by train—as they believe that the proliferation of the automobile causes pollution, and the proliferation of the highway for the automobile is the mindless paving over of land that we shall all need to feed us in the coming years. As it would not be practical for them to bring the ingredients of dinner, I have been provided with a list, and I am to do the marketing.

The clock calls it morning. I lie here in bed. I have had a dream I cannot remember. It is Feb; it is cold; it is brass tacks. We are anonymous in birth and death. My eyes are closed, my hands folded upon my breast. I am feeling pure and done for. Something disturbs my feet, and I open my eyes to see my two cats, White and White, less than grief-stricken, groping for a sign of life in me in this dead time. Out in the frozen yard, there is not a bird that is not on to them. It is a soundless room, a soundless world. Most of our friends have died, divorced, or moved away. The rest have gone to tropical islands in order, as they have said, to get away from the telephone. This leaves me without anyone to talk to, and where am I without the telephone? Why hasn't the telephone company heard about me and hired me for, say, Dial-a-Chat? Isn't the big thing these days communication, or the absence of it? How can I communicate, when nobody else is around? Or relate, when there isn't anybody to relate to? I reach for the telephone book, look at the inside of the cover: Emergency Numbers—fire, police, medical, ambulance, hospital, and the F.B.I. No chat material. I think of Chuck, our neighborhood psychiatrist; halfheartedly, I pick up the phone and dial his number. Perhaps he has a pill for Feb. Chuck's answering service tells me that Doctor is not in. Can he be on assignment? I ask when he is expected back, but the answering service has no answers.


WILLIS J. HOBBS
(SHOWN LARGER THAN ACTUAL SIZE)
Leo Cullum

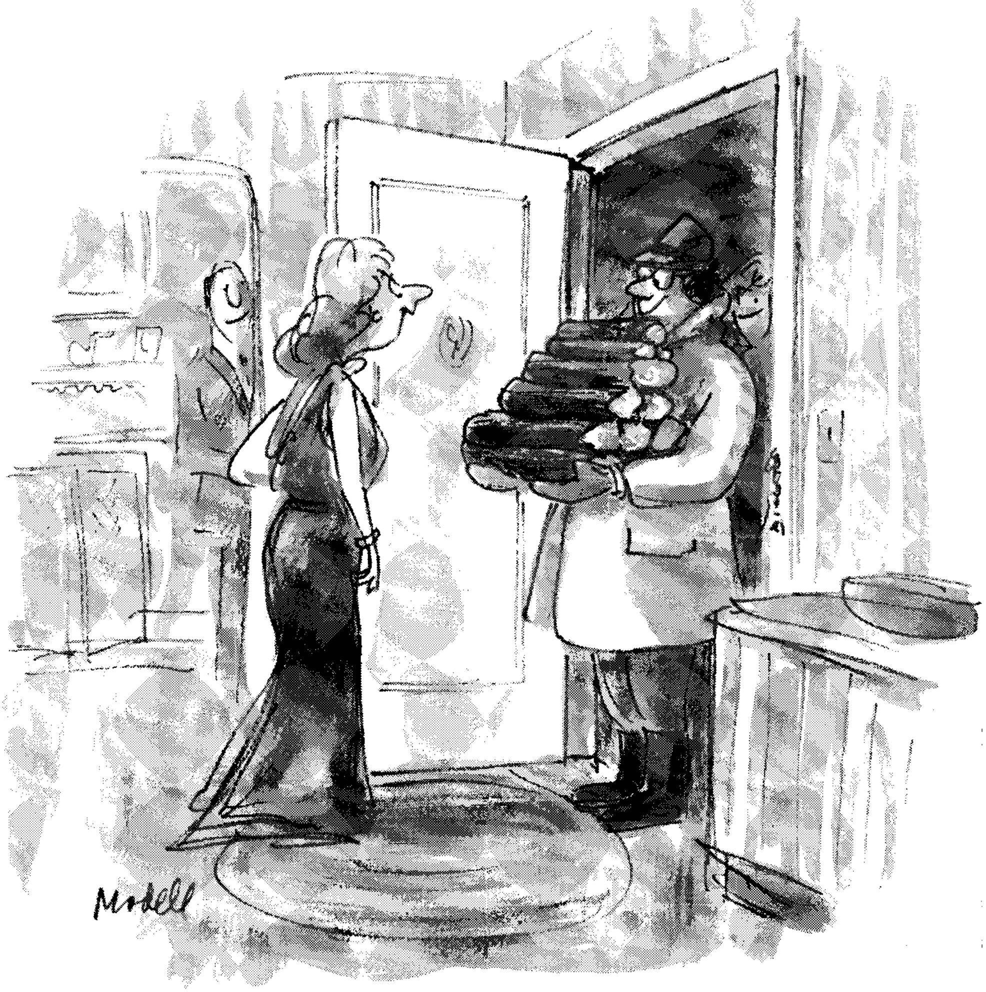
As I hang up, Gladstone breezes into the room with a mug of coffee for me. He says that I must get up, that the sun is coming out. In a flash, I am glued to the window, gaping at the grim sky, where there is a vague, pale spot in the overcast, as if some massive arm in a wash-and-wear fabric had given it a swipe and then given up. Beyond the frozen winter yard the bare branches of our woods scrawl something across the horizon, but the calligraphy of winter is noncommittal. Now there is a rasping, groaning sound out there, a rusted door being boosted, and I turn my eyes to the house next door. Our neighbor is cleaning out his garage, or perhaps he is preparing for some dire event about which I have no knowledge. He has removed his jeep, on the front of which he mounts a plow for clearing his driveway of the season's snows; next, he brings out a snowblower, then goes back for something else. Can he have lost something in the garage? Must he move everything out before he finds it? And what can it be? In summer he sits on and runs a small machine around and over the lawn to mow the grass. There is another machine, which pokes holes in the earth, to aerate the soil. So far, I cannot think of anything he might have lost, unless it is his wife, and I wonder when he noticed that she was gone. Perhaps she is only hiding. Being married to him must seem like being married to a tractor.

Gladstone tells me that I cannot just lie in bed. He is wrong; I can, and am about to go back, but he stops me. He says I have to get out of here and let my circulation start up again. I say, Later. Then he tells me that he has saved today for his weekly trip to the dump, and that I must help him carry things to his station wagon and go along with him; I will see exactly how it is done, in case there should come a time when I will have to do this by myself. His briskness unnerves me. I glance at the closet and tell him I haven't anything to wear. We don't dress, he says. I discover a few things—heavy brown slacks, nibbled at the cuffs by a corrosive combination of frozen muck and a virulent salt compound from the roads, an orange jersey that was a present, a green hooded parka that had been on sale for half the original price, and clomping boots. Gladstone wants to know if I am going to brush my hair. I tell him I suppose I will if I happen to pass a brush. He reminds me that Senlin combed his hair. I remind *him* that that was for God. But I go along and help him load the station wagon with things we don't need anymore—bound-up copies of the week's newspapers, bags of refuse that have been rejected by our rubbish-disposal collectors, and cartons of glass and plastic bottles.

At the dump, we put the bales of newspapers in the recycling truck; we will inevitably get them back next year as Christmas cards, and it will be all to do over, but such is the never-ending round of our biodegradable days. We add the bags of gunk to the lavish display of some of the world's classiest detritus, and then Gladstone picks up a carton of bottles. There is a mammoth trailer nearby, and a ramp leading to the top. It's an open trailer of the railroad coal-car type often called a gondola. Gladstone insists that I climb up there with him and watch the fun. At the top, I look down inside the trailer; in its depths are variegated shards of glass and a few intact large, economy-size bottles, to say nothing of ancient, high-toned fifths—Old Grand Dad, Chivas Regal.

"Watch closely," Gladstone tells me. He puts down the carton, selects a bottle, and aims it at a Paul Masson Chablis magnum. There is a shattering twin explosion, both bottles in splinters, and Gladstone's face is a map of bliss. He dusts his palms, nods at an attendant, who raises clasped hands in a congratulatory gesture, and leans over to pick up another bottle, which he graciously offers to me. "Try it," he says. "It'll do you good. You need the exercise, and it's a great outlet for your hostilities, too."

I accept the bottle, aim, throw, and nick something. It doesn't do a thing for me. I draw my head into my hood, turtle fashion. Gladstone polishes off more bottles until he runs out of missiles, and home we go.



*"Come see what Herb and Ellen brought."*

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I REMEMBER that I haven't checked the houseplants for days, and slope out to the enclosed porch to see if anything is wilting. Nothing is, but nothing is blooming, either. The Whites are leaning against opposite arms of a red couch, contemplating me with lacklustre eyes, and suddenly I recall the dream from last night, when I was somewhere or other with somebody or other who had a white cat—a young, slim, wiry cat just out of kittenhood. Whoever it was picked it up, and the cat turned its head, looked up, and laughed. I think of an English teacher from a long time ago who had written in my yearbook: "Look up and laugh, and love, and lift." I sit in a rattan swivel chair and address the Whites. "Laugh," I say. They lick their shoulders. I try something else—a funny story from my youth, with a few embellishments from years of experience.

"There was once a little boy," my story goes, "who said to his mother, 'Susy and I are going to get married.' So his mother, who was standing there ironing, said, 'That's very nice. Susy is a lovely little girl. But have you thought about the responsibilities of marriage? It is not all fun and games; it is not even going to the dump every day. You do not have income-producing employment; how will you live?' 'We have thought about that,' the little boy said. 'And we have decided to live with you and Pop.' 'Ah, but there are other things to be considered,' his mother went on. 'Other responsibilities, expenses. For instance, suppose Heaven sends you a baby. There will be doctors' bills—the pediatrician, the dentist, the orthodontist, the periodontist, the endodontist—camp, dancing school, psychiatrists, bail, and even, God forbid, college.' 'We have thought about that, too,' the little boy said, 'and we aren't going to have a baby.' 'Heaven is not always reliable,' his mother said. 'No problem,' the little boy answered. 'Every time Susy lays an egg, I'll just step on it.' "

The Whites have no sense of humor. It is not entirely their fault; they had a traumatic experience when they were very young. A friend who is an artist came to dinner one evening. When the Whites came tumbling downstairs to see who was calling, he looked them over and began to laugh. "Look at those cats!" he roared. "All white. Not a trace of color. Weird, I call it." They turned and went someplace in the house where I could not find them to explain that it takes all kinds.

I get up to leave the room. As I go out, I turn and say, "Of course, this is the Year of the Dog. I have heard of someone who has a dog named Hans Arf, and another who has many litters of puppies and is called Barkis." They climb wearily off the couch and slide under it. I always have the last word.

Gladstone has retired to his study, where he will do mind-boggling chores—pencil sharpening, all that. I go upstairs, fiddle around, and then change into my supermarket costume—a white cashmere turtleneck, which was a present (I am allergic to wool and choose to wear it as my hair shirt), and my Borgazia mink jacket. I find the grocery list, clomp out to my hatchback, bounce over the rutted driveway, and hang a left at the filthy town road. It occurs to me that I haven't much money, and that I ought to stop at the bank and cash a check. As I approach the bank, I realize that I truly am not getting much exercise this winter, so instead of joining the line at the drive-in window, I park, get out, close and lock the car door, shuffle into the bank, cash the check, and shuffle all the way back to the car again. I don't feel my circulation racing, but, then, there will be miles to go inside the supermarket, where I park, lock up, and go in. Passing the meat-and-poultry counter, I see Flo, who is Chuck the psychiatrist's wife, standing near a stack of oven-stuffers with the red telephone at her ear. She is wearing a purple goose-down Mae West. I pause; she puts the phone down, frowns, looks at me, and shrugs. Nobody answers, she says.

"Everybody's out of town," I remind her. "Where's Chuck, by the way?"

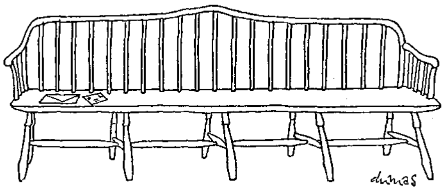
Her eyes fog over. "Home. In bed. We're hoping we can keep him at home."

"Sick? I didn't think Chuck ever got sick."

She shakes her head. "A breakdown," she tells me. "He says all he ever hears about is problems, problems, problems, day in, day out, and he's got enough of his own. He says he's had it up to here." She doesn't indicate where.

"Too bad," I say. "We'll miss him." I start to move on. "Well, have a nice day."

BACK home in the kitchen, I begin to unpack the groceries. Gladstone strolls in and asks if there's anything he can do to help. I tell him not to make any more coffee. There isn't much room on the counter anymore, because of the food processor, which takes up space. I bought it last year on sale, simply to prove that I can be thrifty, know a good buy when I see it, and am as foxy as the next one. I mop off a few carrots, plug in the food processor, feed a couple of carrots into it, and they come out with bevelled edges. Wrong blade. I change blades, and get scalloped carrots; change again, get nuts and bolts. I dice; I mince; I shred. Out of blades. Gladstone would like to know what else there will be for dinner besides carrots, so I finish unpacking: rice vinegar and fermented soybean paste, called miso, many things from the Exotic and Foreign Foods Shelf.



"The miso is probably to make salad dressing for the shredded carrots," I tell him.

"Can't they use a fresh soybean sauce, something that isn't spoiled?" Gladstone asks. "And where are the chops or something?"

I explain that this is primarily a macrobiotic diet—no dairy products or

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## UPSTATE

Graceful every tuck of the hills
for a stretch until the lopsided barn,
abandoned hayrick, and broken silo
make clear once again that Paradise
is a place that must be left behind.
But, oh, how the hand yearns to make tall
the toppled, how the imagination fashions
blueprints of former and future perfections—
weedless gardens where everything blooms
on time and nothing attacks new growth
for its own subsistence. But the eye wanders
from the large to the small, the mind takes in
only a single slice at a time,
and soon some other natural, wayside
beauty cancels out thought, and we
ride through real and imagined hills
we think will be there forever because
we will be there forever.

Our bland
partnership's ever-renewable passions
roll along with their threatening qualms,
their long and short endowments of worry,
but, by and large, we work, like the farm
we stared at, green hacked out of hardpan,
acres of vegetables set in rows,
rib-swaying, ancient rust horses calmly
munching their way through middle-sized grass—
its hutches, workable fields, and porch,
on which, way back among the trees,
someone is silently watching us pass.

—HOWARD MOSS

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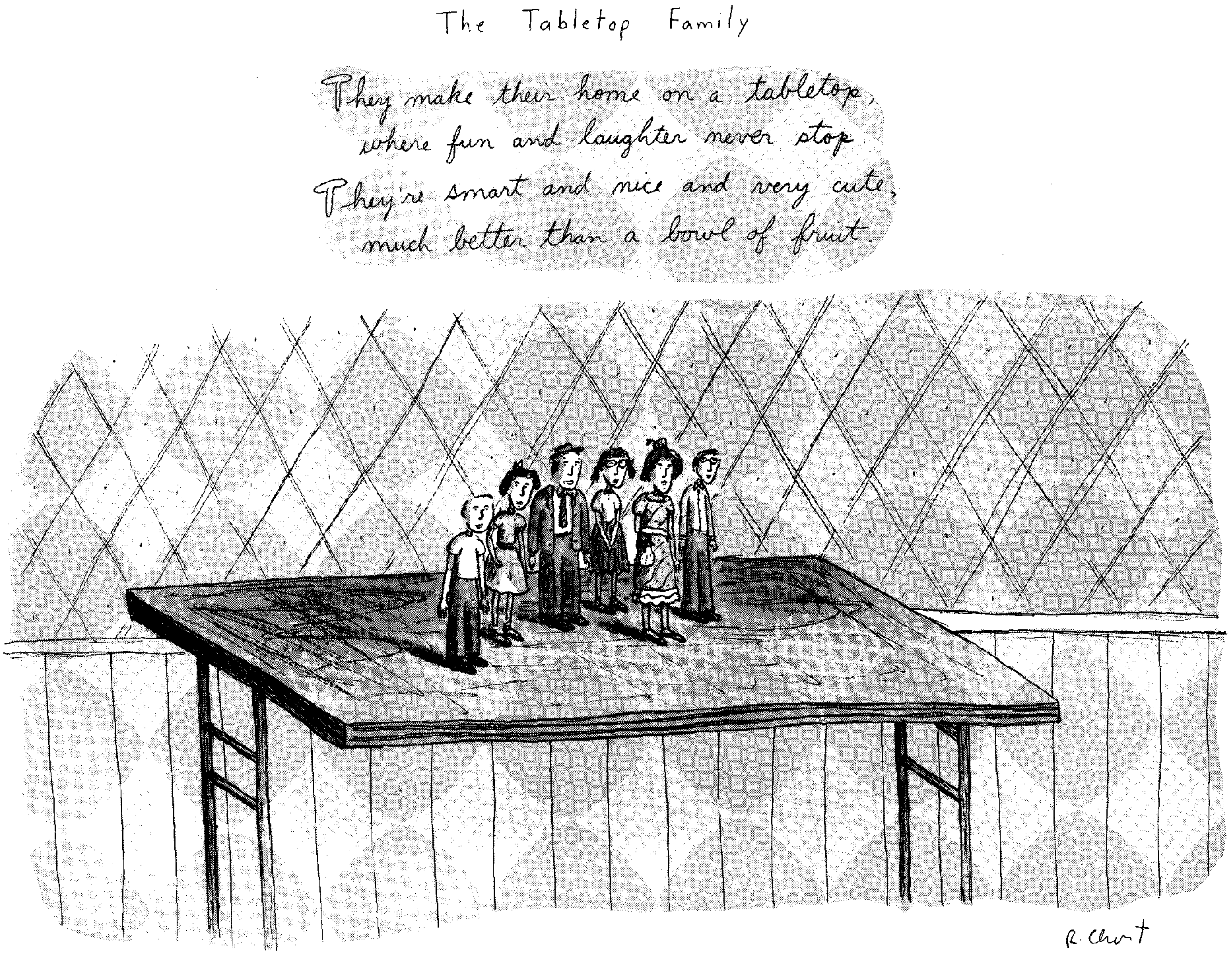

The Tabletop Family
They make their home on a tabletop,
where fun and laughter never stop.
They're smart and nice and very cute,
much better than a bowl of fruit.
R. Chast

• •

red meat—that it is very good for him, and that he will love these mung bean sprouts. He reaches out and picks up a handful to taste; some of them fall on his shoulder, where they rest, looking like epaulets. I salute.

"As you were," Gladstone says tersely, and asks about dessert. I show him a cellophane-wrapped carob-carrot cake. He wants to know if I have inside information about carrot futures. I haven't, but I bring out and place on the counter something else.

"Bean curd," I tell him.

"It looks done in," he says. "At least, it isn't moving."

The Whites slouch into the kitchen and edge toward us. They raise their heads enthusiastically toward the counter, then back away, mouth-breathing. Gladstone's face lights up as he opens a brown bag. "Mushrooms!" he exclaims. "Good old broiled mushrooms. I can taste them now—golden brown and dripping with butter!" He looks at me and the light fades from his honest face.

"Probably for the salad," I tell him. "Or, yet, crudités."

If our eyes meet, quick tears may start. We detest raw mushrooms, which are practically unavoidable these days in better restaurants or at the best private tables. I wonder who ever started such a thing; I would as soon go down to the root cellar and lap at the walls as eat raw mushrooms.

Hefting and pinching the last package, Gladstone is once again his usual sunny self. "At last. Fish. Broiled fish. Now, there is something you can't eat raw."

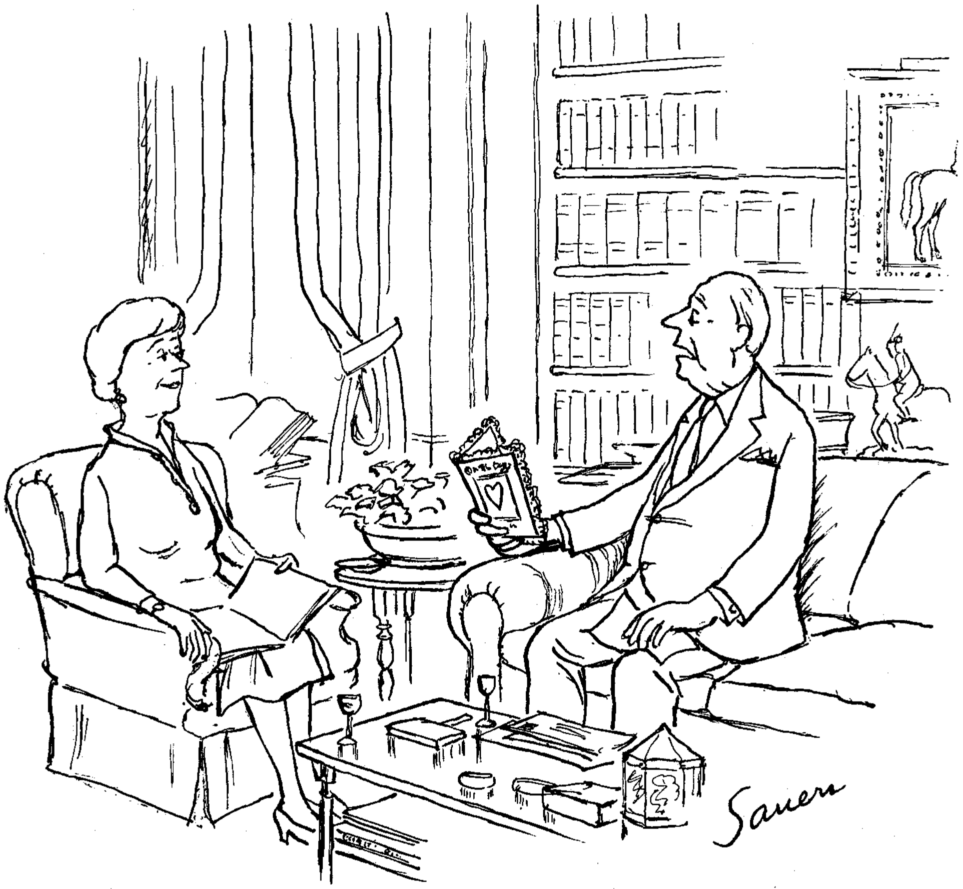
I say nothing; today I will be merciful. But I bow my head. He stares at me, aghast, and stumbles toward the door to the dining area. Suddenly he seems overcome—Mr. Tulliver, for whom the world's been too many. He raises both hands and pushes his hair forward over his forehead, turns, and leers at me. And yet he has scarcely changed; Gladstone is impeccable, even in disarray.

I stand by the counter and ponder, which is easier than washing up the blades and bowl of the food processor. Gladstone has disappeared, but now he returns, a folder under his arm. He sits at the kitchen table and opens the folder to a back page, which he smooths and spreads before him. "Now, here is something I've been going over. It is the report on our energy audit. You remember when that young man came here and went all over the house looking for leaks and things." It is a statement, and I do. "Now, listen closely. You live here, too, you know. And we must be realistic. You may very well be here alone one day—that is, we may not always have me to take charge of these things."

I try to think of a line of poetry that will buck me up. All that comes to mind is "I shall sit here, serving tea to friends."

"That young man pointed out that we had almost no sidewall insulation," Gladstone continues.

"I remember," I say. "Because I



*“My God! A valentine from the Federal Reserve!”*

• •

thought it was the builder cutting corners. But the young man said that you don’t find sidewall insulation very often in these old houses. Old? Twenty-five years, old?”

“Yes, but you see *he* isn’t,” Gladstone points out. “He might very well have been raised in a house built when this one was and consider it the old homestead. I’ll go along with some of it, but listen to this one: ‘Since your house was built, it has become standard practice to insulate the perimeter of concrete slab with rigid foam.’ ”

“Beyond me,” I say.

“Just a minute. There’s more, and I quote: ‘Excavate the ground around your house to a depth of one foot and a width of four feet. Remove the first few rows of siding and nail a two-by-four strip to the sill.’ What in the name of heaven is extruded polystyrene? And how will I flash over it?”

“You’ll need help,” I tell him. (“Whence cometh my help?”)

“It goes on to say,” Gladstone tells me, “that this particular little job pays back in fifty-two point three years.”

I wave my hands in the air. “I’m sorry, I can’t wait. I almost forgot; I have to go out again.”

Gladstone closes the folder and shakes his head. “These are things you really ought to know; the chances are slim that you will go first.” (“The rose-lipt girls are sleeping in fields where roses fade.”)

I head for the hall closet, where I pull out a ghastly storm coat with a button-in lining. “We’ll talk about it later,” I say. “I almost forgot I’ve got an appointment.”

“Now what?”

“Oh—nothing, really.” I shrug. Why don’t I want to tell him what I just thought of? It’s his birthday, isn’t it? On the other hand . . . “Only the doctor.”

“The doctor?” Gladstone stares at me and narrows his eyes. “At this hour? It’s almost night.”

I button the coat. “How can you tell? Anyway, it’s only for my allergy booster. I won’t be long, unless the waiting room is crowded.”

“Just a minute.” Gladstone taps the table with two fingers. “I don’t think I ought to let you go alone. You might have a reaction.”

“Nonsense,” I say. “I never do. Be back before you know I’m gone.”

As I go out, I see Gladstone get up and wander over to the counter where the groceries are. He picks up something that may be a carrot. With only a twinge of guilt, I get in the hatchback, charge up the rutted driveway, look carefully both ways before I edge onto the filthy road, and find my way over to the Post Road, which is what we still call Route 1. In no time, I am in front of what I’ve now almost convinced myself really is the doctor’s office—a small, one-story stucco building. I get out, lock the hatchback, and go in. The place is empty, but I suppose it *is* an odd hour. The doctor, in his white jacket, is seated on the end stool, paging through a magazine. He rises as I go over and slide onto a stool near him, but almost before I can unbutton my coat the door has opened again, and, looking up, I see Gladstone in the mirror over the counter. He comes and sits beside me, but we do not speak. The doctor greets us both and says to me, “Yes, Ma’am. What’ll it be?”

“I’ll have a hot dog,” I tell him.

“Anything on that?”

I nod. “The works.”

He turns to Gladstone. “And you, sir?”

“Hamburger. Well done,” Gladstone says.

“Coming right up,” the doctor tells us.

I decide to loosen up. “You didn’t tell him what you wanted on it,” I say. “You want it with the pickle in the middle and the mustard on top, or the mustard in the middle and the pickle on top, Mr. Kitzel?”

No answer.

“Or do you want a Wimpy, as he ordered one—with pickles, onions, and ketchup both?”

Mine is a solitary voice. When the medication arrives, we are absorbed.

After a little while, I turn to Gladstone. “This is when the hot dog has achieved a peak of succulence,” I tell him. “When you get little pieces of paper napkin in your mouth with each bite.” There is a silence. “Know what I mean?” I say. He turns and frowns at me.

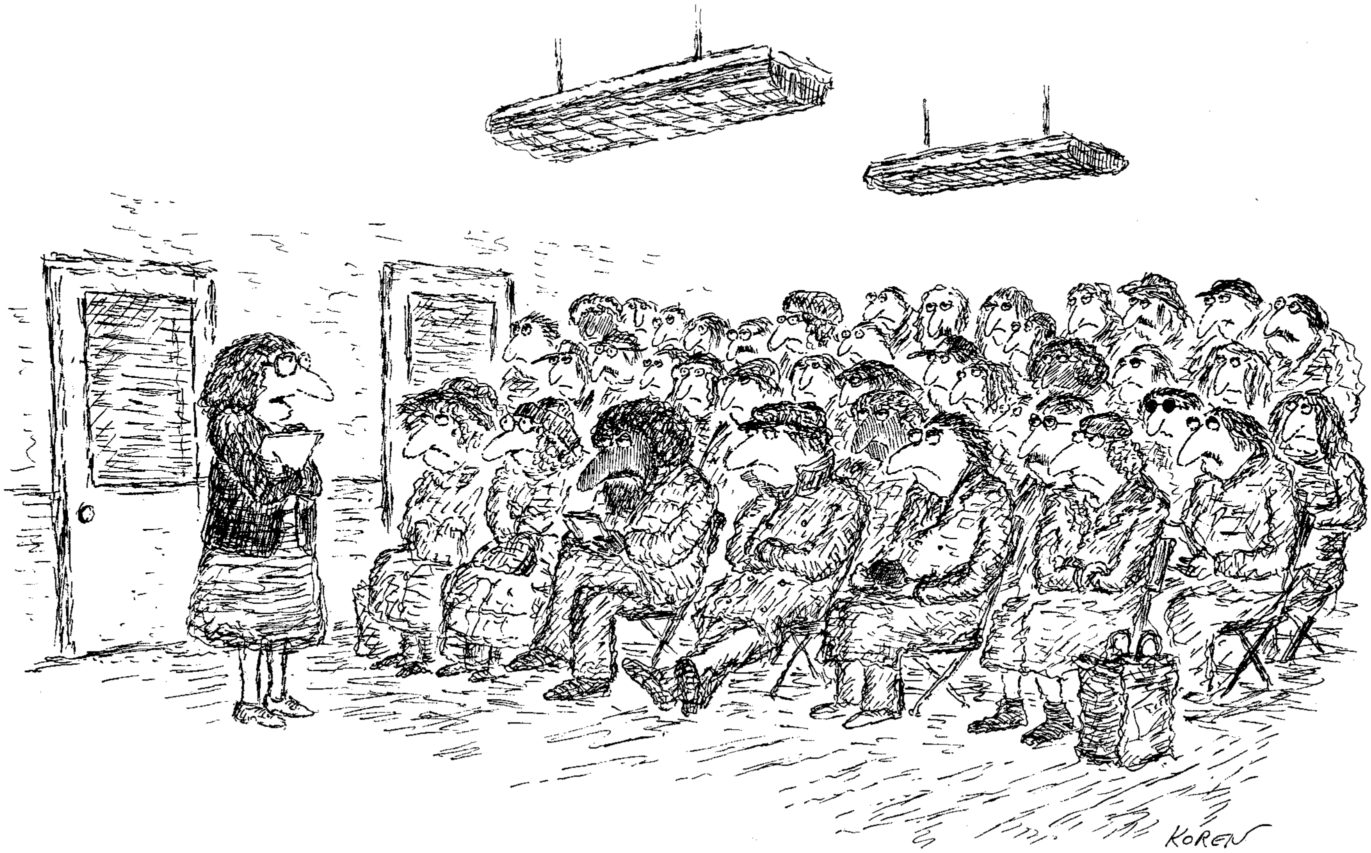
And then I understand. If Gladstone has told me once, he has told me a thousand times that it looks affected for people who have been married as long as we have to be seen speaking to each other over dinner in public, as if they had anything left to say. Putting on airs, Gladstone calls it.

—Katinka Loeser

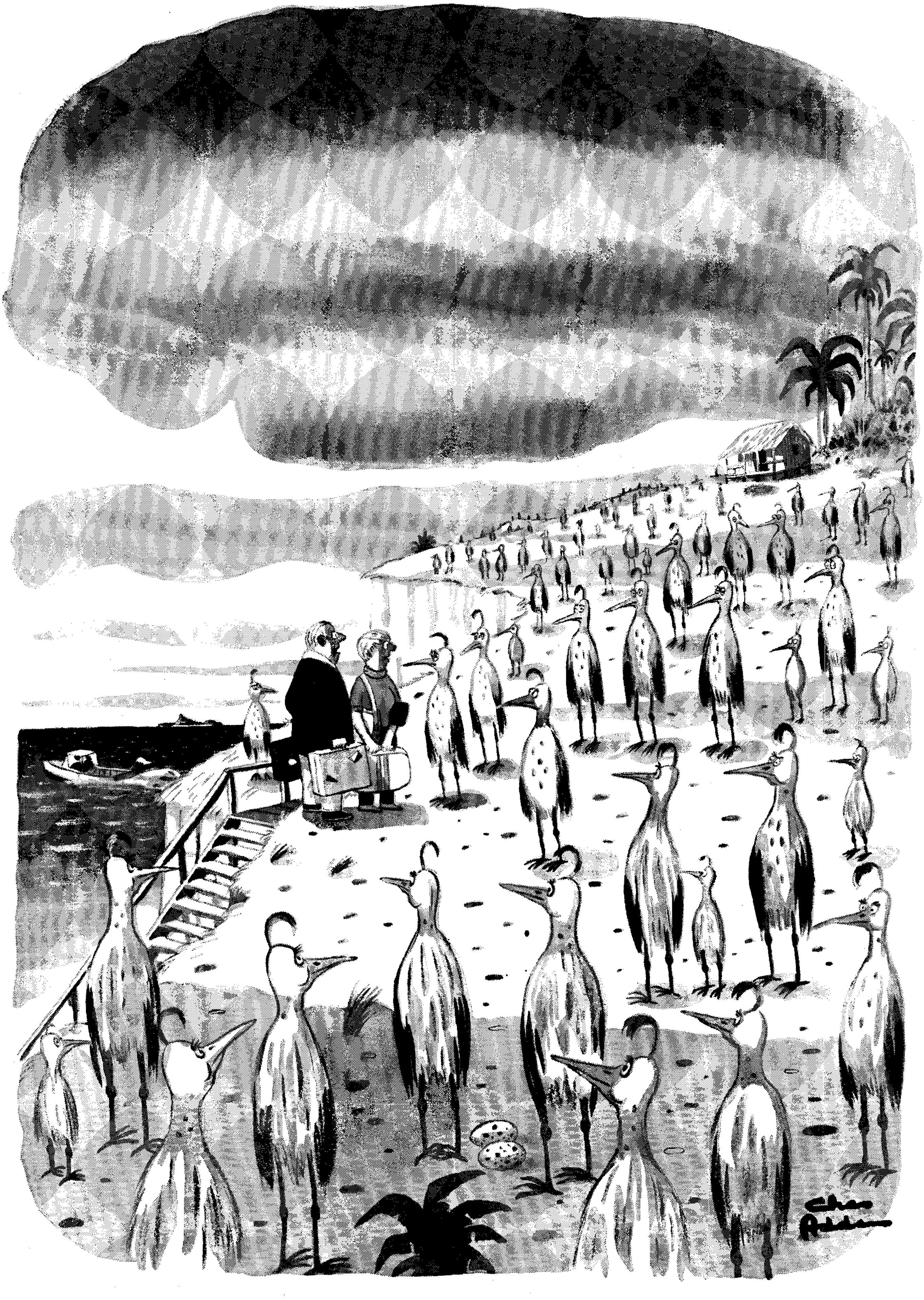
# THE TINY BABY

EVEN before the tiny baby was born, its mother hired a sitter to prepare for the days when she'd need one. She told the sitter, "The baby's in the living room, but it's real small. If you don't see it, don't worry." Then the mother pretended to leave, and hid in the bushes outside the living-room window, watching the sitter's every move. The tiny baby was so tiny that its mother never looked pregnant. And when it was born it took a long time for the doctor to find it. If it had wings, it would have been a goldfinch or a chickadee. Primitives in the community who heard of the tiny baby joked that it was small because its father was far away. "Like a dot on the horizon," they said. The mother feared for the tiny baby, feared it would see every carpeted room as a prairie strewn with monuments, huge and upholstered, every tree as a green net of frangible light, every flower as a wound in the air. So she dressed the baby in a cat suit, with the soft gray stripes of a tabby, and sat in the afternoon sun, watching it bound and roll in the grass. Soon she doubted that such a deception would insure the baby's safe passage into adulthood. She worried about the blades of grass, the thorns of bushes, the tumultuous advances of weather, to say nothing of the advances—caterwauling, indiscreet, brutishly fickle—of the neighborhood toms. The tiny baby's mother shuddered. She thought of removing the cat suit, but did nothing until the baby killed a mouse. Then the suit came off. As everyone knows, a mother's love for her child lives in that lush conjunction of selfless concern and undisguised identification. It rises above chance in its easy and expert acceptance of duty. Its destiny extends beyond the mute scrutiny of Eros. Nothing compares with it. By contrast, the formal shenanigans that pass between a man and a woman are the mere stuff of comedy. The mother of the tiny baby obeyed the transcendent obligations of her sex with unalterable devotion. She tied the baby to the tail of a kite but never let go of the string; she kept the baby in her purse so she wouldn't lose it. At home, she put the baby in a little chair on the dining-room table, surrounded by roses. Would the tiny baby become a Hollywood star, spreading its light in every room? Would it rise to the top of Australian society? Would it join the Mormon Church, sit in the celestial room, and be reproduced, by mirrors, into eternity? It is well to consider the fortunes of the loved. They move through the splendors of hotel lobbies, they hang around pools in desert resorts, they read best-sellers in subways and trains. They are never alone. Now, consider the tiny baby years hence. A smallish woman with blue, beady eyes, watching the street for a sight of her favorite hairdo. When she sees it—the long black tresses forming a castle of hair—she will imagine it on herself. She sits in a flower-print dress. Her thin legs crossed, the tips of her shoes hardly reaching the ground, she suddenly, in barely audible tones, sings a song about rain falling and a man on a bicycle, hurrying home. The man's wife leans from a window, watching him, but is distracted by the noisy appearance of seagulls. The smallish woman gets up. The train has left. The day keeps echoing around her. Everything is priceless, she thinks. Death will not have me. That is the story of the tiny baby.

—MARK STRAND



*"People who wish to register their irritation should go to Room 203. People who want to express their anger should proceed to Room 210. And those who would like to give vent to their frustration must wait here."*



Chas Addams

*"Well, you wanted a place with more birds than people."*

# MOON DELUXE

YOU'RE stuck in traffic on the way home from work, counting blue cars, and when a blue-metallic Jetta pulls alongside, you count it—twenty-eight. You've seen the driver on other evenings; she looks strikingly like a young man—big, with dark, almost red hair clipped tight around her head. Her clear fingernails move slowly, like gears, on the black steering wheel. She watches you, expressionless, for a long second, then deliberately opens her mouth and circles her lips with the wet tip of her tongue. You look away, then back. Suddenly her lane moves ahead—two, three, four cars go by. You roll down the window and stick your head out, trying to see where she is, but she's gone. The car in front of you signals to change lanes. All the cars in your lane are moving into the other lane. There must be a wreck ahead, so you punch your blinker. You straighten your arm out the window, hoping to get in behind a van that has come up beside you, and you wait, trying to remember what the woman looked like.

Half an hour later you pull into the parking lot of the K & B Pharmacy. Inside you look at red jumper cables, a jigsaw puzzle of some TV actor's face, the tooled-leather cowboy belts, a case of cameras and calculators, the pebble-surfaced tumblers on the housewares aisle. At the medical supplies you try on several different finger splints, then stare at a drawing on a box containing some kind of shoulder harness designed to improve the posture. You look at toolboxes, opening the fatigue-green plastic ones, then the cardinal-red metal ones. You pick up a plumber's helper and try it out on the floor, surprised when it pops loose by itself—it reminds you of a camel getting off its knees. Near the stationery, you face a shelf of ceramic coin banks shaped and painted like trays of big crinkle French fries smothered in ketchup.

"Go on—buy one," says a girl walking by.

You turn and watch her shoulders; you do want something, suddenly, so you go back to the medical supplies and select Curad bandages, because the package is green. On the way to check out, you pick up a red toolbox. You buy these things.

Leaving the parking lot, you drive too fast and nearly hit a teen-ager, whose hair is straight down her back to her knees. She glares and gets into a grape-colored Porsche.

At The Creekside you go in through your patio gate, because it's closer to the assigned parking.

"Edward?" says a voice from outside the patio. "It's Eileen." You knew it was Eileen, a neighbor two apartments down, a divorcée. She's older, and you like her because she's easy to get along with.

"Hello, Eileen," you say, turning to face her, not sure exactly where she is along the cedar fence.

The slats wobble, and then Eileen's stiff hair, like a giant black meringue, rises over the top of the fence. "Bad traffic?" she says.

"Not good," you say, stooping to pick up the paper, which is stuck upright in the dirt of the flower bed.

She is teetering a little; you wonder what she's standing on to look over the fence. Then, glancing quickly over her shoulder, she almost whispers, "Do you want to come over later? I mean after you get settled? I have a friend for dinner. Two friends, in fact."

"Can I leave early, Eileen?"

She grins and nods rapidly several times, shaking the fence. "I knew you were the answer. See you at seven-thirty?" She waves and drops abruptly out of sight.

Inside, you spray a lettuce head with cold water and strip away the outer layer, dropping the brown-edged leaves into the Disposall. You pull fresh leaves, rinse and sugar them the way your mother did when you were a child, then eat, looking at the local news.

When you finish, you drop the small lettuce into the crisper at the bottom of the refrigerator and go upstairs. You look at your teeth in the bathroom mirror. They need brushing. You strip, start the water for a bath, and carry your clothes into the bedroom. You stand in front of the full-length mirror for a few seconds, looking at your skin.

PHIL, Eileen's boyfriend and the owner of a local Mexican restaurant, opens her door. "Hello yourself," he says. "Come in. Ivy says you haven't been around much. Why'd you wear a coat—trying to make me look bad?"

You don't know why he calls her Ivy.

She is sitting on the arm of the couch, turned toward the door. "Hi," she says, her body so twisted, her arms and legs so tightly intertwined, that you think it must hurt her to sit that way. "Come and meet Lily."

As Eileen stands, you see Lily, her blond hair smooth around her head like a soft hat. She wears green slacks, a red belt, a shiny violet undershirt, a white jacket. She quickly slips one hand into a baggy pocket and extends the other. "Amazing," she says. "I'd swear I've met this man somewhere before."

Phil and Eileen laugh; you shrug in what must look like an odd way and take her hand.

"She moved into Carmen's apartment," Eileen says, eyeing you. "He and Carmen had a thing," she says to Lily. "Only a small thing, but definitely a thing."

"Well, congratulations, son," Phil says, hitting you on the back. "Let's hope the record goes unblemished." He widens his eyes at you.

"Yes, let's," Lily says.

Phil wraps an arm over your shoulder, steering you to a glass-topped cart crowded with new liquor bottles. "Let's see," Phil says, grabbing a bottle by its neck and twisting it around so he can see the label. "Is it Scotch?" He turns the bottle so you can see the label.

"That'll be fine."

"You need to try bourbon, son." He twirls his stubby forefinger around in your drink and thrusts the glass at you. "Drink up. The night is young."

Phil retires to the kitchen to prepare his part of the dinner; Eileen gives you a little shove toward Lily, then follows Phil, who is opening and closing cabinet doors.

Rain starts popping on the patio, and you go to the window, pushing the drapes away from one edge of the glass.

"My roommate knew Carmen,"

Lily says. "That's how we got here."

"Your roommate?"

Lily turns toward you, and there's something odd about the way she looks you over. "Yes—Tony. Antonia, really. She loves this place—the palms, the walks, the tilework. Tony's an architect. It's all junk, but she likes it anyway."

The two of you watch bubbles slide down the window. In the background Phil and Eileen are laughing.

Finally, she says, "We can probably leave right after dinner, don't you think? I stayed the last time—Phil's magic tricks were funny."

At the table, Eileen hands you a bowl heaped with discs of fried potato—Phil's specialty. "Lily's just back from England," she says.

"Oh, yes?" you say, inadvertently passing the potatoes to Phil without taking any for yourself.

"Visiting my brother," Lily says.

"Lily's brother is one of those music types," Eileen says. "He has a band and pink hair."

"One of my people has *blue* hair," Phil says, putting a circle of potato into his mouth. "Nice kid, actually."

"Rudy doesn't have hair anymore," Lily says.

Phil belches agreement through his napkin and nods his head vigorously, like a horse. "Know what you mean," he says. Then, to Eileen, "Tell them about your sister, Ivy."

"Well," Eileen says, balancing her fork on the edge of her plate, "my sister's always been a bit of a problem in the family, you know—nothing serious, just a little more difficult than the rest of us. She has Raynaud's disease: circulation. Last winter, Mother noticed that Heather's palms were discolored—they were orange. Mother got very worried. She urged Heather to go to the doctor; Heather wouldn't go. Mother was telling us about this on the telephone all the time, and pretty soon she had us thinking Heather was going to lose her hands—that's what you have to do with Raynaud's, amputate. This went on for almost two months. Telephones ringing all over the country. My brother calling me, and me calling Mother, and Julie—that's my other sister—calling, and David and Mother—"

"They get the idea," Phil says.

"So finally Mother forced Heather to see Dr. Shigekane, this tiny Japanese surgeon who did Mother's stomach, and do you know what happened?"

"Carrots," cracks Phil.

Eileen nods. "Shigekane told her to quit eating carrots."

"See," Phil says, "the orange from the carrots was rubbing off on her hands, into the skin." He holds up a thick palm and pops the first finger of his other hand into it. "It was just too many carrots."

After coffee, Phil takes off his shoes and urges you to do the same. "Feels great," he says.

Lily says she has to get home and asks if you want to walk with her.

"I'd walk her myself," Phil says, "but Ivy'd never forgive me."

"I may not anyway," Eileen says, forcing a crisp little smile. Then, to you, "Now Edward, remember, she's just a young girl."

At the door, Lily kisses Eileen's cheek; Eileen laughs.

"Good to see you," Phil says, waving from the couch, where he's slumped, his green-stockinged feet propped on the glass coffee table.

Outside, the air is sweet and dense after the rain, the sidewalks are still wet, and as the two of you bend to go under a tree limb that hangs low over the path, Lily slips her hand into yours. When you turn to look, she lets go. All around you the building lights are glittering, reflecting through and off slick trees. Coming to a set of steps and a branching in the path near the pool, you say, "Sorry. Not thinking again. Do you want to walk?"

"You're not anxious to rush to my apartment and keep your record intact?"

"A persuasive argument. But we could walk first." You pluck some red berries off a bush that presses out over the sidewalk, then flick the berries, one by one, like marbles off your thumb.

Lily watches their flight, then drops quickly down the four steps and catches one of the berries in the air. Out of Eileen's bright apartment, framed by the bushes and the curving walk, Lily seems more comfortable.

"Sure," she says, juggling the berry awkwardly from hand to hand. "Let's take a walk. You can give me the tour. I haven't taken a walk with a man for God knows how long."

"We don't have to go."

"Don't be silly." She stops playing with the berry and motions for you to come down the steps. "It's a lovely

## IN THE MEAN TIME

A sugar snow at the first of evening,
curlews in the junipers. You recall it all,
don't you. I handed you a paper with an address
or a phone number; you said yes, of course,
you'd taken care of it. The radio—we could hear it
from the veranda where we stood for no reason
in our light jackets, the diamond stars all
stashed away in wool—the cabinet radio
announced a time, a temperature, a song.
I felt, like the beard curling on my cheek,
you look at me, and somehow I said another thing
about the stars, about the temperature, the time,
the song, the curlews come
so kindly to the junipers. Do you recall
it all? Out through the windows, cracks in the wind
around us and our own weather-beaten intricate silence,
the radio advised, *Start vacuuming your cats at an early age.*

Territory, as in England: once a year
you take the boys and follow the priest around
the boundaries and bang their little heads
either with the branches brought to beat
the boundary stones or with the boundary stones,
so they'll remember, so they will do the same.

Did I always turn aside that way? And why
were junipers in that so deciduous lawn? Was that,
about the cats, was that the song? The temperature

• •

was forty-two, the time twelve-fifteen, under the snow
the fresh earth where we'd buried the porcupine
that ate our porch timbers for the salt until we blew him away,
you say? I was never there.

This is what they mean by Beating the Bounds.
What was it out there, bristling beyond the cairns,
to make them hammer away, prompt, and engrave
so bluntly? Another parish, making its own way,
herding its boys from stone to stone on Gang Day.
Maybe, at certain common stones, they waved.

None of this place existed—do you hear?—
until I wrote it in this letter, or song. I remember
all of it now, as you do. Where spirit goes, flesh might
as well have been, and spirits join when flesh joins; we
are one flesh: we were there. Your hand on the railing
could speak to me more than the radio ever said, more than you said,
cause and sign and due reproach of my defection,
hand that is sharply yours, each rivulet of blue and branch
of whitening sinew below the cream skin. How can I
forget those words that echo even among the drapes and carpets
and heavy quilts we've come to, now that the snow's in earnest,
in the dark silenced by white on everything
outside, the junipers and curlews if you like,
the street, the apartment house across the way,
the playground with its jungle gym and poles
for tetherball, its hopscotch, diamond, lights?
How do we get back there to start again?

—CHARLES O. HARTMAN

* * *

night. Besides, I have something to tell you about as we walk—me. Can you stand it?" She loops her arm inside yours when you reach the bottom of the steps, then marches you off along the path leading away from the swimming pool. "Now, I don't want you to get upset by this," she begins, patting your encircled arm, and then she starts a rambling account of where she was born, what her parents were like, where she went to school, how much she loves her brother Rudy. You walk on concrete and through wet grass, across parking lots, up and down steps, into more than one cul-de-sac, along the tiny creek after which the site is named. In all of Lily's story—which is punctuated by tugs on your arm, jokes, and laughter—there is nothing upsetting.

You're lost when you emerge from a tunnel of crape myrtles into a courtyard glowing with green light from the pool.

"You knew," you say. "You tricked me into taking you home."

"Isn't ours," Lily says. "The pool, I mean. This is the big one; we're next to the small one. Anyway, you're supposed to know this place better than I do."

You look at the staggered wood-and-stucco buildings. "Well, they all look alike. It's part of the charm, isn't it?"

"And confusing. We go this way," she says, skirting the deeper end of the pool.

"My feet have begun to squish," you say, stopping her. "Don't move—listen." You take several steps, exaggerating the movement like a mime.

"I don't hear them," Lily says.

"They didn't do it that time. Wait a minute."

But as you try to make the watery noise, Lily walks away. "You can dry them at the house," she says. "Come on. I told Tony I'd be back by nine, and it's already ten."

"So you're a little late," you say, jogging a few steps to catch up with her. "What's the big deal?"

"Tony," she says. "That's what I've been trying to tell you."

ANTONIA is the woman you saw in traffic; she's huge, extraordinary, easily over six feet. Taller than you. Her skin is glass-smooth and her pale eyes are a watery turquoise. Her hair is parted on one side, and brushed back flat to her scalp. She answers Lily's abbreviated knock wearing khaki shorts and a white T-shirt with "So many men, so little time" silk-screened in two lines across the chest.

"Irony," Lily says, pointing at the shirt. "Tony, meet tonight's Mr. Lucky."

"Come in," Antonia says. "Oh—I saw you today. You remember? In the car?"

Her thick lips are burnt red, pouting, traced with little cracks—she's stunning.

The apartment looks like the inside of a fifties-movie spaceship. It's almost empty. The few pieces of furniture are curiously placed, the walls are washed with light from track fixtures in the ceiling, and a serving cart stands in front of the sliding glass door. Two thick aluminum poles lean dumbly into one corner. A grainy photograph, the size of a window, shows a man with a black fedora and cane rolled up in a rug in a small room whose only other occupant is a wolf. At the far end of the apartment there are speakers the size of steamer trunks. There are no magazines or papers anywhere in the room.

"Would you like a drink?" Antonia says. "This is wonderful."

"His feet are wet, Tony," Lily says. She stands on her tiptoes and pecks the taller woman on the cheek. "He needs to take his shoes off."

"How about brandy?" Antonia says. She guides you to the squat Art Deco sofa, which is upholstered in fabric that looks like a yellow satin packing quilt. The sofa is squarely in the center of the room, facing the brightly lighted patio.

"Fine," you say. "Good."

"I'll bring a towel down when I come," Lily says from the foot of the stairs. "I'm going to change real quick."

"Don't be silly," you say, but she's already going up the steps.

"If they're wet, you'd better take them off," Antonia says, heading for the white wood cart, which has giant platter wheels on one end.

"What is that?" you ask, watching her bend to pull a bottle off the cart's bottom shelf.

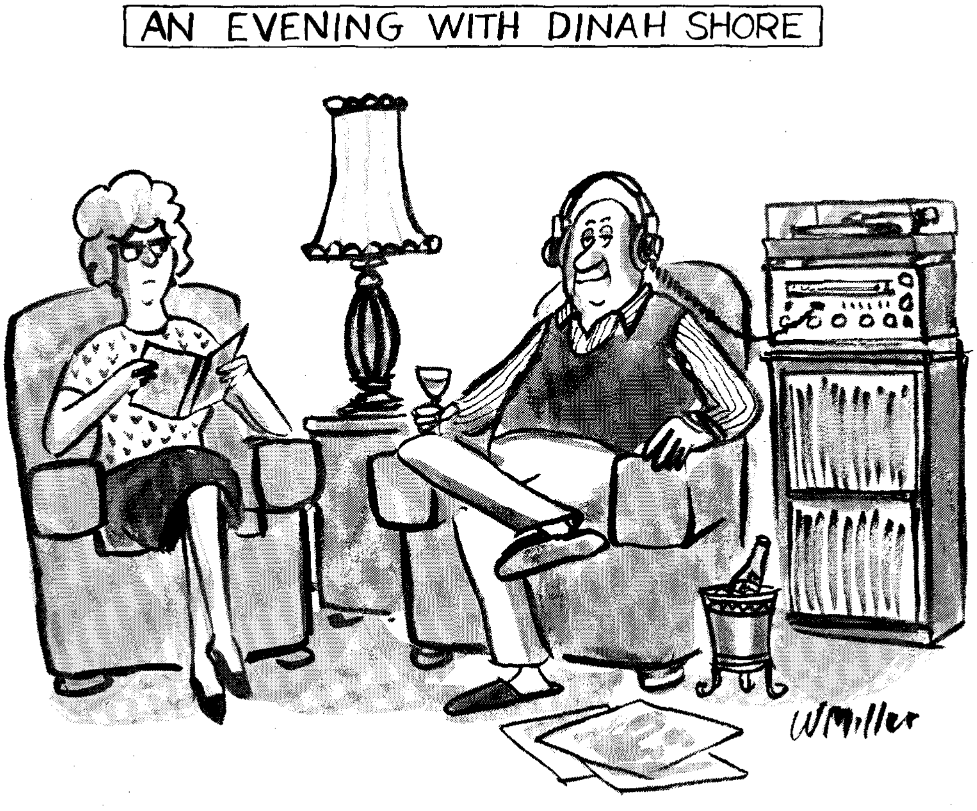
"Just some junk cognac we got last year."

"No, I mean the cart there."

"Oh. It's a famous table—do you like it?"

"Certainly is crazy."

She laughs, stepping back to look at you. "I suppose it is. Maybe it's good." She hands you the snifter and



AN EVENING WITH DINAH SHORE

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pours a half inch of cognac. "That enough?"

"Fine," you say.

She looks at the label. "You always seem so fierce. You stare at me, you know. In the car sometimes. Have you been with Lily all night?"

"Don't answer that," Lily says, coming back into the room. "It's the brandy routine." She takes the seat beside you on the sofa and looks at Antonia. "Two years ago Tony's grandfather, who was a war correspondent or something, sent us this bottle of cognac—very fancy, very special. Both of us hate the stuff, so we've lugged the damn bottle with us everywhere, waiting for the chance to use it on some bobo. The trouble is, the stuff is too fancy, nobody ever heard of it."

"It's very nice," you say.

"Might as well be Ripple," Antonia says mournfully. Then she laughs. "I wouldn't drink it if I were you. Maybe you should put it on your feet."

"She's flashy," Lily says, shoving her friend away. "Isn't she flashy?"

"I can take a hint," Antonia says. "You two want to be alone, I can see that." She returns the bottle to its place on the cart, then goes to the turntable. "Young love, true love," she warbles softly as she thumbs through a stack of records.

"Funny, Tony," Lily says. "Why don't you come over here and sit down like a normal person?"

"I'm trying to find the *right* record for this moment," Antonia says. "If I don't find it, I'm going to have an episode. Oh, this is horrible, I think it's happening, Lily, I can't stand it. Lily—what record? What music? What? Quick, grab my hands, grab my feet."

"Tony," Lily says, smiling at you. "We have a guest."

"I know it, I know," Antonia says. "Quick! I can't touch another record. I'm slipping away."

Lily gets up and goes to the turntable, takes Antonia's wrists, walks her robot style back to the sofa, and sits her down.

"I feel better," Antonia says. "I definitely feel better now."

Lily stands beside the sofa, gently straightening Antonia's boyish hair. "That's the whole show," Lily says. "Another great performance."

"I don't know what I'd do without you," Antonia says. "Edward's not a threat, is he? You're not a threat, are you, Edward?"

"I don't guess so. To my dismay."

"What a wonderful thing to say," Lily says. She combs Antonia's hair with her fingers, drawing it into funny points behind the ears.

"What about me?" Antonia says, reaching up for Lily's hands. She looks at you. "Or say I can come too—otherwise I'll feel left out."

Lily presses her fingers over Antonia's eyes, bends forward, and whispers, "You'll be the guest of honor, Tony. You'll have the best seat in the house."

"I feel better," Antonia says. She pulls Lily's hands away, turns them, then kisses the sharp nails.

"I'm going," you announce. You get up from the sofa, brush the thighs of your jeans, then push your hands into your coat pockets.

You wonder what it would be like if they invited you to stay the night, to sleep on the splendid yellow couch, to have a hurried breakfast with them before work, to be part of their routine.

For a second nobody moves and then Antonia falls sideways on the sofa and turns onto her back, her knees folded over the sofa arm farthest from you. She reaches up and grabs your wrist through your coat, looking at you upside down. "I should have smiled, I guess," she says. "I should have just smiled." When she releases you, her arms fall behind her on the couch and the T-shirt pulls out of the waist of her pants, showing the dark curves of her stomach, the lemony hair below her navel.

Both women walk you to the door, lead you out into the courtyard, walk ahead of you a few steps toward the pool. You follow, looking at their backs, then at the low sky. "This is crazy," you say when they stop by the small diving board.

"I see that," Lily says.

"You do?" Antonia says.

Then, one after the other, the women kiss you with their lips awkwardly, resolutely shut. You circle the diving board, turn, and walk backward across the courtyard, watching Lily and Antonia, hand in hand, vanish into their apartment. There is a moon. You can definitely feel the water in your shoes. Pool lights are waving on the sides of the buildings.

—Frederick Barthelme

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## MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Toledo Blade*]

Washington (AP)—Robin Gray, of the White House press office, said Wednesday he intended to refer the matter to Ann Higgins, chief of the correspondence division, but he doubted that whoever was responsible would be willing to come forward.

# REFLECTIONS

## THE FATE OF THE EARTH

### III—THE CHOICE

FOUR and a half billion years ago, the earth was formed. Perhaps a half billion years after that, life arose on the planet. For the next four billion years, life became steadily more complex, more varied, and more ingenious, until, around a million years ago, it produced mankind—the most complex and ingenious species of them all. Only six or seven thousand years ago—a period that is to the history of the earth as less than a minute is to a year—civilization emerged, enabling us to build up a human world, and to add to the marvels of evolution marvels of our own: marvels of art, of science, of social organization, of spiritual attainment. But, as we built higher and higher, the evolutionary foundation beneath our feet became more and more shaky, and now, in spite of all we have learned and achieved—or, rather, because of it—we hold this entire terrestrial creation hostage to nuclear destruction, threatening to hurl it back into the inanimate darkness from which it came. And this threat of self-destruction and planetary destruction is not something that we will pose one day in the future, if we fail to take certain precautions; it is here now, hanging over the heads of all of us at every moment. The machinery of destruction is complete, poised on a hair trigger, waiting for the "button" to be "pushed" by some misguided or deranged human being or for some faulty computer chip to send out the instruction to fire. That so much should be balanced on so fine a point—that the fruit of four and a half billion years can be undone in a careless moment—is a fact against which belief rebels. And there is another, even vaster measure of the loss, for stretching ahead from our present are more billions of years of life on earth, all of which can be filled not only with human life but with human civilization. The procession of generations that extends onward from our present leads far, far beyond the line of our sight, and, compared with these stretches of human time, which exceed the whole history of the earth up to now, our brief civilized moment is almost infinitesimal. And yet we threaten, in the name of our transient aims and fallible convictions, to foreclose it all. If our species does destroy itself, it will be a death in the cradle—a case of infant mortality. The disparity between the cause and the effect of our peril is so great that our minds seem all but powerless to encompass it. In addition, we are so fully enveloped by that which is menaced, and so deeply and passionately immersed in its events, which are the events of our lives, that we hardly know how to get far enough away from it to see it in its entirety. It is as though life itself were one huge distraction, diverting our attention from the peril to life. In its apparent durability, a world menaced with imminent doom is in a way deceptive. It is almost an illusion. Now we are sitting at the breakfast table drinking our coffee and reading the newspaper, but in a moment we may be inside a fireball whose temperature is tens of thousands of degrees. Now we are on our way to work, walking through the city streets, but in a moment we may be standing on an empty plain under a darkened sky looking for the charred remnants of our children. Now we are alive, but in a moment we may be dead. Now there is human life on earth, but in a moment it may be gone.

Once, there was time to reflect in a more leisurely way on our predicament. In August, 1945, when the invention of the bomb was made known through its first use on a human population, the people of Hiroshima, there lay ahead an interval of decades which might have been used to fashion a world that would be safe from extinction by nuclear arms, and some voices were in fact heard counselling deep reflection on the looming peril and calling for action to head it off. On November 28, 1945, less than four months after the bombing of Hiroshima, the English philosopher Bertrand Russell rose in the House of Lords and said:

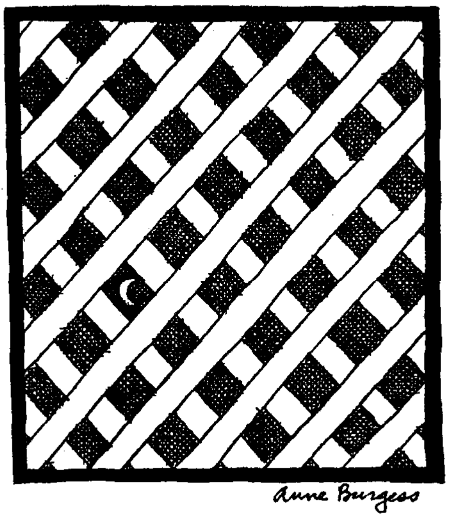
> We do not want to look at this thing simply from the point of view of the next few years; we want to look at it from the point of view of the future of mankind. The question is a simple one: Is it possible for a scientific society to continue to exist, or must such a society inevitably bring itself to destruction? It is a simple question but a very vital one. I do not think it is possible to exaggerate the gravity of the possibilities of evil that lie in the utilization of atomic energy. As I go about the streets and see St. Paul's, the British Museum, the Houses of Parliament, and the other monuments of our civilization, in my mind's eye I see a nightmare vision of those buildings as heaps of rubble with corpses all round them. That is a thing we have got to face, not only in our own country and cities, but throughout the civilized world.

Russell and others, including Albert Einstein, urged full, global disarmament, but the advice was disregarded. Instead, the world set about building the arsenals that we possess today. The period of grace we had in which to ward off the nuclear peril before it became a reality—the time between the moment of the invention of the weapons and the construction of the full-scale machinery for extinction—was squandered, and now the peril that Russell foresaw is upon us. Indeed, if we are honest with ourselves we have to admit that unless we rid ourselves of our nuclear arsenals a holocaust not only *might* occur but *will* occur—if not today, then tomorrow; if not this year, then the next. We have come to live on borrowed time: every year of continued human life on earth is a borrowed year, every day a borrowed day.

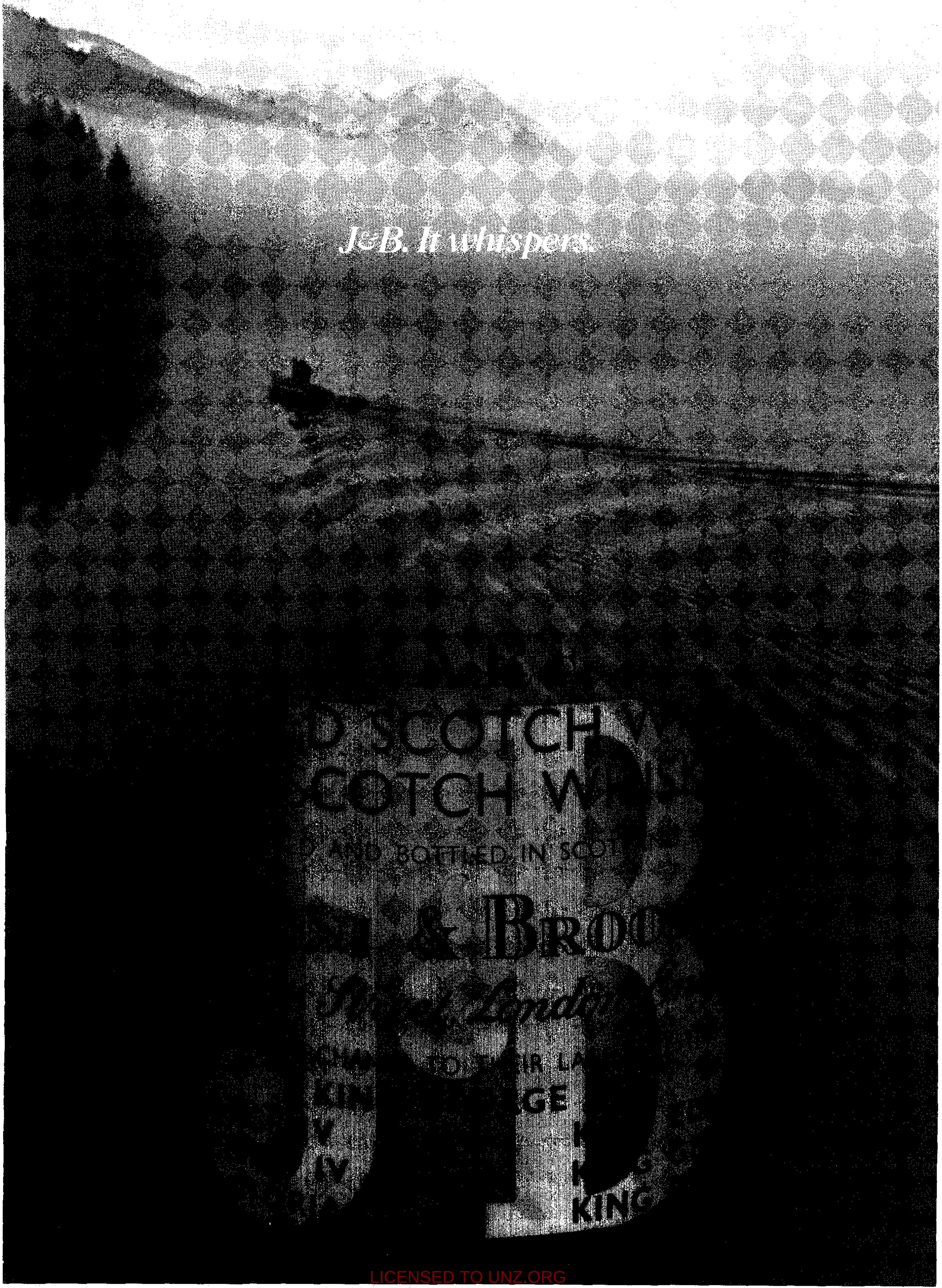
In the face of this unprecedented global emergency, we have so far had no better idea than to heap up more and more warheads, apparently in the hope of so thoroughly paralyzing ourselves with terror that we will hold back from taking the final, absurd step. Considering the wealth of our achievement as a species, this response is unworthy of us. Only by a process of gradual debasement of our self-esteem can we have lowered our expectations to this point. For, of all the "modest hopes of human beings," the hope that mankind will survive is the

most modest, since it only brings us to the threshold of all the other hopes. In entertaining it, we do not yet ask for justice, or for freedom, or for happiness, or for any of the other things that we may want in life. We do not even necessarily ask for our personal survival; we ask only that we *be survived.* We ask for assurance that when we die as individuals, as we know we must, mankind will live on. Yet once the peril of extinction is present, as it is for us now, the hope for human survival becomes the most tremendous hope, just because it is the foundation for all the other hopes, and in its absence every other hope will gradually wither and die. Life without the hope for human survival is a life of despair.

The death of our species resembles the death of an individual in its boundlessness, its blankness, its removal beyond experience, and its tendency to baffle human thought and feeling, yet as soon as one mentions the hope of survival the similarities are clearly at an end. For while individual death is inevitable, extinction can be avoided; while every person must die, mankind can be saved. Therefore, while reflection on death may lead to resignation and acceptance, reflection on extinction must lead to exactly the opposite response: to arousal, rejection, indignation, and action. Extinction is not something to contemplate, it is something to rebel against. To point this out might seem like stating the obvious if it were not that on the whole the world's reaction to the peril of extinction has been one of numbness and inertia, much as though extinction were as inescapable as death is. Even today, the official response to the sickening reality before us is conditioned by a grim fatalism, in which the hope of ridding the world of nuclear weapons, and thus of surviving as a species, is all but ruled out of consideration as "utopian" or "extreme"—as though it were "radical" merely to want to go on living and to want one's descendants to be born. And yet if one gives up these aspirations one has given up on everything. As a species, we have as yet done nothing to save ourselves. The slate of action is blank. We have organizations for the preservation of almost everything in life that we want but no organization for the preservation of mankind. People seem to have decided that our collective will is too weak or flawed to rise to this occasion. They see the violence that has saturated human history, and conclude that to practice violence is innate in our species. They find the perennial hope that peace can be brought to the earth once and for all a delusion of the well-meaning who have refused to face the "harsh realities" of international life—the realities of self-interest, fear, hatred, and aggression. They have concluded that these realities are eternal ones, and this conclusion defeats at the outset any hope of taking the actions necessary for survival. Looking at the historical record, they ask what has changed to give anyone confidence that humanity can break with its violent past and act with greater restraint. The answer, of course, is that everything has changed. To the old "harsh realities" of international life has been added the immeasurably harsher new reality of the peril of extinction. To the old truth that all men are brothers has been added the inescapable new truth that not only on the moral but also on the physical plane the nation that practices aggression will itself die. This is the law of the doctrine of nuclear deterrence—the doctrine of "mutual assured destruction"—which "assures" the destruction of the society of the attacker. And it is also the law of the natural world, which, in its own version of deterrence, supplements the oneness of mankind with a oneness of nature, and guarantees that when the attack rises above a certain level the attacker will be engulfed in the general ruin of the global ecosphere. To the obligation to honor life is now added the sanction that if we fail in our obligation life will actually be taken away from us, individually and collectively. Each of us will die, and as we die we will see the world around us dying. Such imponderables as the sum of human life, the integrity of the terrestrial creation, and the meaning of time, of history, and of the development of life on earth, which were once left to contemplation and spiritual understanding, are now at stake in the political realm and demand a political response from every person. As political actors, we must, like the contemplatives before us, delve to the bottom of the world, and, Atlaslike, we must take the world on our shoulders.



THE self-extinction of our species is not an act that anyone describes as sane or sensible; nevertheless, it is an act that, without quite admitting it to ourselves, we plan in certain circumstances to commit. Being impossible as a fully intentional act, unless the perpetrator has lost his mind, it can come about only through a kind of inadvertence—as a "side effect" of some action that we do intend, such as the defense of our nation, or the defense of liberty, or the defense of socialism, or the defense of whatever else we happen to believe in. To that extent, our failure to acknowledge the magnitude and significance of the peril is a necessary condition for doing the deed. We can do it only if we don't quite know what we're doing. If we did acknowledge the full dimensions of the peril, admitting clearly and without reservation that any use of nuclear arms is likely to touch off a holocaust in which the continuance of all human life would be put at risk, extinction would at that moment become not only "unthinkable" but also undoable. What is needed to make extinction possible, therefore, is some way of thinking about it that at least partly deflects our attention from what it is. And this way of thinking is supplied to us, unfortunately, by our political and military traditions, which, with the weight of almost all historical experience behind them, teach us that it is the way of the world for the earth to be divided up into independent, sovereign states, and for these states to employ war as the final arbiter for settling the disputes that arise among them. This arrangement of the political affairs of the world was not intentional. No one wrote a book proposing it; no parliament sat down to debate its merits and then voted it into existence. It was simply there, at the beginning of recorded history; and until the invention of nuclear weapons it remained there, with virtually no fundamental changes. Unplanned though this arrangement was, it had many remarkably durable features, and certain describable advantages and disadvantages; therefore, I shall refer to



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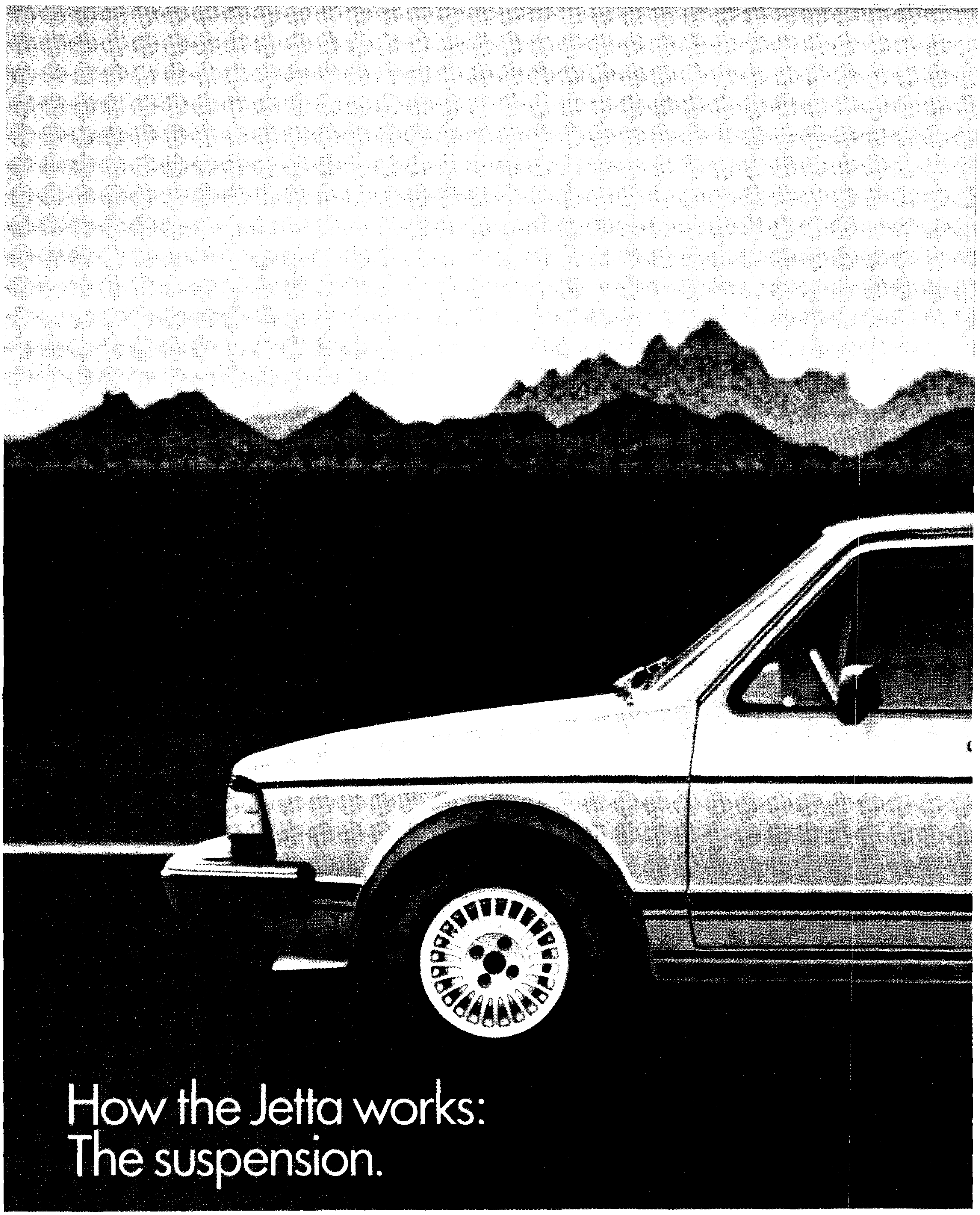

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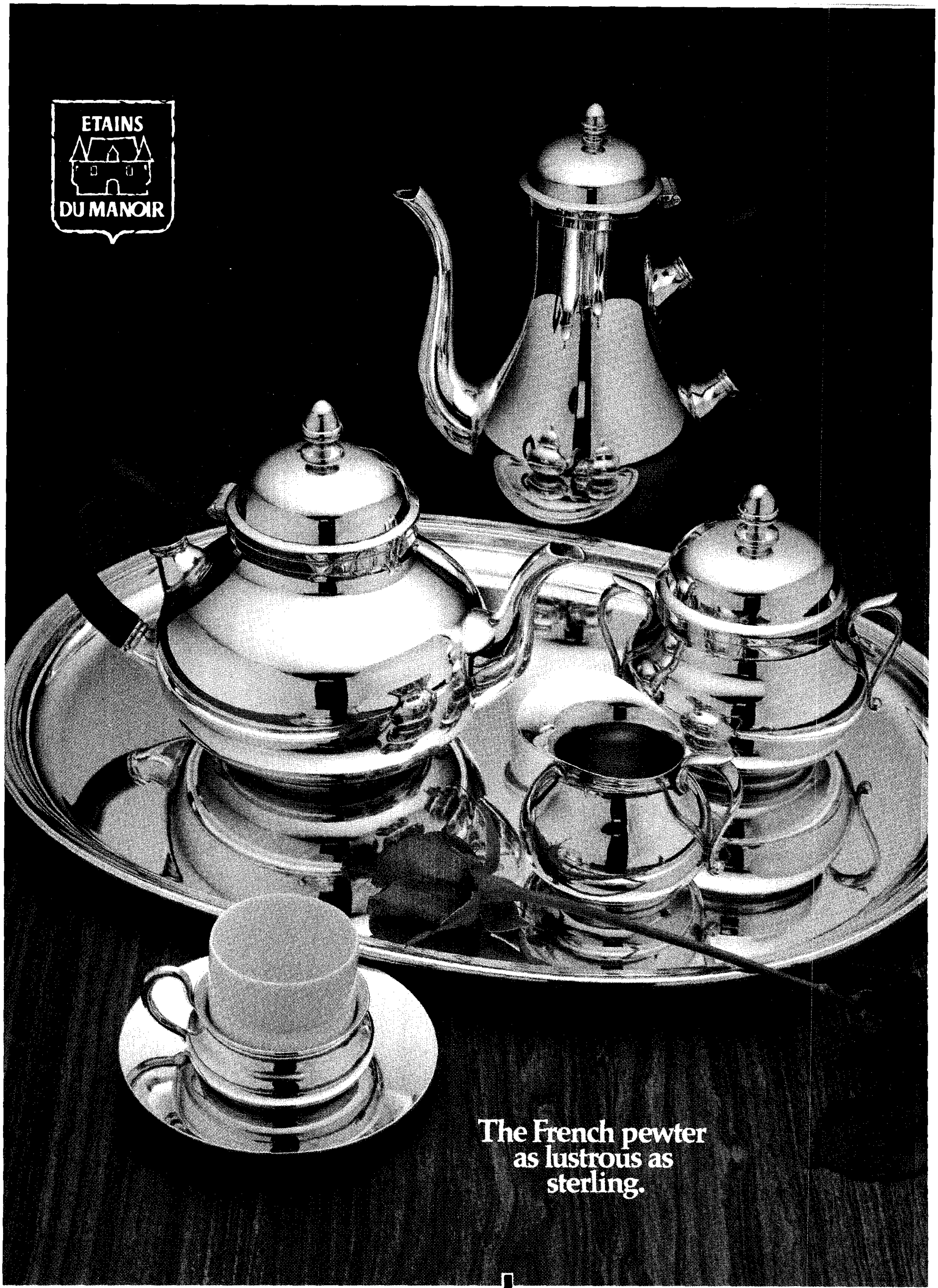
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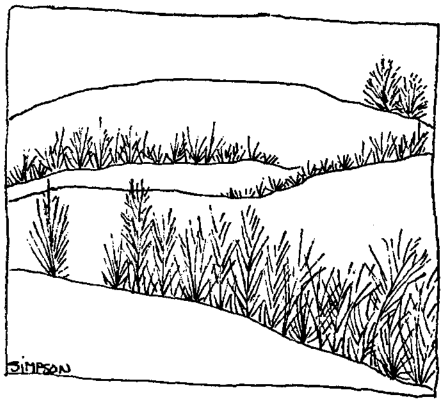
it as a "system"—the system of sovereignty. Perhaps the leading feature of this system, and certainly the most important one in the context of the nuclear predicament, was the apparently indissoluble connection between sovereignty and war. For without sovereignty, it appeared, peoples were not able to organize and launch wars against other peoples, and without war they were unable to preserve their sovereignty from destruction by armed enemies. (By "war" I here mean only international war, not revolutionary war, which I shall not discuss.) Indeed, the connection between sovereignty and war is almost a definitional one—a sovereign state being a state that enjoys the right and the power to go to war in defense or pursuit of its interests.

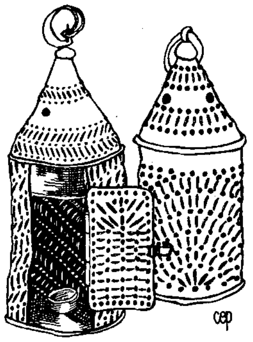
It was into the sovereignty system that nuclear bombs were born, as "weapons" for "war." As the years have passed, it has seemed less and less plausible that they have anything to do with war; they seem to break through its bounds. Nevertheless, they have gone on being fitted into military categories of thinking. One might say that they appeared in the world in a military disguise, for it has been traditional military thinking, itself an inseparable part of the traditional political thinking that belonged to the system of sovereignty, that has provided those intentional goals—namely, national interests—in the pursuit of which extinction may now be brought about unintentionally, or semi-intentionally, as a "side effect." The system of sovereignty is now to the earth and mankind what a polluting factory is to its local environment. The machine produces certain things that its users want—in this case, national sovereignty—and as an unhappy side effect extinguishes the species.

The ambivalence resulting from the attempt to force nuclear weapons into the preëxisting military and political system has led to a situation in which, in the words of Einstein—who was farseeing in his political as well as in his scientific thought—"the unleashed power of the atom has changed everything save our modes of thinking, and we thus drift toward unparalleled catastrophes." As Einstein's observation suggests, the nuclear revolution has gone quite far but has not been completed. The question we have to answer is whether the completion will be extinction or a global political revolution—whether the "babies" that the scientists at Alamogordo brought forth will put an end to us or we will put an end to them. For it is not only our thoughts but also our actions and our institutions—our global political arrangements in their entirety—that we have failed to change. We live with one foot in each of two worlds. As scientists and technicians, we live in the nuclear world, in which, whether we choose to acknowledge the fact or not, we possess instruments of violence that make it possible for us to extinguish ourselves as a species. But as citizens and statesmen we go on living in the pre-nuclear world, as though extinction were not possible and sovereign nations could still employ the instruments of violence as instruments of policy—as "a continuation of politics by other means," in the famous phrase of Karl von Clausewitz, the great philosopher of war. In effect, we try to make do with a Newtonian politics in an Einsteinian world. The combination is the source of our immediate peril. For governments, still acting within a system of independent nation-states, and formally representing no one but the people of their separate, sovereign nations, are driven to try to defend merely national interests with means of destruction that threaten not only international but intergenerational and planetary doom. In our present-day world, in the councils where the decisions are made there is no one to speak for man and for the earth, although both are threatened with annihilation.

THE peril that the scientists have brought into our lives stems from hitherto unknown properties of the physical universe, but it is not an external, self-propelled peril—as though they had discovered that forces in the interior of the earth were one day going to blow it up, or that a huge asteroid was one day going to collide with it. Rather, the peril comes from our own actions—from within us—and if we had never sought to harm one another the energy latent in matter would have remained locked up there, without posing any threat to anybody. Thus, the peril of extinction by nuclear arms is doubly ours: first, because we have it in our power to prevent the catastrophe, and, second, because the catastrophe cannot occur unless, by pursuing our political aims through violence, we bring it about. Since military action is the one activity through which we deliberately threaten to employ our new mastery over nature to destroy ourselves, nothing could be more crucial to an understanding of the practical dimensions of the nuclear predicament than a precise understanding of what nuclear weapons have done to war, and, through war, to the system of sovereignty of which war has traditionally been an indispensable part. All war is violent, but not all violence is war. War is a violent means employed by a nation to achieve an end, and, like all mere means, is subject to Aristotle's rule "The means to the end are not unlimited, for the end itself sets the limit in each case." The possible ends of war are as varied as the desires and hopes of men, having ranged from the recovery of a single beautiful woman from captivity to world conquest, but every one of them would be annihilated in a nuclear holocaust. War is destructive, but it is also a human phenomenon—complex, carefully wrought, and, in its way, fragile and delicate, like its maker—but nuclear weapons, if they were ever used in large numbers, would simply blow war up, just as they would blow up everything else that is human.

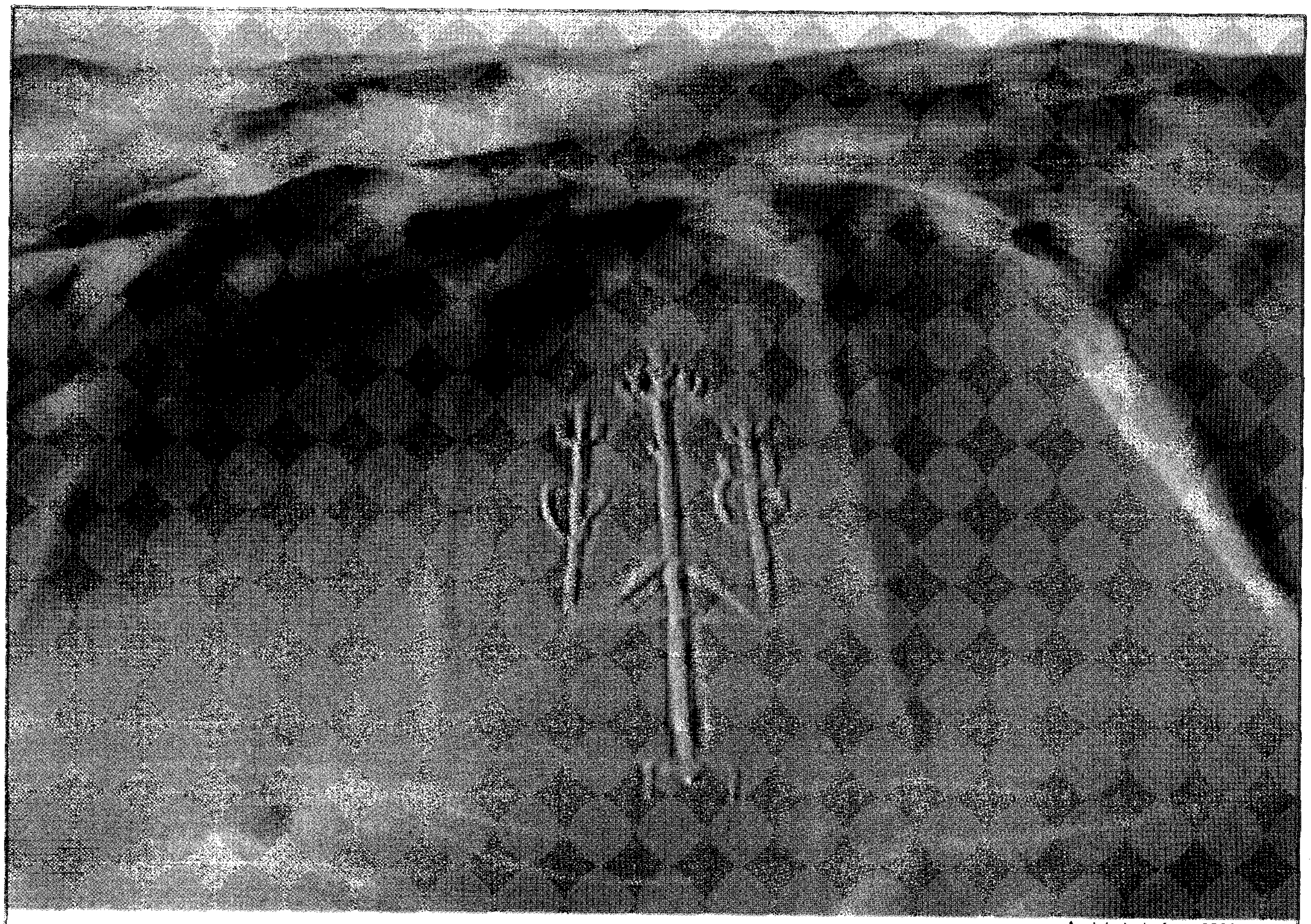


One of the respects in which war is unique among the uses to which mankind's steadily increasing technical skills have been put is that in war no benefit is obtained and no aim achieved unless the powers involved exert themselves to the limit, or near-limit, of their strength. In the words of Clausewitz: "War is an act of violence pushed to its utmost bounds; as one side dictates to the other, there arises a sort of reciprocal action which logically must lead to an extreme." For only at the extremes are victory and defeat—the results of war—brought about. Even when victory and defeat are not absolute, the terms of the disengagement are determined by the nearness of one side to defeat. In this case, the antagonists, like chess players near the end of the game, see the inevitable outcome and spare themselves the trouble of actually going through the final moves. As Clausewitz writes, "everything is subject to a supreme law: which is the *decision by arms*." Therefore, "all action . . . takes place on the supposition that if the solution by force of arms which lies at its foundation should be realized, it will be a favorable one." For "the decision by arms is, for all operations, great and small, what cash payment is in bill transactions," and "however remote from each other these relations, however seldom the realization may take place, still it can never entirely fail to occur." Nuclear arms ruin war by making the decision by arms impossible. The decision by arms can occur only when the strength of one side or the other is exhausted, or when its exhaustion is approached. But in nuclear "war" no one's strength fails until *both* sides have been annihilated. There cannot be a victor without a vanquished, the collapse of whose military efforts signals the end of the hostilities, permitting the victor to collect his spoils. But when both adversaries have nuclear arms that moment of collapse never comes, and the military forces—the missiles—of both countries go on "fighting" after the countries themselves have disappeared. From the point of view of a power contemplating war in the pre-nuclear world, war appeared to depend on the possession of great strength, since the side that possessed the greater strength had the better chance of being victorious. But when war is seen from the point of view of the nuclear world it becomes clear that as an institution—as the mechanism with which sovereign states settled their disputes—war depended, above all, on weakness: the weakness of the defeated party, whose collapse made the decision by arms (the whole purpose of war) possible. And this weakness, in turn, depended on the presence of certain technical limitations on the ability of mankind in general to avail itself of natural forces for destructive purposes. When science made the energy in mass available to man, the crucial limits were removed, for everybody, forever, and the exhaustion of the defeated party—and so the triumph of the victor—was rendered impossible. War itself has thus proved to be a casualty of the tremendous means that were put at its disposal by science. We are now in a position to see that helplessness has always been the specific product of war, and weakness its essential ingredient. War has never been anything but unilateral disarmament—the disarmament of one side by the other. But now, before the exhaustion of either party can be reached, everyone will be dead, and all human aims—the aims pursued in the "war" and all others—will have been nullified. In a nuclear conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union—the holocaust—not only the adversaries but also the world's bystanders will vanish. In this "war," instead of one side winning and the other losing, it is as though all human beings lost and all the weapons won. Clausewitz writes, "War can never be separated from political intercourse, and if, in the consideration of the matter, this is done in any way, all the threads of the different relations are, to a certain extent, broken, and we have before us a senseless thing without an object." War can, for example, decline into mere looting or banditry or some other form of aimless violence. But, of all the "senseless things" that can ever occur when war's violence (its means) is severed from its political purposes (its ends), a nuclear holocaust is the most senseless. To call this senseless thing "war" is, in fact, simply a misnomer, and to go on speaking of "nuclear war," and the like, can only mislead and confuse us. Thus, while the Soviet Union and the United States are perfectly free to fire their thousands of nuclear weapons at one another, the result would not be war, for no end could be served by it. It would be comprehensive destruction—a "senseless thing." With the invention of nuclear weapons, it became impossible for violence to be fashioned into war, or to achieve what war used to achieve. Violence can no longer break down the opposition of the adversary; it can no longer produce victory and defeat; it can no longer attain its ends. It can no longer be war.



It must be emphasized that what nuclear weapons have ruined is not only "nuclear war" but all war (that is, all war between nuclear powers). "Conventional war," which in fact encompasses everything that deserves to be called war, is ruined because as long as nuclear weapons are held in reserve by the combatants, in accordance with the supposedly agreed-upon rules of some "limited war," the hostilities have not run to that extreme of violence at which the essential helplessness of one side or the other has been produced. If a decision were to be reached while the "defeated" party held potentially decisive means of violence in its possession, then that decision would be not "by arms" but by something else. We have to imagine that this power would accept its defeat while knowing that the use of its bombs would reverse it. A current example illustrates how little willingness there is among nuclear powers to accept such an outcome. For some time, it has been widely believed that the Soviet Union enjoys a preponderance in conventional forces over the NATO powers in Europe, and the United States has reserved for itself the right to resort to nuclear weapons in Europe rather than accept a conventional defeat there. Thus, the United States has already publicly discarded the notion of abiding by any rules of "limited war" if those rules should prove to mean a defeat for the United States. And there is certainly very little reason to suppose that the Soviet Union is any more willing to volunteer for defeat than the United States. That being the likely state of things, there seems little chance that a conventional war between nuclear powers could stay limited. And this means that a conventional war between nuclear powers must not even be begun, since it threatens the same holocaust that the limited use of nuclear weapons threatens. As a practical matter, this rule has up to now been followed by the statesmen of the nuclear world. Disregarding theoretical treatises on the possibility of "limited war" between nuclear powers, including "limited nuclear war," they have held back from any war; thus, in our thirty-six years of experience with nuclear weapons no two nuclear powers have ever entered into even conventional hostilities. The same cannot be said, of course, of hostilities between nuclear powers and non-nuclear powers, such as the Vietnam War or the Soviet-Afghanistan war. These remain possible—although, for reasons that I shall not go into here, they are not, it would seem, profitable.

It is often said that nuclear arms have made war obsolete, but this is a misunderstanding. Obsolescence occurs when a means to some end is superseded by a new and presumably



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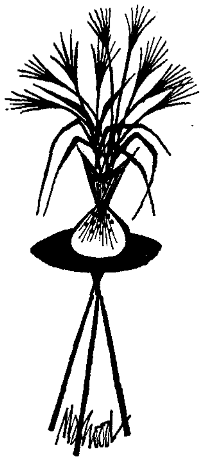
better means—as when it was discovered that vehicles powered by internal-combustion engines were more efficient than vehicles pulled by horses at transporting people and goods from one place to another. But war has not been superseded by some better means to its end, which is to serve as the final arbiter of disputes among sovereign states. On the contrary, war has gone out of existence without leaving behind any means at all—whether superior or inferior—to that end. The more than three decades of jittery peace between the nuclear superpowers which the world has experienced since the invention of nuclear weapons is almost certainly the result of this lack. There is thus no need to "abolish war" among the nuclear powers; it is already gone. The choices don't include war any longer. They consist now of peace, on the one hand, and annihilation, on the other. And annihilation—or "assured destruction"—is as far from being war as peace is, and the sooner we recognize this the sooner we will be able to save our species from self-extermination.

WHEN nuclear weapons were invented, it was as though a battlefield on which two armies had been fighting for as long as anyone could remember had suddenly been bisected in an earthquake by a huge chasm, so that if the armies tried to rush at one another in order to engage in battle they would plunge into this chasm instead, pulling their nations in with them. And it was as though, further, the generals of these armies, having spent their lifetimes fighting this war and hearing about their forebears' exploits in it, periodically forgot about the existence of the chasm, and therefore from time to time sent their armies into the field—only to discover that the chasm was still there.

The disabling of war is in itself something to be welcomed (although not if the price is extinction, or even the perpetual threat of extinction), but the system of sovereignty was bereft by it. The ultimate purpose of military forces in the system of sovereignty—the defense of one's nation by combatting and defeating the attacking forces of the enemy—was nullified in a stroke, for there could be no defense against nuclear weapons. The "final arbiter" had been taken away, and nations, now living in terror of their annihilation but also terrified of being taken over by their enemies, were left to figure out some new means of securing their survival and of pursuing their aims in the world. In effect, the system of sovereignty faced a breakdown. The world now had to decide whether to reject sovereignty and "war" (which, suddenly, no longer was war) and institute global political arrangements that would arbitrate international disputes or to try to shore up sovereignty with the use or deployment of nuclear weapons. Lord Russell and a few other people favored the first course, but a larger number favored the second. Still others favored the first course in the abstract but turned out to be unwilling in practical terms to make the radical political changes that were called for. It was easy to say, as many did, that in a nuclear world mankind had to live in peace or perish; it was a far different matter to make actual political sacrifices that would permit the nuclear peril to be lifted. The present-day United Nations is the empty husk of those irresolute good intentions. But, whatever people said, or ineffectually hoped for, the world in fact chose the course of attempting to refashion the system of sovereignty to accommodate nuclear weapons.

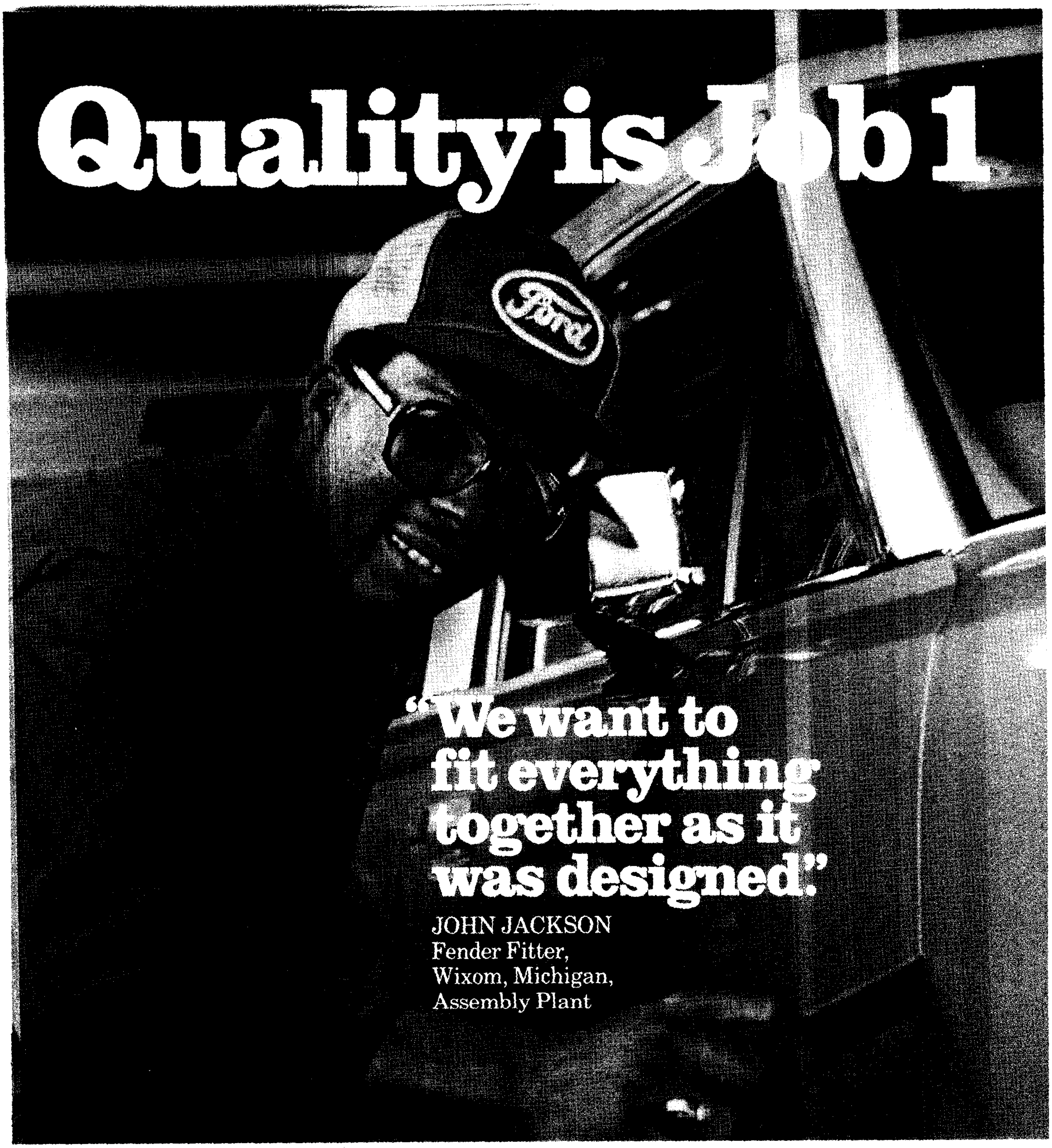


The doctrine that resulted was the doctrine of nuclear deterrence: the forbidding political and intellectual product of our attempt to live simultaneously in the two worlds—the nuclear, scientific world and the pre-nuclear military and political one. Since the doctrine is the means by which the world now endeavors to escape its doom from moment to moment, it deserves our most searching examination. In its intellectual, emotional, and moral tone as well as in its content, the doctrine was something new. Not surprisingly, the people in charge of framing this doctrine and putting it into practice seem at times to suffer from double vision, as though at some moments they recognized that we live in a nuclear world, in which the life of the species is at stake, but at other times forgot this, and believed that wars could still be fought without the risk of self-extermination. It is a symptom of the schism between what Einstein called our "thinking" and the reality around us that when our strategists set out to think their "unthinkable" thoughts they feel obliged to quite deliberately leave the rest of their human equipment—their feelings, their moral sense, their humanity—behind. For the requirements of strategy in its present form force them to plan actions that from any recognizable moral point of view are indefensible. One strategic thinker, in a striking inversion of the usual understanding of ethical obligation, has said that an "iron will" is required if one is to recommend the slaughter of hundreds of millions of people in a nuclear attack—a point of view that is uncomfortably close to that of Heinrich Himmler, who told the commanders of the S.S. that in order to carry out the extermination of the Jews they had to be "superhumanly inhuman." In both statements, it is not obedience to our moral feelings but resistance to those feelings that is presented as our obligation, as though moral feeling were a siren call that it would be weak to give in to and that it is our duty to resist. Once the "strategic necessity" of planning the deaths of hundreds of millions of people is accepted, we begin to live in a world in which morality and action inhabit two separate, closed realms. All strategic sense becomes moral nonsense, and vice versa, and we are left with the choice of seeming to be either strategic or moral idiots. The feeling of unreality that present strategic thinking arouses is compounded by the fact, itself a unique feature of life in the nuclear world, that the strategist must incessantly plan for future attacks and counterattacks whose prevention is supposedly the planning's whole purpose. Strategic thinking thus refers to a reality that is supposed never to come into existence. Therefore, not only is morality deliberately divorced from "thinking" but planning is divorced from action. The result of all these novel mental operations is a fantastic intellectual construct—the body of strategic theory built up over more than thirty years—in which ratiocination, unrestrained either by moral feelings or by facts, has been permitted to run wild in a riot of pure theory. On this "thinking" almost no bounds are set, and the slaughter of whole populations and the extinction of man become all too "thinkable." But the divorce of thought from feeling, of strategy from morality, and of planning from action are all only manifestations of the more fundamental divorce between the pre-nuclear basis of our whole approach to political life and the reality of our nuclear world. The reason we cannot bear emotionally and morally to face the actions that we "think" about and plan and the reason the aim of all our strategic planning must be to prevent the actions we are planning to take are the same: the actions we have in mind, which risk the termination of our species, are irredeemably senseless. And as long as we continue to accept the underlying assumptions of this strategy we will be condemned to go on sketching "scenarios" for futures that must never be, while neglecting all planning for futures that *can* be, and that would permit us to be.

The central proposition of the deterrence doctrine—the piece of logic on which the world theoretically depends to see the sun rise tomorrow—is that a nuclear holocaust can best be prevented if each nuclear power, or bloc of powers, holds in readiness a nuclear force with which it "credibly" threatens to destroy the entire society of any attacker, even after suffering the worst possible "first strike" that the attacker can launch. Robert McNamara, who served as Secretary of Defense for seven years under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, defined the policy, in his book "The Essence of Security," published in 1968, in the following terms: "Assured destruction is the very essence of the whole deterrence concept. We must possess an actual assured-destruction capability, and that capability also must be credible. The point is that a potential aggressor must believe that our assured-destruction capability is in fact actual, and that our will to use it in retaliation to an attack is in fact unwavering." Thus, deterrence "means the certainty of suicide to the aggressor, not merely to his military forces, but to his society as a whole." Let us picture what is going on here. There are two possible eventualities: success of the strategy or its failure. If it succeeds, both sides are frozen into inaction by fear of retaliation by the other side. If it fails, one side annihilates the other, and then the leaders of the second side annihilate the "society as a whole" of the attacker, and the earth as a whole suffers the consequences of a full-scale holocaust, which might include the extinction of man. In point of fact, neither the United States nor the Soviet Union has ever adopted the "mutual-assured-destruction" doctrine in pure form; other aims, such as attempting to reduce the damage of the adversary's nuclear attack and increasing the capacity for destroying the nuclear forces of the adversary, have been mixed in. Nevertheless, underlying these deviations the concept of deterring a first strike by preserving the capacity for a devastating second strike has remained constant. The strategists of deterrence have addressed the chief issue in any sane policy in a nuclear-armed world—the issue of survival—and have come up with this answer: Salvation from extinction by nuclear weapons is to be found in the nuclear weapons themselves. The possession of nuclear weapons by the great powers, it is believed, will prevent the use of nuclear weapons by those same powers. Or, to put it more accurately, the threat of their use by those powers will prevent their use. Or, in the words of Bernard Brodie, a pioneer in nuclear strategy, in "The Absolute Weapon: Atomic Power and World Order," a book published in 1946: "Thus far, the chief purpose of our military establishment has been to win wars. From now on its chief purpose must be to avert them. It can have almost no other useful purpose." Or, in the classic, broad formulation of Winston Churchill, in a speech to the House of Commons in 1955: "Safety will be the sturdy child of terror, and survival the twin brother of annihilation."

This doctrine, in its detailed as well as its more general formulations, is diagrammatic of the world's failure to come to terms with the nuclear predicament. In it, two irreconcilable purposes clash. The first purpose is to permit the survival of the species, and this is expressed in the doctrine's aim of frightening everybody into holding back from using nuclear weapons at all; the second purpose is to serve national ends, and this is expressed in the doctrine's permitting the defense of one's nation and its interests by threatening to use nuclear weapons. The strategists are pleased to call this clash of two opposing purposes in one doctrine a paradox, but in actuality it is a contradiction. We cannot both threaten ourselves with something and hope to avoid that same thing by making the threat—both intend to do something and intend not to do it. The head-on contradiction between these aims has set up a cross-current of tension within the policies of each superpower. The "safety" that Churchill mentions may be emphasized at one moment, and at the next moment it is the "terror" that comes to the fore. And since the deterrence doctrine pairs the safety and the terror, and makes the former depend on the latter, the world is never quite sure from day to day which one is in the ascendant—if, indeed, the distinction can be maintained in the first place. All that the world can know for certain is that at any moment the fireballs may arrive. I have said that we do not have two earths, one to blow up experimentally and the other to live on; nor do we have two souls, one for reacting to daily life and the other for reacting to the peril to all life. But neither do we have two wills, one with which we can intend to destroy our species and the other with which we can intend to save ourselves. Ultimately, we must all live together with one soul and one will on our one earth.

For all that, the adoption of the deterrence doctrine represented a partial recognition that the traditional military doctrine had become an anachronism—a doctrine that was suited well enough to the pre-nuclear world but lost all application and relevance when the first nuclear bomb flashed over the New Mexico desert. In assessing the advance made by deterrence, we must acknowledge how radically it departed from traditional military doctrine. Traditional military doctrine and nuclear doctrine are based on wholly different factual circumstances, each set of which corresponds to the technical realities of its period. Traditional military doctrine began, as I have suggested, with the premise that the amounts of force available to the belligerents were small enough to permit one side or the other to exhaust itself before both sides were annihilated. Nuclear doctrine, on the other hand, begins with the premise that the amounts of force are so great that both sides, and perhaps all mankind, will be annihilated before either side exhausts its forces. Like postulates in geometry, these two premises deter-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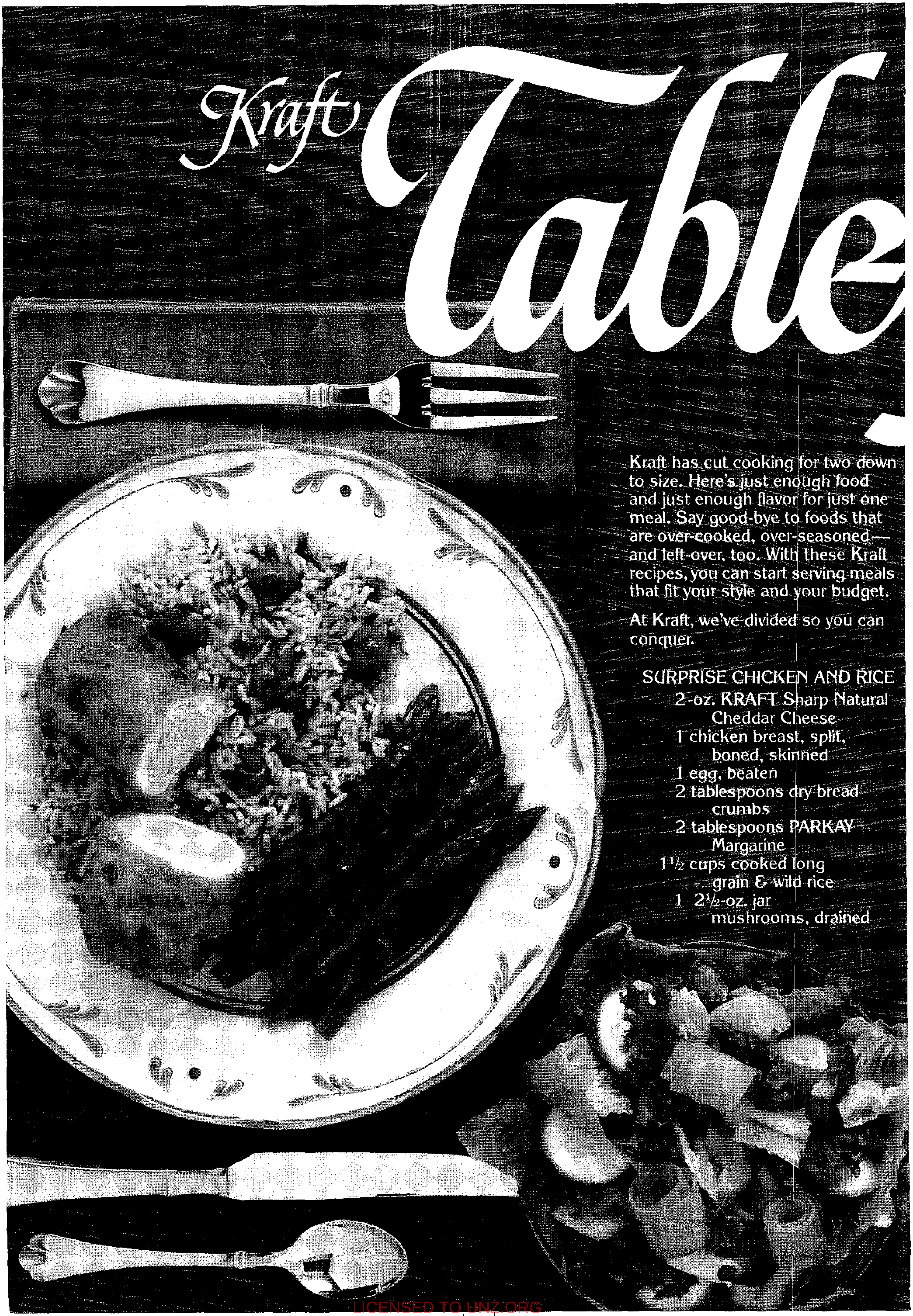

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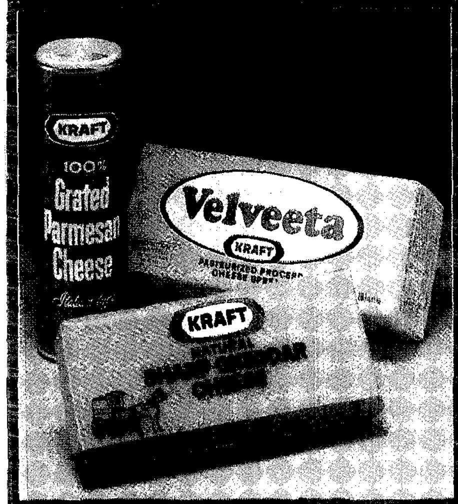
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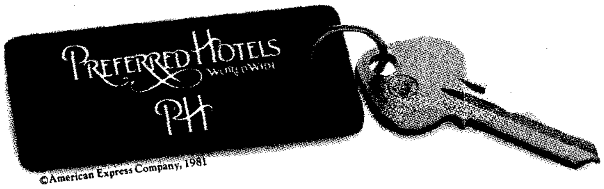
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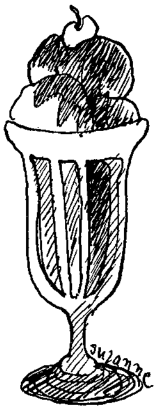
mine the entire systems of thought that follow, and no discussion of military strategy can make any sense unless one clearly specifies which premise one is starting from. But, as I pointed out at some length at the outset of these observations, there is no longer room for doubt that in our time the second premise is the correct one.

The chief virtue of the doctrine of nuclear deterrence is that it begins by accepting this basic fact of life in the nuclear world, and does so not only on the rhetorical plane but on the practical plane of strategic planning. Hence, it acknowledges that victory can no longer be obtained in a contest between two well-armed nuclear powers, such as the United States and the Soviet Union. Senator Barry Goldwater wrote a book, published in 1962, whose title was "Why Not Victory?" To this question the strategists of deterrence have a decisive answer: Because in the present-day, nuclear world "victory" is oblivion. From this recognition flows the conclusion, arrived at by Brodie in 1946, that the sole purpose of possessing nuclear strategic arms is not to win war but to prevent it. The adoption of the aim of preventing rather than winning war requires the adoption of other policies that fly in the face of military tradition. One is abandonment of the military defense of one's nation—of what used to be at the center of all military planning and was the most hallowed justification of the military calling. The policy of deterrence does not contemplate doing anything in defense of the homeland; it only promises that if the homeland is annihilated the aggressor's homeland will be annihilated, too. In fact, the policy goes further than this: it positively requires that each side leave its population open to attack, and make no serious effort to protect it. This requirement follows from the basic logic of deterrence, which is that safety is "the sturdy child of terror." According to this logic, the safety can be only as great as the terror is, and the terror therefore has to be kept relentless. If it were to be diminished—by, for example, building bomb shelters that protected some significant part of the population—then safety would be diminished, too, because the protected side might be tempted to launch a holocaust, in the belief that it could "win" the hostilities. That is why in nuclear strategy "destruction" must, perversely, be "assured," as though our aim were to destroy, and not to save, mankind.



In strategic terms, the requirement that the terror be perfected, and never allowed to deteriorate toward safety, translates into the requirement that the retaliatory force of both sides be guaranteed—first, by making sure that the retaliatory weapons cannot be destroyed in a first strike, and, second, by making sure that the society of the attacking power *can* be destroyed in the second strike. And since in this upside-down scheme of things the two sides will suffer equally no matter which one opens the hostilities, each side actually has an interest in maintaining its adversary's retaliatory forces as well as its own. For the most dangerous of all the configurations of forces is that in which one side appears to have the ability to destroy the nuclear forces of the other in a first strike. Then not only is the stronger side theoretically tempted to launch hostilities but—what is probably far more dangerous—the other side, fearful of completely losing its forces, might, in a crisis, feel compelled to launch the first strike itself. If on either side the population becomes relatively safe from attack or the retaliatory strike becomes vulnerable to attack, a temptation to launch a first strike is created, and "stability"—the leading virtue of any nuclear balance of power—is lost. As Thomas Schelling, the economist and noted nuclear theorist, has put it, in "The Strategy of Conflict," a book published in 1960, once instability is introduced on either side, both sides may reason as follows: "He, thinking I was about to kill him in self-defense, was about to kill me in self-defense, so I had to kill him in self-defense." Under deterrence, military "superiority" is therefore as dangerous to the side that possesses it as it is to the side that is supposedly threatened by it. (According to this logic, the United States should have heaved a sigh of relief when the Soviet Union reached nuclear parity with it, for then stability was achieved.) All these conclusions follow from the deterrence doctrine, yet they run so consistently counter to the far simpler, more familiar, and emotionally more comprehensible logic of traditional military thinking—not to mention instinct and plain common sense, which rebel against any such notion as "assuring" our own annihilation—that we should not be surprised when we find that the deterrence doctrine is constantly under challenge from traditional doctrine, no matter how glaringly at odds with the facts traditional doctrine may be. The hard-won gains of deterrence, such as they are, are repeatedly threatened by a recrudescence of the old desire for victory, for national defense in the old sense, and for military superiority, even though every one of these goals not only would add nothing to our security but, if it should be pursued far enough, would undermine the precarious safety that the deterrence doctrine tries to provide.

If the virtue of the deterrence policy lies in its acceptance of the basic fact of life in the nuclear world—that a holocaust will bring annihilation to both sides, and possibly the extinction of man as well—its defect lies in the strategic construct that it erects on the foundation of that fact. For if we try to guarantee our safety by threatening ourselves with doom, then we have to mean the threat; but if we mean it, then we are actually planning to do, in some circumstance or other, that which we categorically must never do and are supposedly trying to prevent—namely, extinguish ourselves. This is the circularity at the core of the nuclear-deterrence doctrine: we seek to avoid our self-extinction by threatening to perform the act. According to this logic, it is almost as though if we stopped threatening ourselves with extinction, then extinction would occur. Brodie's formula can be reversed: if the aim of having nuclear forces is to avert annihilation (misnamed "war" by him), then we must cling for our lives to those same forces. Churchill's dictum can be reversed, too: If safety is the sturdy child of terror, then terror is equally the sturdy child of safety. But who is to guarantee which of the children will be born? And if survival is the twin brother of annihilation, then we must cultivate annihilation. But then we may *get* annihilation. By growing to actually rely on terror, we do more than tolerate its presence in our world: we place our trust in it. And while this is not quite to "love the bomb," as the saying goes, it decidedly is to place our faith in it, and to give it an all-important position in the very heart of our affairs. Under this doctrine, instead of getting rid of the bomb we build it ever more deeply into our lives.

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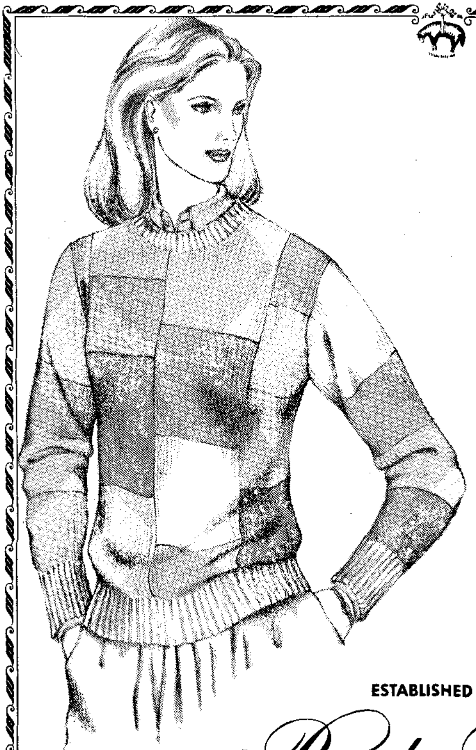

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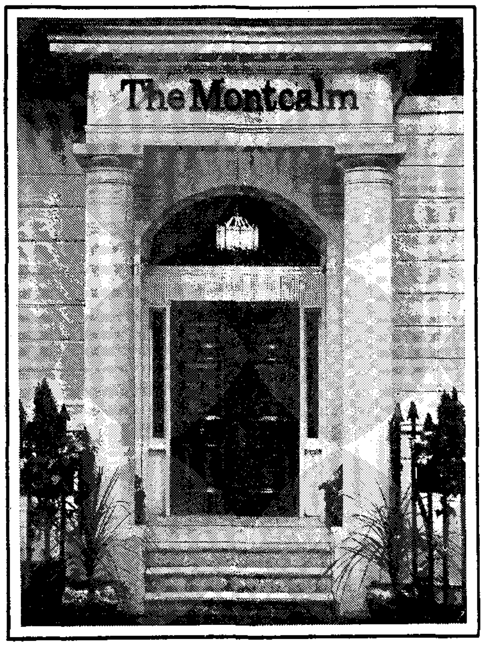

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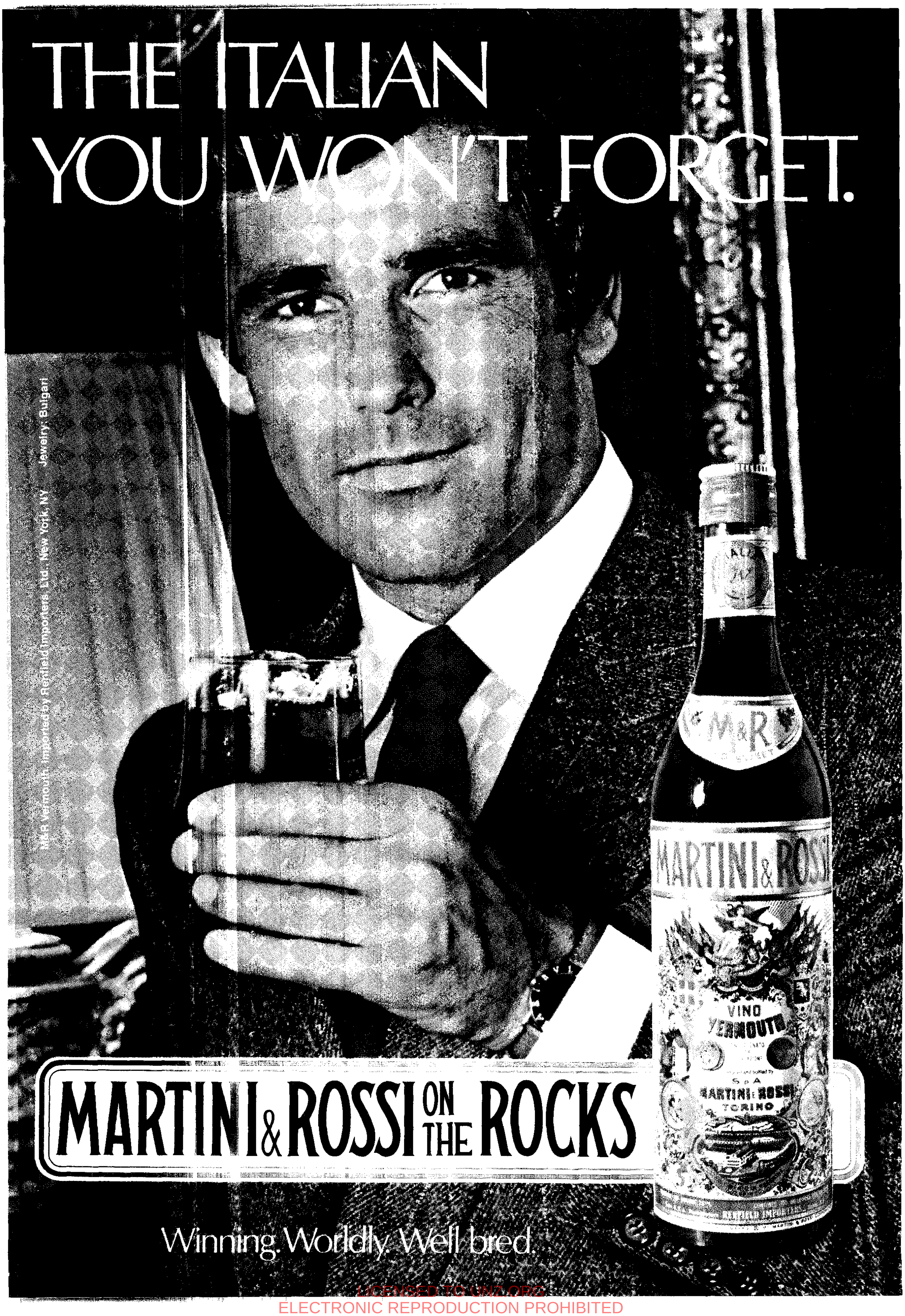
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trine runs straight through the center of its main strategic tenet—the proposition that safety is achieved by assuring that any nuclear aggressor will be annihilated in a retaliatory strike. For while the doctrine relies for its success on a nuclear-armed victim's resolve to launch the annihilating second strike, it can offer no sensible or sane justification for launching it in the event. In pre-nuclear military strategy, the deterrent effect of force was a useful by-product of the ability and willingness to wage and win wars. Deterrence was the shadow cast by force, or, in Clausewitz's metaphor, the credit that flowed from the ability to make the cash payment of the favorable decision by arms. The logic of pre-nuclear deterrence escaped circularity by each side's being frankly ready to wage war and try for victory if deterrence failed. Nuclear deterrence, however, supposedly aims solely at forestalling any use of force by either side, and has given up at the outset on a favorable decision by arms. The question, then, is: Of what object is nuclear deterrence the shadow? Of what cash payment is it the credit? The theoretical answer, of course, is: The retaliatory strike. Yet since in nuclear-deterrence theory the whole purpose of having a retaliatory capacity is to deter a first strike, one must ask what reason would remain to launch the retaliation once the first strike had actually arrived. Nuclear deterrence requires one to prepare for armed conflict not in order to "win" it if it breaks out but in order to prevent it from breaking out in the first place. But if armed conflict breaks out anyway, what does one do with one's forces then? In pre-nuclear times, the answer would have required no second thought: it would have been to strive for the decision by arms—for victory. Yet nuclear deterrence begins by assuming, correctly, that victory is impossible. Thus, the logic of the deterrence strategy is dissolved by the very event—the first strike—that it is meant to prevent. Once the action begins, the whole doctrine is self-cancelling. In sum, the doctrine is based on a monumental logical mistake: one cannot credibly deter a first strike with a second strike whose raison d'être dissolves the moment the first strike arrives. It follows that, as far as deterrence theory is concerned, there is no reason for either side not to launch a first strike.

What seems to be needed to repair the doctrine is a motive for retalia-

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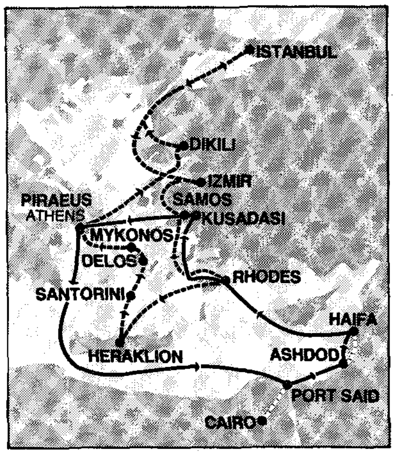

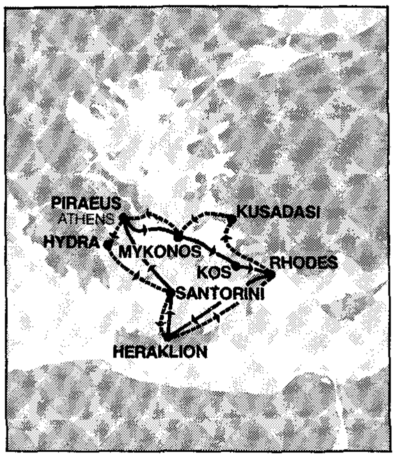

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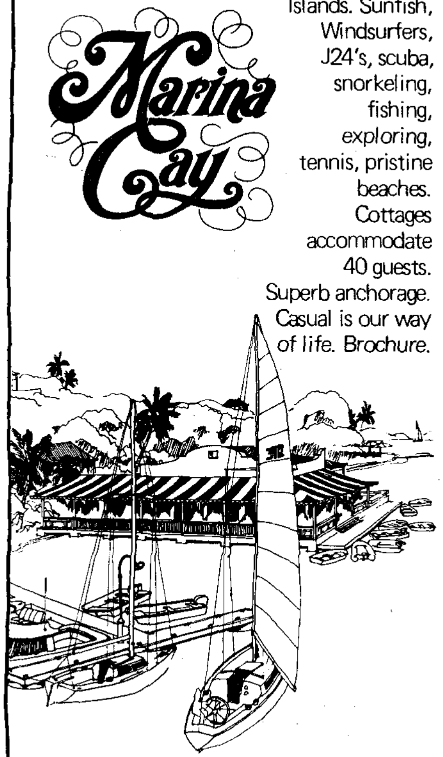
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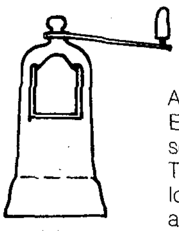
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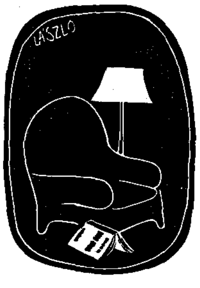
tion—one that is not supplied by the doctrine itself and that lies outside its premises—but the only candidates are those belonging to traditional military doctrine; namely, some variation of victory. The adherents of nuclear victory—whatever that would be—have on occasion noted the logical fallacy on which deterrence is based, and stepped forward to propose their solution: a "nuclear-war-fighting" capacity. Thus, the answer they give to the question of what to do after the first strike arrives is: Fight and "win" a "nuclear war." But victory does not suddenly become possible simply because it offers a solution to the logical contradiction on which the mutual-assured-destruction doctrine rests. The facts remain obdurately what they are: an attack of several thousand megatons will annihilate any country on earth many times over, no matter what line of argument the strategists pursue; and a "nuclear exchange" will, if it is on a large scale, threaten the life of man. Indeed, if victory were really possible there would have been no need for a deterrence strategy to begin with, and traditional military strategy would have needed no revision. This "solution" is therefore worse than the error it sets out to remedy. It resolves the contradiction in the deterrence doctrine by denying the tremendous new reality that the doctrine was framed to deal with, and that all of us now have to deal with on virtually every level of our existence. Consequently, this "solution" could lead us to commit the ultimate folly of exterminating ourselves without even knowing what we were doing. Aiming at "victory," we would wind up extinct.



In the last analysis, there can be no credible threat without credible use—no shadow without an object, no credit without cash payment. But since use is the thing above all else that we don't want, because it means the end of all of us, we are naturally at a loss to find any rationale for it. To grasp the reality of the contradiction, we have only to picture the circumstances of leaders whose country has just been annihilated in a first strike. Now their country is on its way to becoming a radioactive desert, but the retaliatory nuclear force survives in its silos, bombers, and submarines. These leaders of nobody, living in underground shelters or in "doomsday" planes that could not land, would possess the means of national defense but no nation to defend. What rational purpose could they have in launching the retaliatory strike? Since there was no longer a nation, "national security" could not be the purpose. Nor could defense of other peoples be the purpose, since the retaliatory strike might be the action that would finally break the back of the ecosphere and extinguish the species. In these circumstances, it seems to me, it is really an open question whether the leaders would decide to retaliate or not.

This conclusion is not one that is likely to be breathed aloud by anyone in or near power in either the Soviet Union or the United States. Since deterrence depends fully as much on one's adversary's perception of one's "unwavering" will to retaliate as on one's technical ability to do it, an acknowledgment that retaliation is senseless would *in a way amount to* unilateral disarmament by verbal means. The doctrine of nuclear deterrence thus deters debate about itself, and this incidental "deterrence" may have been no small factor in the sharp limits placed on the definition of "respectable," so-called "realistic" thinking about nuclear strategy. Nevertheless, the contradiction at the heart of the doctrine has occasioned considerable indirect intellectual twisting and turning among the nuclear theorists, and the resulting recommendations lead one into byways of the maze of strategic theory which stand out as bizarre and frightening even for the catalogues of nuclear strategic "options." The commonest solution to the problem of the missing motive for retaliation is to suggest that the policymakers try to cultivate an appearance of unreason, for if one is insane one doesn't need to supply any motive for retaliating—one might do it simply out of madness. The nuclear theorist Herman Kahn, for example, suggests that "it might best deter the attack" by an "*appearance* of irrationally inexorable commitment." Kahn first wonders whether it might not be enough merely to "pretend" to be irrationally committed, but he concludes that a pretense of unreason is not reliable, and that one must "*really intend to do it.*" The prescription, then, which he calls the policy of "the rationality of irrationality," is to coolly resolve to be crazy. How statesmen are to go about this, Kahn does not say. Another solution, quite closely related, is to try to create either the appearance or the reality of being out of control. Uncontrol, like insanity, removes the need for a rational motive in retaliating, this time by arranging for the retaliation to occur "by accident." Thomas Schelling, addressing the general question "How can one commit himself in advance to an act that he would in fact prefer not to carry out in the event?," suggests the tactic either of pretending that the crucial decisions will be in part up to "chance" or of actually arranging things so that this is true, thus adding to Kahn's concept of reasoned insanity the planned accident. With this strategy in effect, he writes, "the brink is not . . . the sharp edge of a cliff, where one can stand firmly, look down, and decide whether or not to plunge." Rather, "the brink is a curved slope that one can stand on with some risk of slipping." Therefore, "brinkmanship involves getting onto the slope where one may fall in spite of his own best efforts to save himself, dragging his adversary with him." That these astonishing remedies are no less consequential in the real world than the doctrinal illogicality they try to remedy is testified to by, among other things, a statement in the memoirs of President Richard Nixon's chief of staff H. R. Haldeman that Nixon believed in the "Madman Theory" of the Presidency, according to which the nation's foes would bow to the President's will if they believed that he had taken leave of his senses and was ready to risk a holocaust in order to secure some limited national gain. Whether or not Nixon had read the writings of Kahn and Schelling, he was following their counsel to the letter.

The recommendation of these tactics naturally raises the questions of whether, with the life of our species at stake, we want our nuclear decision-makers to be cultivating irrationality and uncontrol, and whether a slippery slope over the nuclear abyss is where we all want to be. But these questions, which I think must be answered with a resounding "no," come up only as a consequence of our reliance on "terror" to provide "safety," and on the threat of "annihilation" to provide "survival." For it is in an effort to strengthen and shore up the terror and make annihilation more certain that the strategists and statesmen are forced into these appalling postures. Their problem is to find a way of appearing

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"inexorably" resolved to do things that can never make any sense or ever be justified by any moral code, and irrationality and uncontrol fulfill the requirements for the very reason that they represent the abandonment of morality and sense. Adopted as policy, they lend credibility to actions that are—conveniently for strategic purposes, if not for the safety of mankind—immoral and insane.

It must be added that there is another extreme solution, which would entirely remove the defect in the doctrine of nuclear deterrence. This solution, described (but not recommended) by Kahn, would be to construct a literal doomsday machine, which would blow up the whole world as soon as an adversary engaged in some activity that had previously been defined as "unacceptable" by the machine's possessor. Kahn, who estimated in 1960 that a doomsday machine might be built for as little as ten billion dollars, points out that the machine would eliminate any doubt concerning the retaliatory strike by making it fully automatic. The retaliatory strike would still be senseless, but this senselessness would no longer cloud its "credibility," since the action would have been predetermined: the foundation would have been provided for a fully consistent policy of nuclear deterrence, under which nations would be deterred from launching nuclear attacks by the prearranged certainty that their own countries would perish in the ensuing global annihilation. But Kahn is also quick to point out a disadvantage of the doomsday machine which makes its construction immediately repugnant and intolerable to anyone who thinks about it: once it is in place, "there is no chance of human intervention, control, and final decision." And behind this objection, we may add, is an even simpler and more basic one: the chief reason we don't want a doomsday machine is that we don't want doom—not in any circumstances. Doom doesn't become any more acceptable because it comes about as someone's "final decision." And, of course, even though no enemy attack has been launched, in a moment of computer confusion the doomsday machine might make its own "final decision" to go off.

Because deterrence, on which we all now rely for whatever safety we have, is a psychological strategy, which aims at terrorizing the adversary into holding back from attacking us, it might seem that the discovery in one or the

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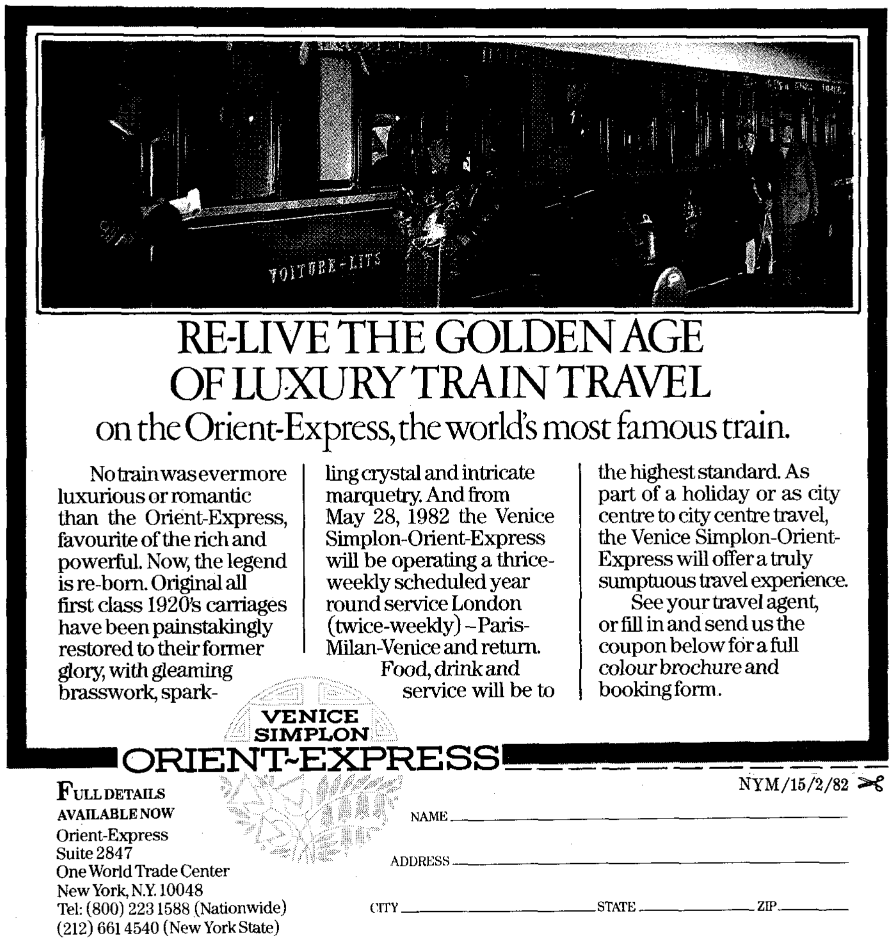
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other command center of the logical absurdity of the policy would lead to the breakdown of the system—or, at least, to the abandonment of the doctrine. That this has not occurred is an indication that, even in the abstruse realm of nuclear doctrine, theory and practice, thought and reality are still different. In the real world, there are several stand-ins for the missing motive for the crucial retaliatory strike. The first stand-in is revenge, which, even though retaliation is not a rational action, might cause it to be carried out anyway. According to the emotional logic of revenge, the living act to right the wrong inflicted on the unjustly slain, who, being dead, cannot themselves realign the unbalanced scales of justice. Revenge is neither sensible nor constructive—especially not in a nuclear holocaust—but it is human, and the possibility that it would well up in the breasts of the leaders of a country that has just been effaced from the earth can by no means be ruled out by an aggressor; he has to consider that, even without any irrationality of the planned sort, a "rational" response to a nuclear attack can hardly be counted on. The second, and perhaps more important, stand-in for the missing motive is the irreducible unpredictability of events once the nuclear threshold is crossed. At this verge, with the survival of the species at stake, the human mind falters. The leaders of the nuclear powers have no choice, as they stare into what McNamara has called "a vast unknown," but to assume that the stakes are total. Certainly there is no need for anyone to strain to appear irrational, as Kahn suggests, or out of control, as Schelling suggests: a world that has embarked on a holocaust is in its nature irrational and out of control.

Our experience of nuclear crises leads us to believe that when the leaders of nuclear powers are forced to contemplate the reality of a holocaust at close quarters they have looked on it in this light. That is, they have assumed that if limited nuclear war, or even conventional war between the superpowers, breaks out, a holocaust is the likely result. Michael Mandelbaum, in his history of nuclear strategy and experience, "The Nuclear Question," published in 1979, observes that when the Soviet and American leaders confronted one another in the Cuban missile crisis they discovered that the fearful nature of a holocaust, which during the days of the crisis partly emerged from abstraction and

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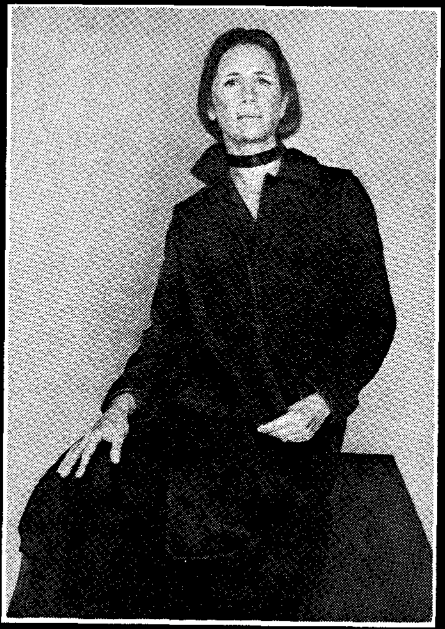

Allen Blagden: **Julie**, watercolor, 40½ x 26 inches

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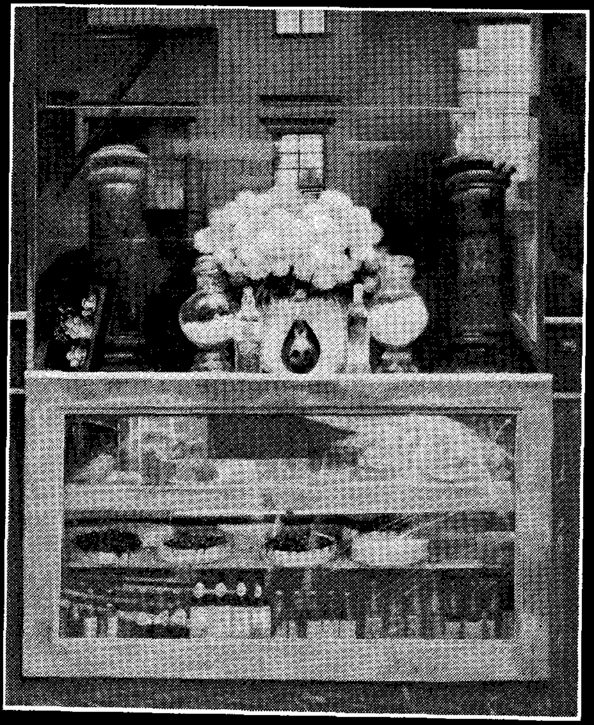

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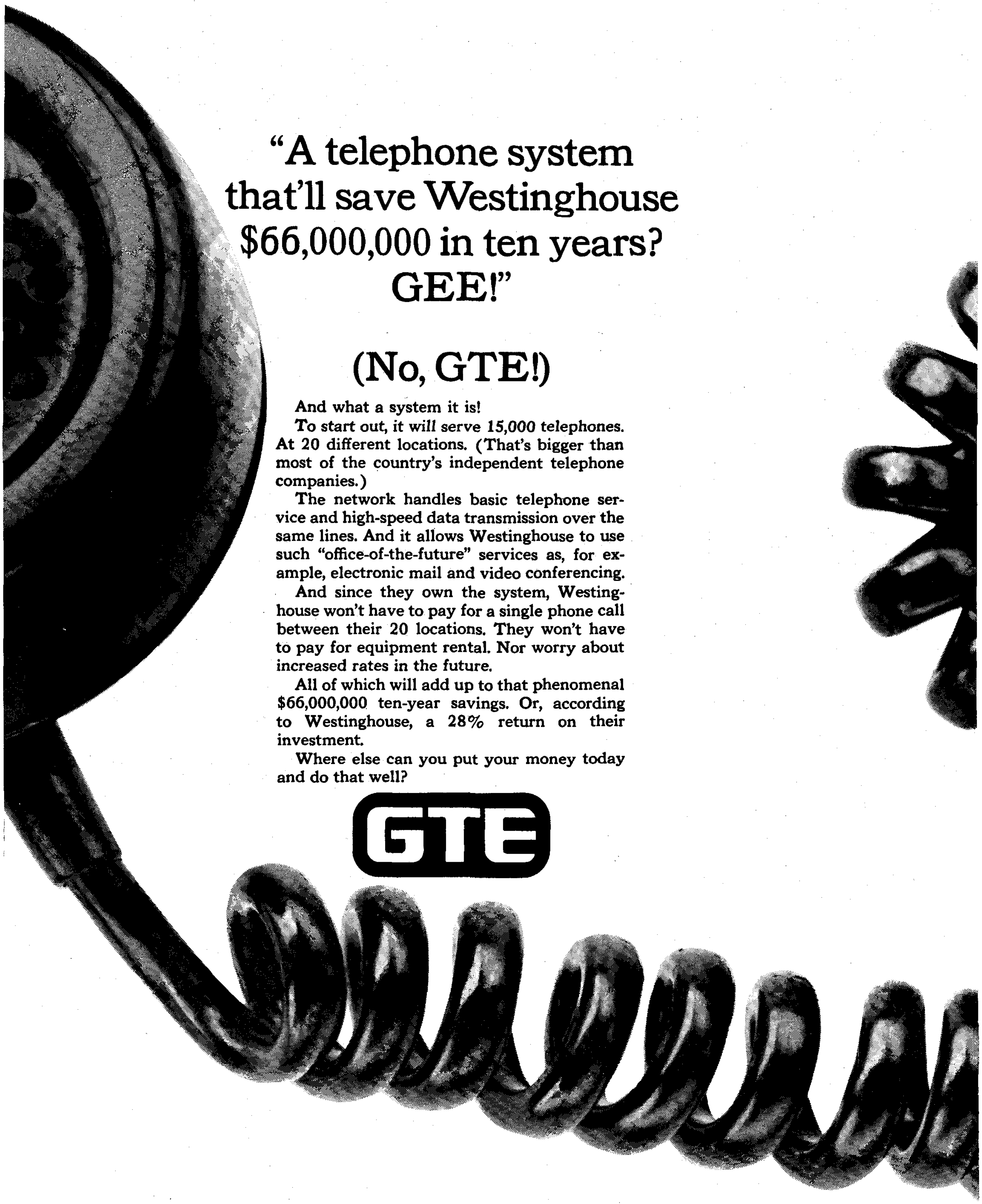

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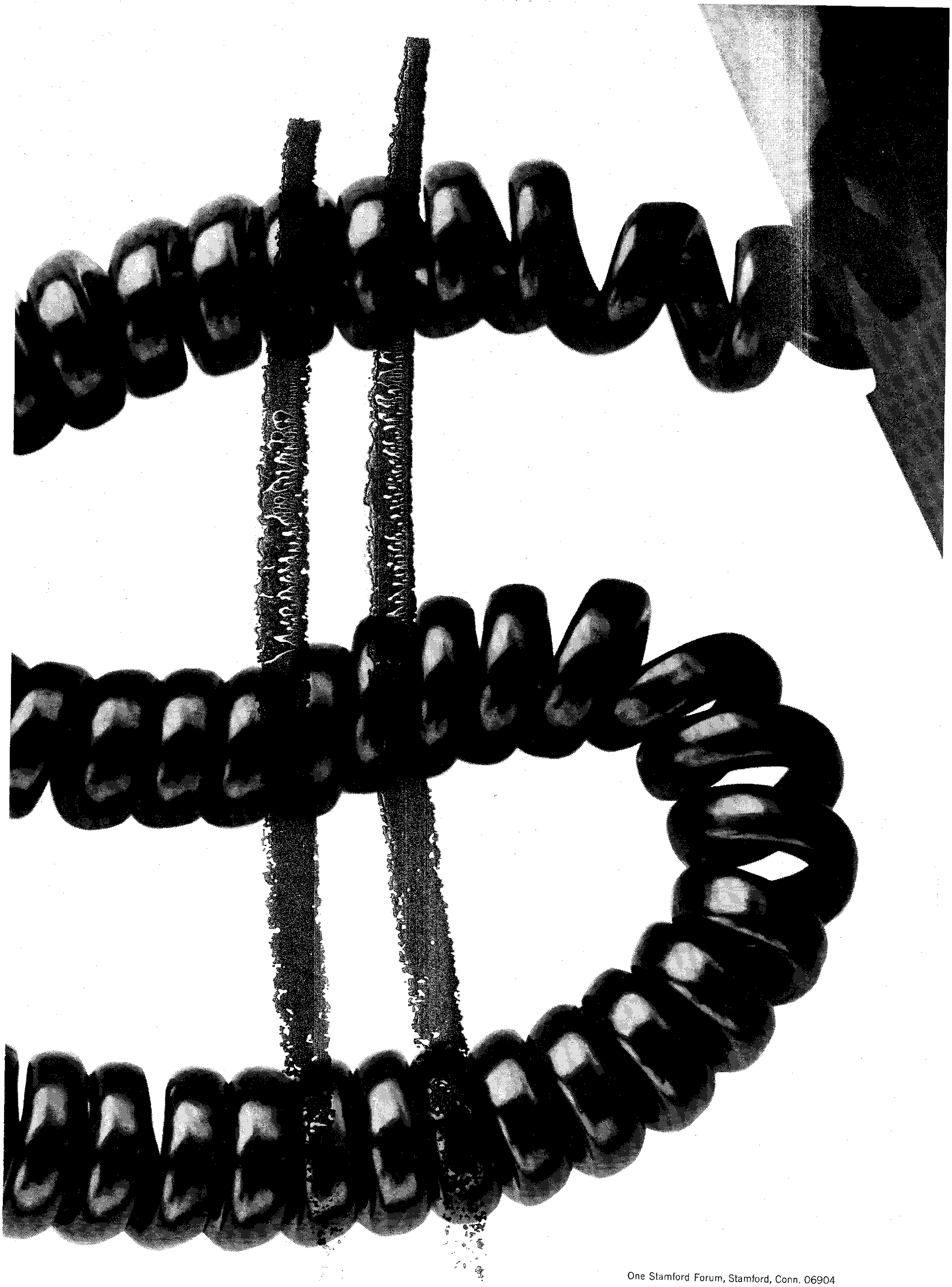

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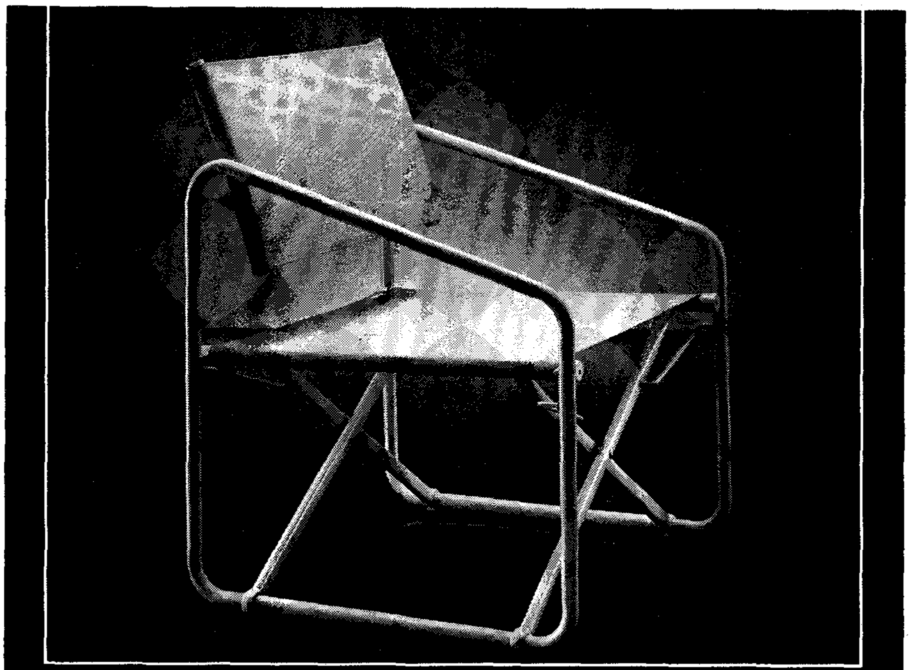

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unreality to become almost palpable in people's emotions, strongly deterred them from inaugurating hostilities at no matter how minor a level. Brought face to face with the beast, both sides realized that "there was no way to fight a nuclear war." Thus, "in striving to avoid having to fight a nuclear war they took great care not to start a war of any kind, which they feared would become nuclear." This lesson of experience offered some complementary lessons. One was that although no one had decided to establish a doomsday machine, people had to act as though one were in place. They had to assume that one misstep could be the misstep that ended the world. The notion that there was a middle ground of "tactical" nuclear hostilities of a limited kind, or even of conventional hostilities, disappeared under the awful pressure of the crisis. The doorway to the "vast unknown" seemed always right at hand, and all the scenarios of "limited war" and the like tended to crumble.

A final "deterrent," which, although fallible, is both rational and human, but which goes unmentioned in deterrence theory, is the humanity of the leaders of the nuclear powers. History is crowded with ruthless, berserk actions, yet there are none that have attained the horror and insanity of a nuclear holocaust, and very few that have gone as far as the worst crime of which we do have experience—genocide. I believe that without indulging in wishful thinking we can grant that the present leaders of both the Soviet Union and the United States are considerably deterred from launching a nuclear holocaust by sheer aversion to the unspeakable act itself.

THE inconsistencies that bedevil *the doctrine of nuclear deterrence*—the reliance upon a second strike that has no explicable purpose, the need to cultivate irrationality and uncontrol to remedy this and other defects, the reliance upon the logic of the doomsday machine combined with the failure to carry the logic through to its conclusion, and many others that might be mentioned—are all consequences of the larger, inherent inconsistency of reliance upon preparations for annihilation to prevent annihilation. The result of relying on this contradictory system for our survival is our present half-numb, half-terror-stricken world, in which growing mountains of nuclear weapons are supposed to improve the world's safety, and in which we do not know from one moment to the next whether we will survive or be exploded back into our original atoms. Reflecting on the frightful effects of this arrangement—effects that, even without a holocaust, corrupt our lives—we are led to wonder why it should be necessary to seek safety in terror, survival in annihilation, existence in nothingness, and to wonder why we shouldn't resort to the more straightforward measure of disarmament: of seeking survival by banning the instruments of death.

Even to put this question, however, is to reveal that in Churchill's and Brodie's formulations, which have been echoed with great regularity, in many versions, by the statesmen who have been in charge of the world's nuclear arsenals (President Kennedy, for example, said in his Inaugural Address, "Only when our arms are certain beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be used"), an essential part of the truth is being left out. The missing element is the political aim of strategy. For the fact is that the nuclear powers do *not*, as the statesmen so often proclaim, possess nuclear weapons with the sole aim of preventing their use and so keeping the peace; they possess them also to defend national interests and aspirations—indeed, to perpetuate the whole system of sovereign states. But now, instead of relying on war for this enforcement, as nations did in pre-nuclear times, they rely on the threat of extinction. The proposition based on the aim of survival is that one prepares for extinction only in order to secure survival; however, the aim of holding on to the system of sovereignty introduces a much less reassuring, much less frequently voiced, and much less defensible proposition, which is that one prepares for extinction in order to protect national interests. This threat not only makes no sense in its own terms, since actual execution of the threat would eradicate any national interest in whose pursuit the hostilities were launched, but also undercuts the policy of deterrence, by continually propelling nations to threaten to bring about the holocaust whose avoidance is supposedly the policy's main justification. For while the aim of survival causes statesmen to declare regularly that no purpose could ever be served by a holocaust, and that the aim of nuclear policy can only be to prevent such insanity, the pursuit of national objectives forces

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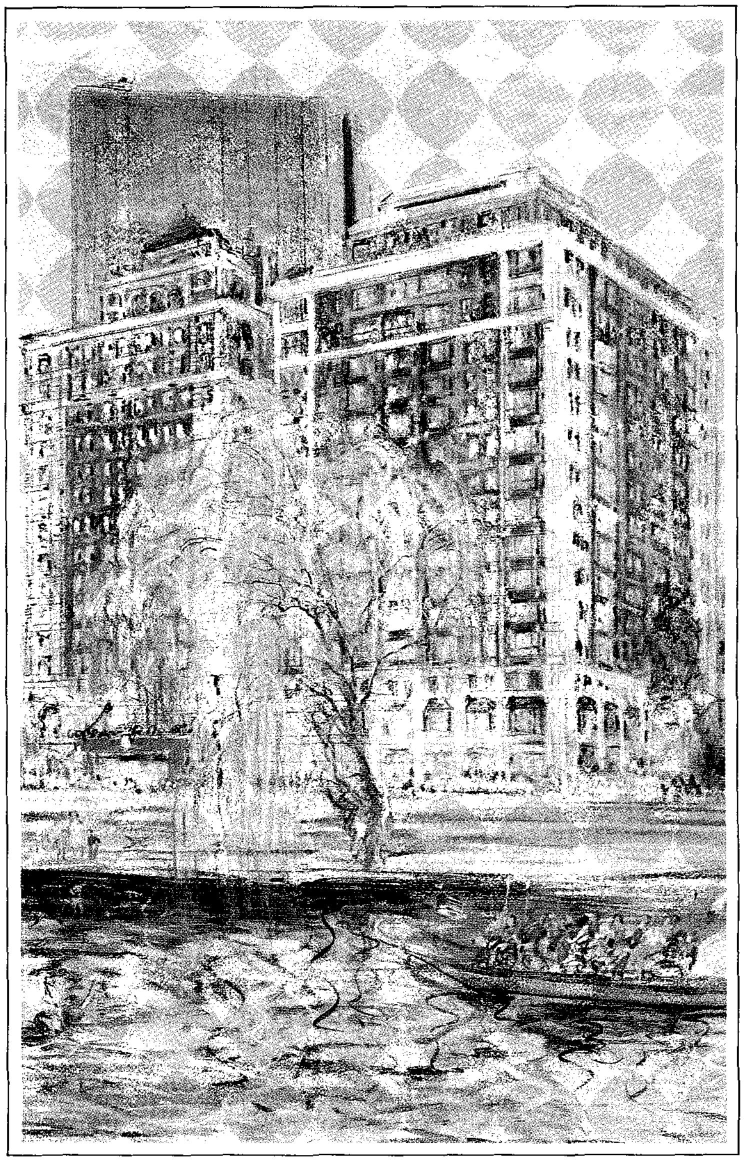

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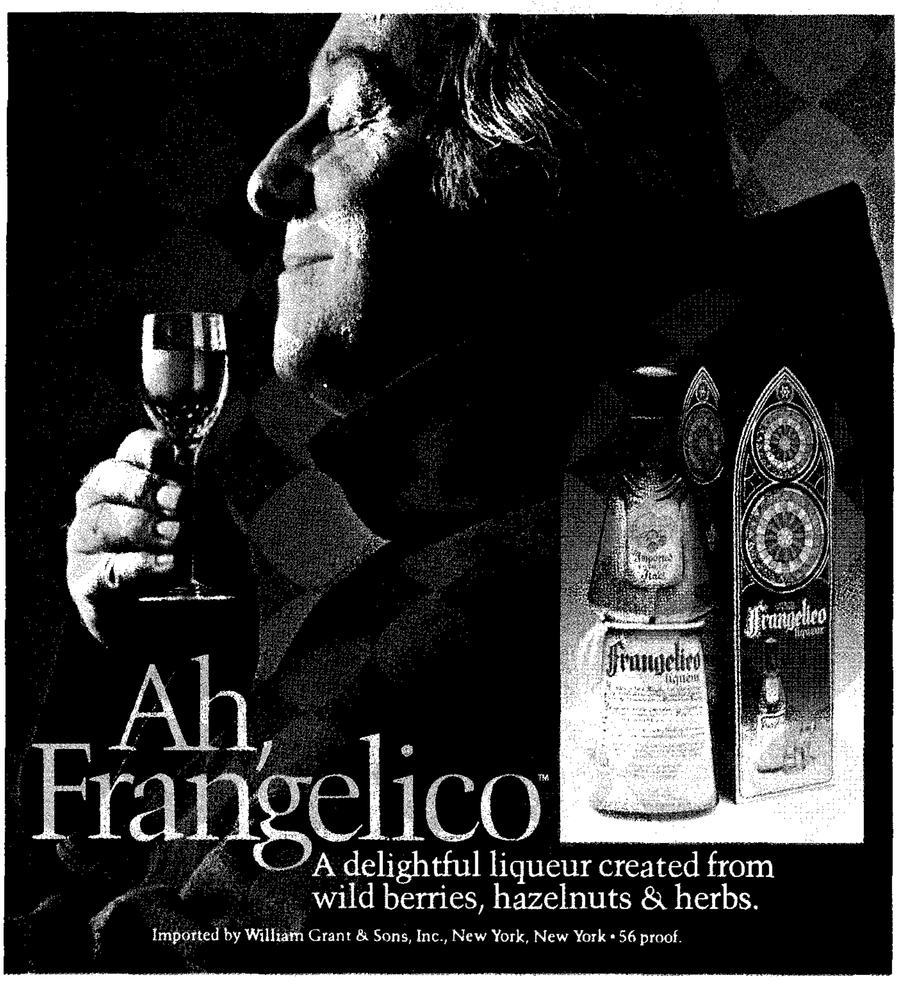
them to declare in the next breath that they are unwaveringly resolved to perpetrate exactly this unjustifiable and insane action if some nation threatens a "vital interest" of theirs.

Thus, the peril of extinction is the price that the world pays not for "safety" or "survival" but for its insistence on continuing to divide itself up into sovereign nations. Without this insistence, there would be no need to threaten annihilation in order to escape annihilation, and the world could escape annihilation by disarming, as Russell, Einstein, and others recommended as early as the mid-nineteen-forties. Churchill's aphorism thus needs revision to read, "National sovereignty will be the sturdy child of terror and the twin brother of annihilation." This is less pithy and less palatable than the original, but it is the truth about our present nuclear arrangements. Or, to be exact, and to give those arrangements their due, the statement should read, "Safety will be the sturdy child of terror, and survival the twin brother of annihilation, *provided that nations respect one another's vital interests; otherwise, we end the world.*" But, no matter how one phrases it, the fact, which is rarely, if ever, mentioned either in the cold, abstract language of the theorists or in the ringing tones of the statesmen, is that the nuclear powers put a higher value on national sovereignty than they do on human survival, and that, while they would naturally prefer to have both, they are ultimately prepared to bring an end to mankind in their attempt to protect their own countries.

That we have let extinction replace war as the final protector of national interests is concealed to a certain extent by the fact that so far nuclear threats have been used, broadly speaking, for defensive purposes, to preserve rather than upset the status quo. For example, no one has attempted simply to conquer other countries through the threat or the use of nuclear weapons. Our reliance on extinction to thus freeze the world more or less in its present state is, in a sense, flushed out of hiding in times of crisis, when the status quo is challenged. At these moments—the Berlin crisis, the Cuban missile crisis, the American mining of Haiphong Harbor in 1972, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in 1979, among others—the world suddenly glimpses how far the superpowers are ready to go in pursuit of their interests. When calm returns, however, we



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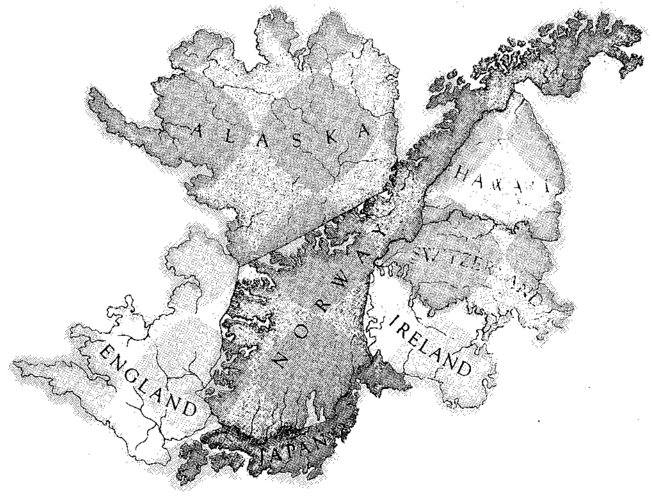

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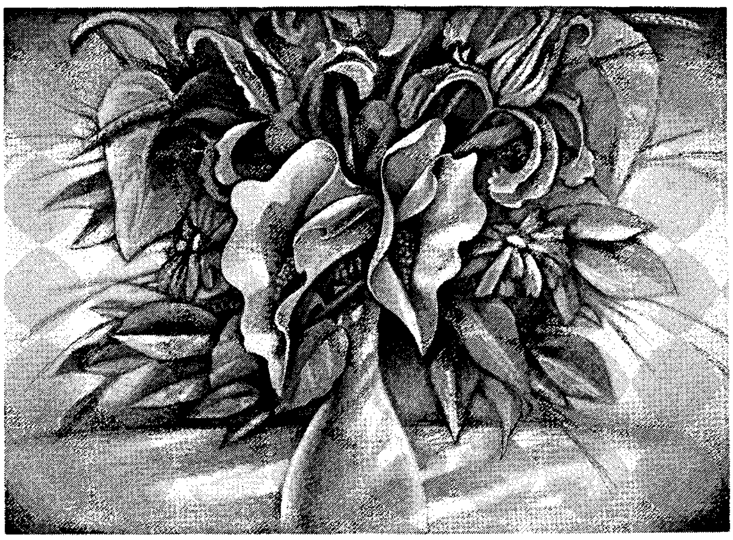

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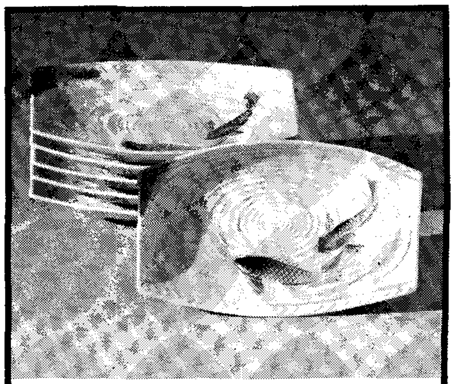

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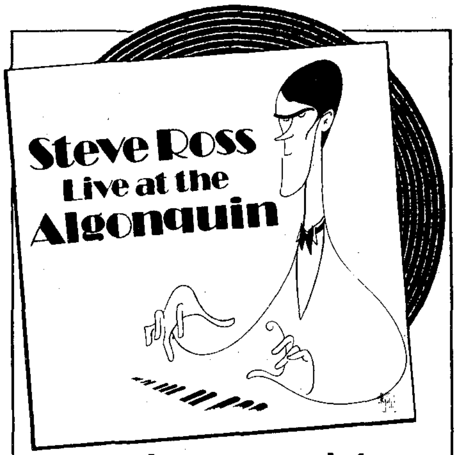

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are permitted to forget this ugly fact about the nuclear world, and to indulge ourselves again in the illusion that we possess nuclear arms solely in order to prevent their use.

As I have noted earlier, the crisis brought about by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan serves to illustrate the contradictory pressures that operate on statesmen in any nuclear crisis. When the Soviet Union began the airlift of thousands of troops into Afghanistan, early in December of 1979, and, a few weeks later, oversaw the murder of the country's leader, President Hafizullah Amin (an extreme leftist who had fallen out of favor with Moscow), and installed its own man, Babrak Karmal, in his place, the American reaction was immediate and strong, but it involved neither the use nor the threat of force. President Carter sharply curtailed the sale of grain and certain other items to the Soviet Union, asked the United States Olympic Committee not to participate in the Olympics in Moscow in the summer of 1980 (the request was honored), and announced that he was asking the Senate to delay consideration of the SALT II treaty, which he and Brezhnev had already signed. The lack of military action, or even a threat of such action, against the Soviets in Afghanistan signalled that, while the American government was greatly disturbed by the invasion, it did not regard it as menacing the "vital interests" of the United States. The same could not be said, however, of a possible invasion of Afghanistan's neighbor Iran, which supplied oil in large quantities to the West, or of nearby Saudi Arabia, which has the largest oil reserves of any country in the world. The independence of these nations was indeed considered to be a vital interest of the United States, because the nations of the Western alliance and Japan had come to depend on Middle Eastern oil for the functioning of their economies; and it was a growing fear that the Soviet Union might next threaten these countries that gave the crisis a nuclear dimension. The fact was that the United States was worried not so much about Afghanistan and its people as about Western oil supplies. And to counter that perceived peril the United States did resort to a military threat, which took the form of Carter's statement, in his State of the Union address, in January, that "an attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United

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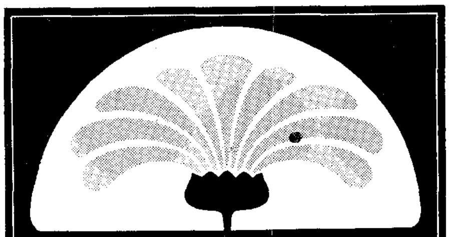

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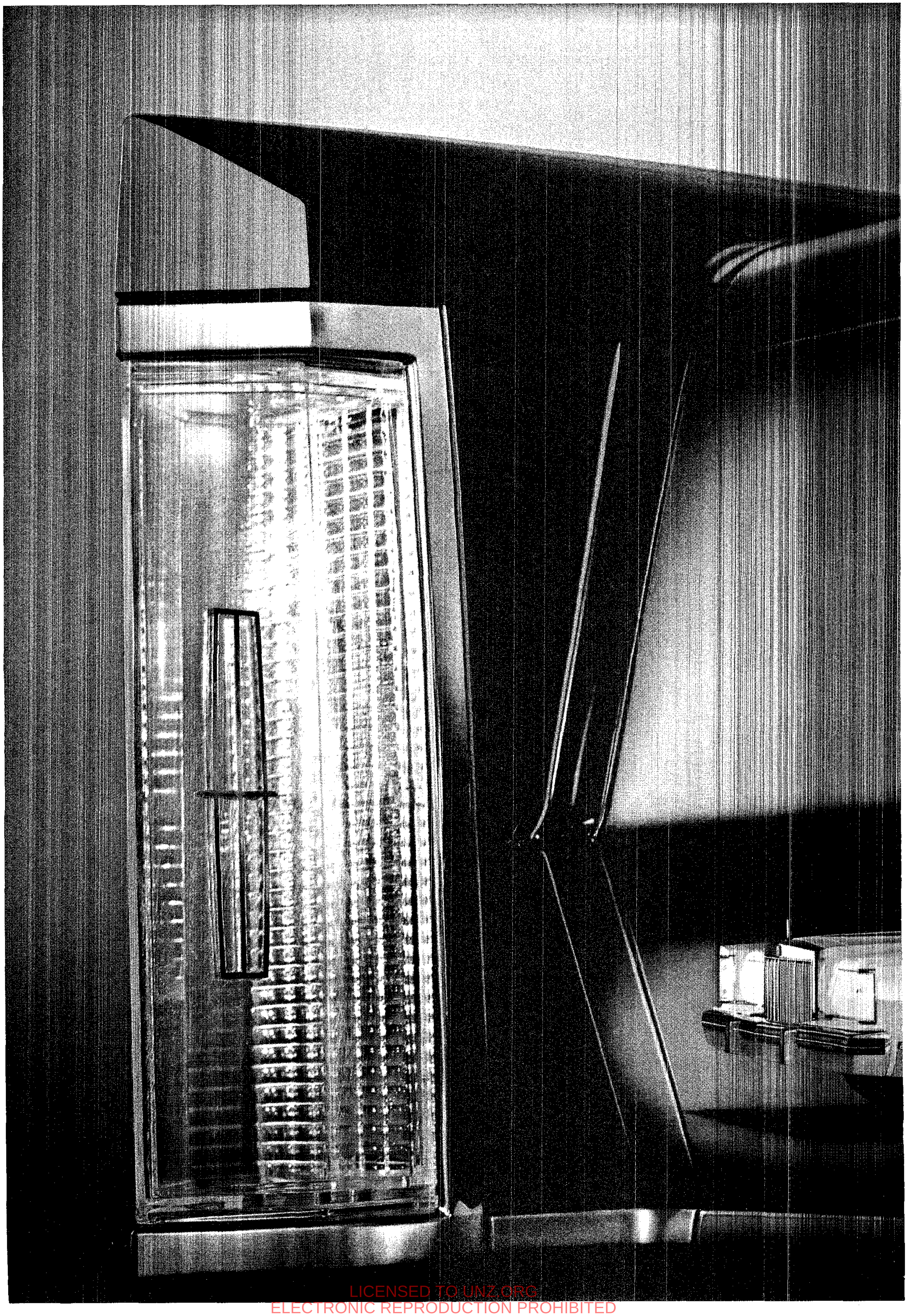

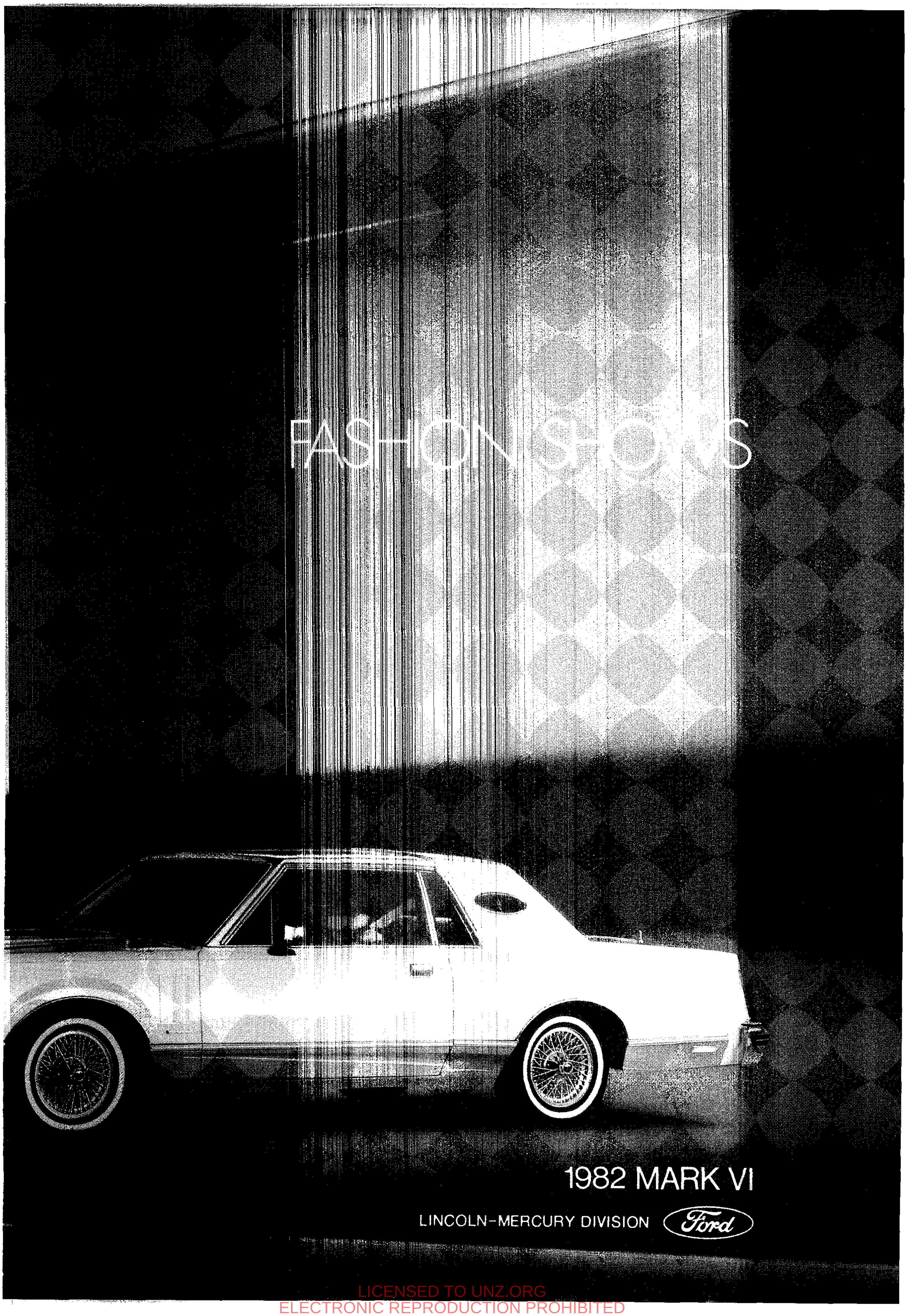
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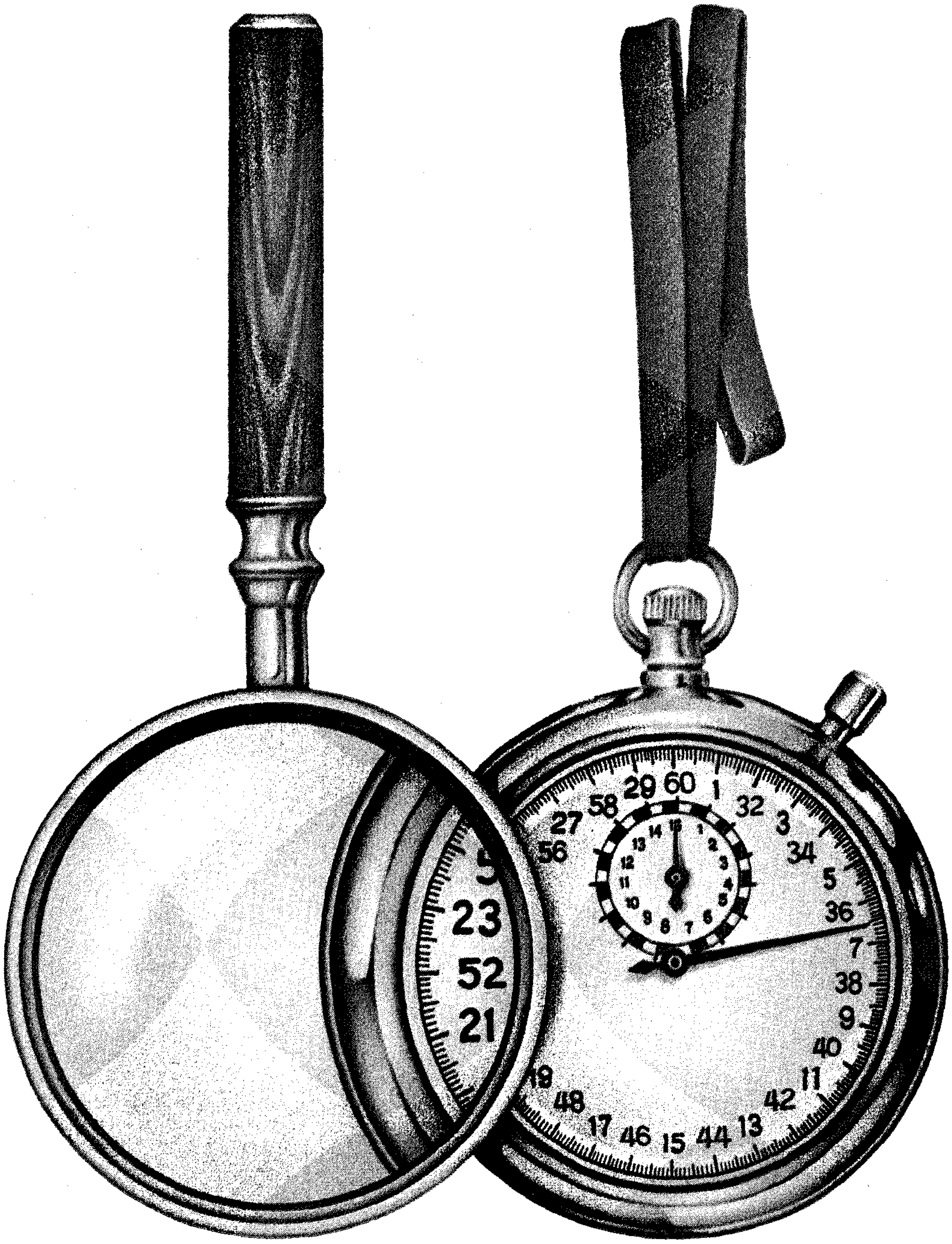

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States of America," and that "such an assault will be repelled by any means necessary, including military force." And shortly afterward any ambiguity about the meaning of the threat was dispelled by the story in the *Times* concerning a Defense Department "study" (apparently leaked by the Administration) that found that in the event of a Soviet invasion of northern Iran the United States should consider the use of nuclear weapons. However, just as everyone knew that the Soviet Union had conventional superiority in the Persian Gulf, everyone also knew that the Soviet Union possessed nuclear weapons and would be perfectly capable of using them in retaliation if the United States used them first. No one could suppose that the Soviet Union would advance into Iran only to give up and go home once the United States had used nuclear weapons against its troops. Rather, it was thought, the Soviet Union would either hold off from such an invasion in the first place or have some plan in mind for responding to an American nuclear attack. Furthermore, it was clear to all observers that neither side could expect to "win" a nuclear "war" in the Middle East. Only after all the missiles were fired—not only at targets in the Middle East but at targets throughout the world—would any outcome be reached, but that outcome, of course, would be mutual annihilation. Since these elementary facts were well known to both sides, and had certainly been rehearsed countless times in "war games" and the like, both sides were well aware that President Carter in threatening to use "any means necessary" to defend the Persian Gulf was in effect invoking the ultimate sanction: the threat of pushing the world into a nuclear holocaust. I shall not deal here with the question of whether or not Carter was correct in his judgment that the Soviet Union was considering the conquest of the Persian Gulf countries, and thus needed to be deterred from doing so. I only wish to observe that in the present global political system a leader of a nuclear power who comes to believe that his nation's vital interests are being threatened by another nuclear power faces a pair of alternatives that never confronted any statesman of pre-nuclear times: he can acquiesce in the aggression—a policy that, if it were to be followed consistently, could leave his nation at the adversary's mercy—or he can threaten, as Carter did, to unleash a holocaust in which the life

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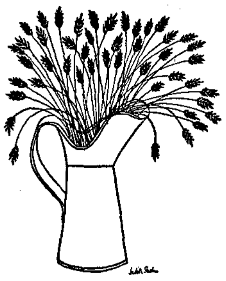
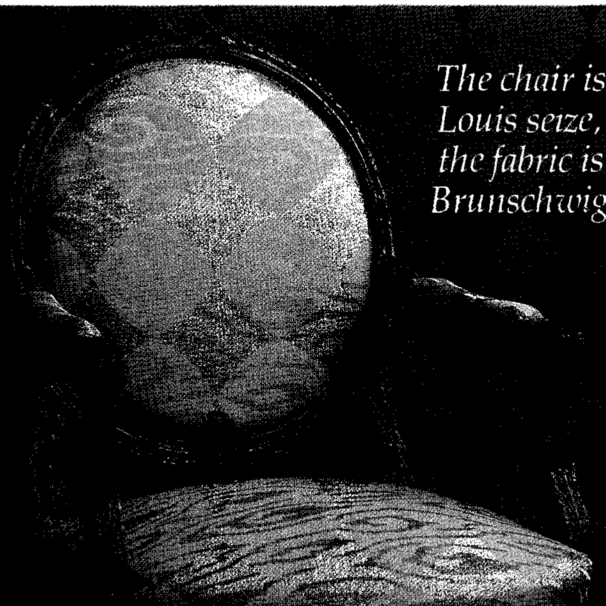
of mankind might be lost, his hope being, of course, that the threat alone will deter the enemy from its aggressive action.

We are left to wonder what Carter would have done if the Soviets had ignored his threat and invaded Iran or Saudi Arabia, just as we are left to wonder what any Soviet or American leaders would do if an "unacceptable" move against the "vital interests" of their countries ever actually materialized—if, for example, the Soviet Union invaded West Germany, or the NATO forces invaded East Germany. This is what the world had to ask itself during the Cuban missile crisis, and what it has to ask itself whenever the interests of the superpowers clash in any part of the world. (And the question also comes up now in Sino-Soviet disputes—as it did when the Chinese recently engaged in a border war against the Soviet-backed Vietnamese. The divide that defines "the brink" now runs between the Soviet Union and China as well as between the Soviet Union and the United States.) As in the case of the retaliatory strike in deterrence theory, we encounter the disparity between the supposed rationality of *threatening* the use of nuclear weapons and the irrationality of actually *using* them if the threat should fail. For while it arguably makes sense to *deter* the foe from some action with the threat of a holocaust, it can never make sense to *launch* the holocaust if the foe is not deterred, since there is no human purpose that can justify extinction. And yet the success of the deterrence doctrine depends on the credibility of the threat of this unjustifiable use. Would Carter—a dedicated Christian—have risked extinction in the attempt to hold on to Middle Eastern oil? When he made his threat, did he consider his obligation to all of mankind and to the numberless future generations of human beings? Would he have plunged the world into the "vast unknown"? And did Brezhnev consider those obligations when he jarred the peace of the world by sending his armies across Soviet borders to subjugate one of the earth's sovereign peoples? Would Brezhnev, who has stated that to launch a nuclear holocaust would be "suicide," commit that suicide if he believed that the West was about to gain control of Eastern Europe? Would Deng Xiaoping take that risk to keep hold of a piece of Inner Mongolia? Did Khrushchev weigh the importance of the earth and the human species when he sent into Cuba missiles capable of carrying nuclear warheads? And did Kennedy weigh the importance of those things when he blockaded Cuba and then, according to his brother, waited to find out whether events over which "he no longer had control" would lead the world into a holocaust? These are the questions that hang in the air over our nuclear world, leaving us perpetually uncertain whether the next moment may not be the world's last.



WHEN one great power adopts a strategic theory, it becomes a doctrine; when two rival great powers adopt it, it becomes a system; and when those rivals more or less abide by the rules of the system, and even hold negotiations aimed at strengthening it (I am thinking of SALT), and are prepared to see new nations enter it as they develop the necessary technical equipment, the system can be described as entrenched. This is the point at which the system of deterrence has arrived today. In essence, it is, as we have seen, a system of sovereign nation-states presided over by a hedged, or qualified, doomsday machine, with which we hope to reap the deterrent benefits of the threat of doom without clearly committing ourselves to doom if deterrence should fail—as we know that it well may, especially with the number of nuclear powers in the world growing. The basic dictate of the system is that if in the opinion of any nuclear power any other nuclear power seriously breaks the rules, then all powers are to be annihilated. Since in a holocaust the consequences may be the same for the aggressor, its punisher, and bystanders, the distinction between friendly and hostile nuclear forces has lost most of its meaning, and the nuclear arsenals of the world are effectively combined by policy into one great arsenal, which is looked to by all powers equally for their "safety." By the same token, even conventionally armed nations have the potential of blowing the world up, for they may draw the superpowers into one of their wars. We can picture this system in simple form if we imagine it as a doomsday machine possessed jointly by all nuclear powers. It is as though a number of people, each one possessing certain valuables that the others want and, furthermore, think they have a right to, are grouped in a room around a single bomb that is large enough to kill them all if it goes off. Each person holds in his hands a switch with which he can detonate the bomb. Every once in a while, a new person enters, also holding a switch. These people constantly reassure one another that the purpose of the whole system is to frighten everyone into inaction and let everyone enjoy in peace the valuables he has, and that for anyone to pull the switch would be suicidal and insane. Yet whenever a dispute breaks out over which valuables rightfully belong to whom, those same people hotly declare that enjoyment of their valuables is more important to them than everyone's life, their own included, and declare their "unwavering" and "inexorable" determination to set off the bomb if they cannot have their way. To this description we must add that some of the people in the room are not quite sure that the system works the way they have been told it does, and suspect that if they are the ones to set off the bomb they may be spared and only the others killed.

Examined in theoretical terms, the deterrence system emerges as a monstrous hybrid, stuck halfway between what the political philosophers call a "state of nature," in which individuals live together without founding any central authority among them, and the so-called "civil state," in which such an authority has been founded. In the passage from the state of nature to the civil state, each individual surrenders his capacity for violence to the central authority, which then employs the gathered resources, according to a system of laws, in the service of the common good. In the deterrence system, the individuals have combined their forces into a single force—the machine that will punish everyone with annihilation if anyone breaks the rules—but have failed to establish any central authority to preside over it. Thus, they have centralized the means of violence while leaving the decision-making decentralized—in effect, delegating to each member of the community a veto power over the continued survival of the species. It is no overstatement to say that if any society organized its affairs in this way, giving to each citizen the power to kill all the others, it would be regarded as deranged. (The system is even worse



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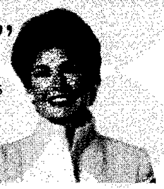

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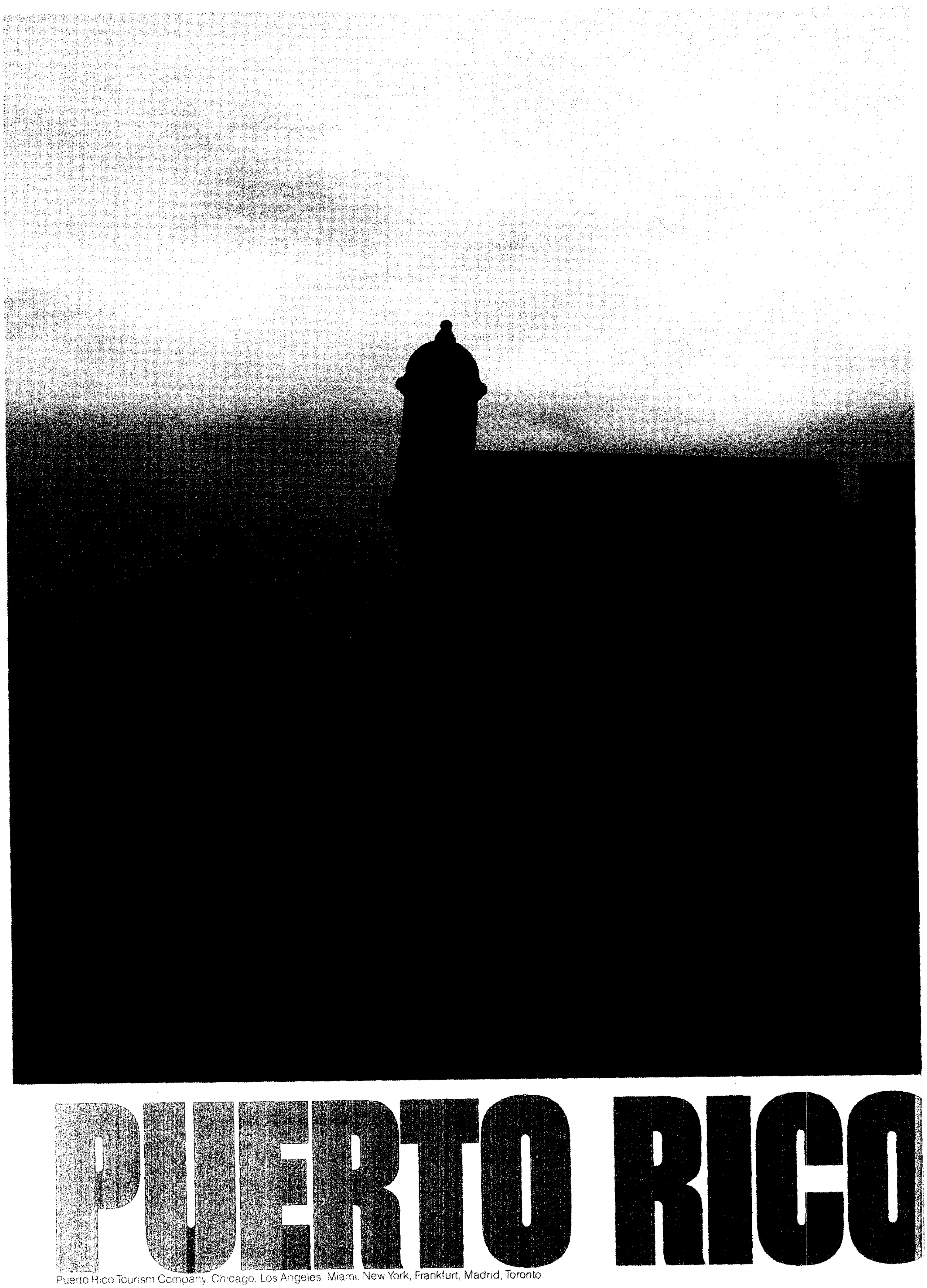
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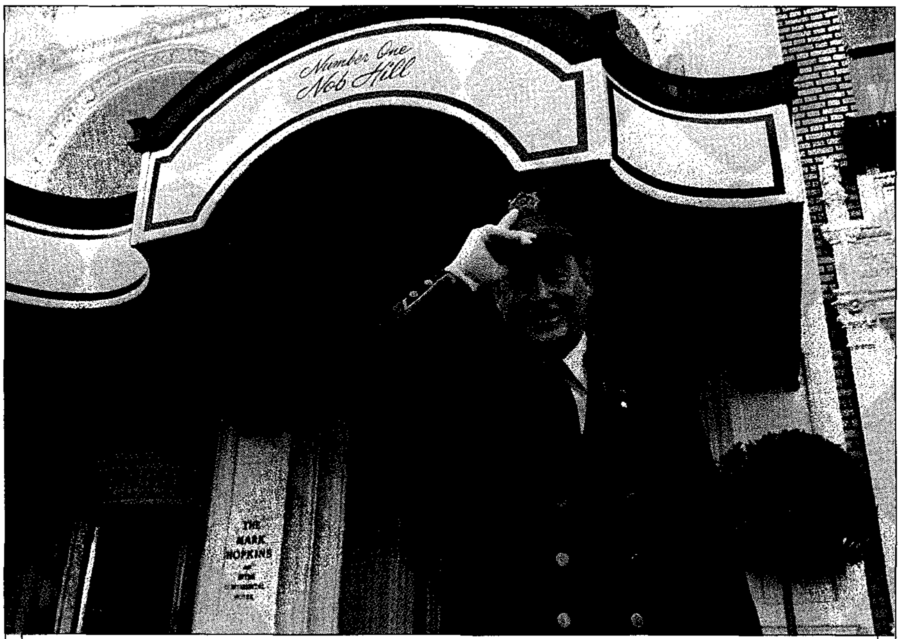

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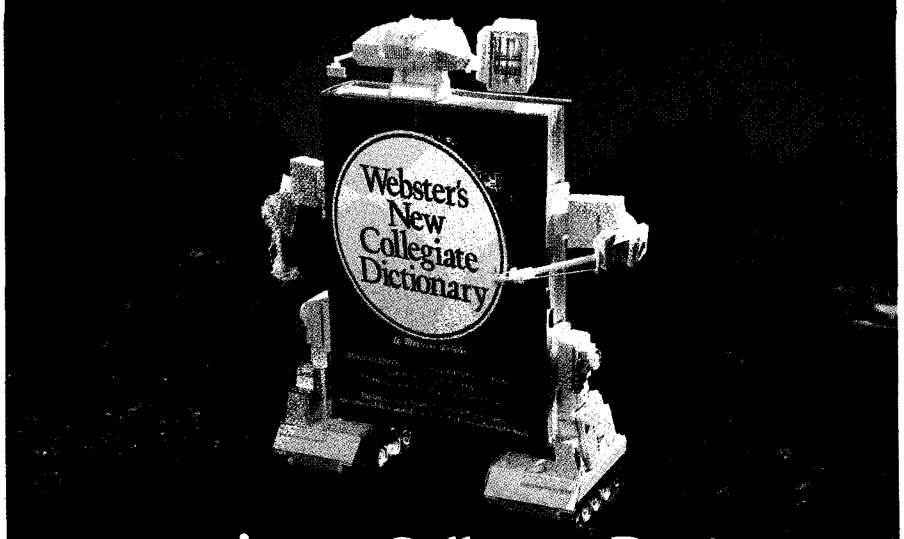

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than anarchy, in which the evil that each person can do is at least limited by the limits of his own strength.) But, for some reason, when it comes to organizing the whole world, and providing for its survival, we regard such a system as a masterpiece of prudent statesmanship.

The dilemma of the nation that in order to protect its national sovereignty finds that it must put the survival of mankind at risk is a trap from which there is no escape as long as nations possess arsenals of nuclear weapons. The deterrence doctrine seeks to rationalize this state of affairs, but it fails, because at the crucial moment it requires nations to sacrifice mankind for their own interests—an absurdity as well as a crime beyond reckoning. Indeed, the deterrence doctrine actually almost *compels* the world to live perpetually on the brink of doom, for any nation that took a step or two back would put its interests and, ultimately, its independence at the mercy of the military forces of its adversaries. And although, for any number of reasons, an adversary might not press its advantage (as, for example, the United States did not right after the Second World War, when it possessed a monopoly on nuclear weapons), no nation has yet volunteered to put itself at this competitive disadvantage. It appears that the only way to escape from the trap is to change the system, and take away from nuclear weapons the responsibility for defending nations. But unless one supposes that, in a global spread of quietism, nations and people in general are going to give up the pursuit of their interests and their ideals and become wholly inactive, this separation can be achieved only if a new way—a nonviolent way—of making and guaranteeing these decisions is found.

In the decades since nuclear arms first appeared in the world, the doctrine of nuclear deterrence has commanded the sincere respect and adherence of many people of good will—especially when they found themselves arguing, as they so often did, with the adherents of traditional military doctrine, who even today, in the face of extinction itself, go on arguing for "military superiority," and the like. And if one once accepts the existence of the doomsday machine, then deterrence theory, however flawed, does offer the hope of certain benefits, the main one being a degree of "stability." Therefore, the perpetual struggle of its adherents against the sheer lunacy

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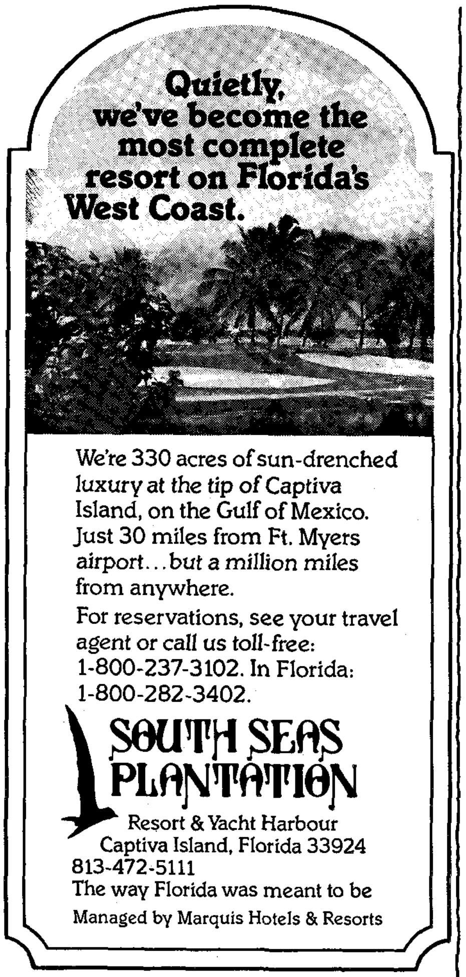
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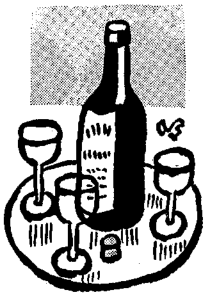
of "fighting a nuclear war" is a creditable one. But the fundamental truth about the doctrine and about its role in the wider political—and, it must be added, biological—scheme of things also has to be recognized. For the doctrine's central claim—that it deploys nuclear weapons only in order to prevent their use—is simply not true. Actually, it deploys them to protect national sovereignty, and if this aim were not present they could be quickly dismantled. The doctrine, then, has been the intellectual screen behind which the doomsday machine was built. And its deceptive claim that only by building nuclear weapons can we save ourselves from nuclear weapons lent the doomsday machine a veneer of reason and of respectability—almost of benevolence—that it should never have been given. For to build this machine at all was a mistake of the hugest proportions ever known—without question the greatest ever made by our species. The only conceivable worse mistake would be to put the machine to use. Now deterrence, having rationalized the construction of the machine, weds us to it, and, at best, offers us, if we are lucky, a slightly extended term of residence on earth before the inevitable human or mechanical mistake occurs and we are annihilated.



Yet the deterrence policy in itself is clearly not the deepest source of our difficulty. Rather, as we have seen, it is only a piece of repair work on the immeasurably more deeply entrenched system of national sovereignty. People do not want deterrence for its own sake; indeed, they hardly know what it is, and tend to shun the whole subject. They want the national sovereignty that deterrence promises to preserve. National sovereignty lies at the very core of the political issues that the peril of extinction forces upon us. Sovereignty is the "reality" that the "realists" counsel us to accept as inevitable, referring to any alternative as "unrealistic" or "utopian." If the argument about nuclear weapons is to be conducted in good faith, then just as those who favor the deterrence policy (not to speak of traditional military doctrine) must in all honesty admit that their scheme contemplates the extinction of man in the name of protecting national sovereignty, so must those who favor complete nuclear and conventional disarmament, as I do, admit that their recommendation is inconsistent with national sovereignty; to pretend otherwise would be to evade the political question that is central to the nuclear predicament. The terms of the deal that the world has now struck with itself must be made clear. On the one side stand human life and the terrestrial creation. On the other side stands a particular organization of human life—the system of independent, sovereign nation-states. Our choice so far as been to preserve that political organization of human life at the cost of risking all human life. We are told that "realism" compels us to preserve the system of sovereignty. But that political realism is not biological realism; it is biological nihilism—and for that reason is, of course, political nihilism, too. Indeed, it is nihilism in every conceivable sense of that word. We are told that it is human fate—perhaps even "a law of human nature"—that, in obedience, perhaps, to some "territorial imperative," or to some dark and ineluctable truth in the bottom of our souls, we must preserve sovereignty and always settle our differences with violence. If this is our fate, then it is our fate to die. But must we embrace nihilism? Must we die? Is self-extermination a law of our nature? Is there nothing we can do? I do not believe so. Indeed, if we admit the reality of the basic terms of the nuclear predicament—that present levels of global armament are great enough to possibly extinguish the species if a holocaust should occur; that in extinction every human purpose would be lost; that because once the species has been extinguished there will be no second chance, and the game will be over for all time; that therefore this possibility must be dealt with morally and politically as though it were a certainty; and that either by accident or by design a holocaust can occur at any second—then, whatever political views we may hold on other matters, we are driven almost inescapably to take action to rid the world of nuclear arms. Just as we have chosen to make nuclear weapons, we can choose to unmake them. Just as we have chosen to live in the system of sovereign states, we can choose to live in some other system. To do so would, of course, be unprecedented, and in many ways frightening, even truly perilous, but it is by no means impossible. Our present system and the institutions that make it up are the debris of history. They

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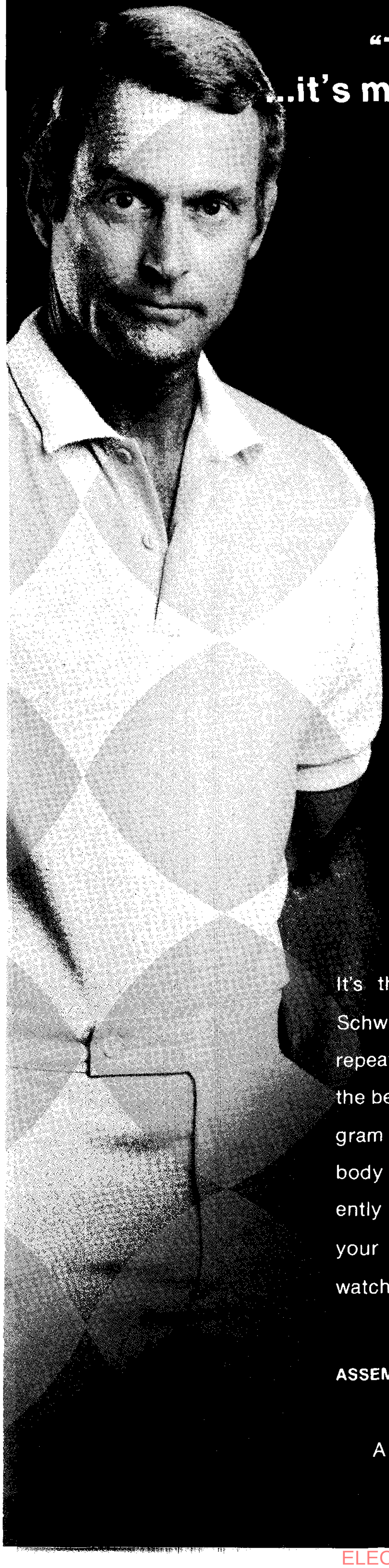

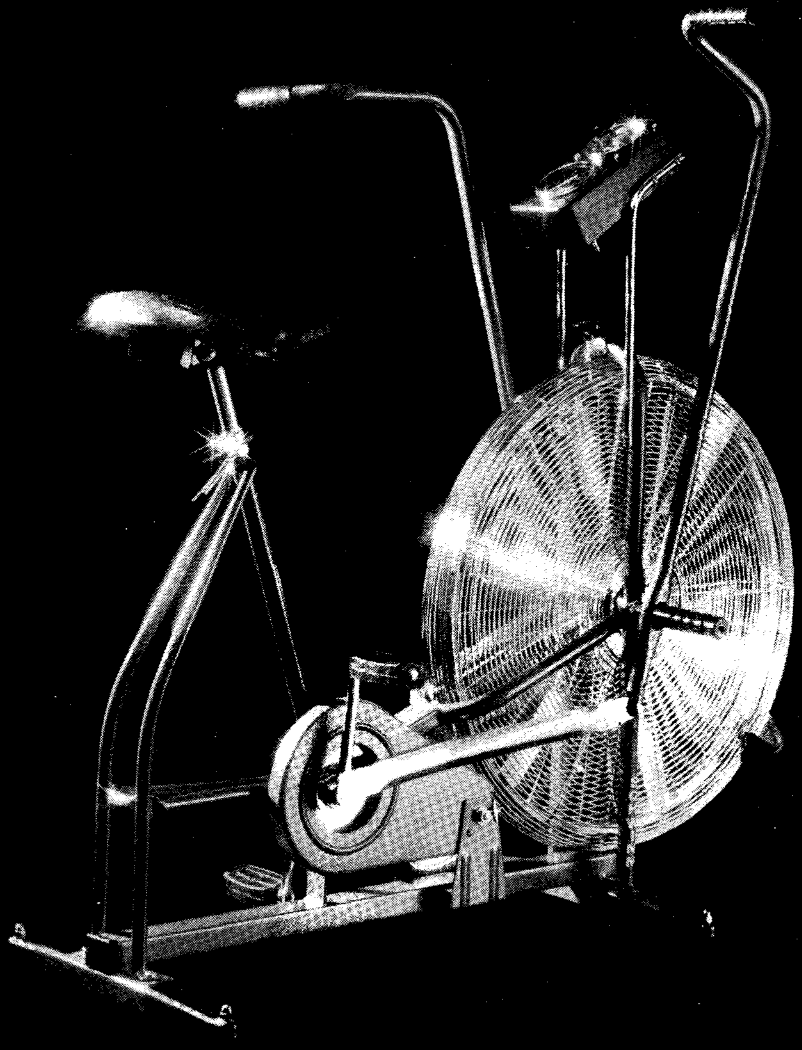

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have become inimical to life, and must be swept away. They constitute a noose around the neck of mankind, threatening to choke off the human future, but we can cut the noose and break free. To suppose otherwise would be to set up a false, fictitious fate, molded out of our own weaknesses and our own alterable decisions. We are indeed fated by our acquisition of the basic knowledge of physics to live for the rest of time with the knowledge of how to destroy ourselves. But we are not for that reason fated to destroy ourselves. We can choose to live.

IN this article, I have not sought to define a political solution to the nuclear predicament—either to embark on the full-scale reëxamination of the foundations of political thought which must be undertaken if the world's political institutions are to be made consonant with the global reality in which they operate or to work out the practical steps by which mankind, acting for the first time in history as a single entity, can reorganize its political life. I have left to others those awesome, urgent tasks, which, imposed on us by history, constitute the *political work of our age*. Rather, I have attempted to examine the physical extent, the human significance, and the practical dimensions of the nuclear predicament in which the whole world now finds itself. This predicament is a sort of cage that has quietly grown up around the earth, imprisoning every person on it, and the demanding terms of the predicament—its durability, its global political sweep, its human totality—constitute the bars of that cage. However, if a description of the predicament, which is the greatest that mankind has ever faced, cannot in itself reveal to us how we can escape, it can, I believe, acquaint us with the magnitude and shape of the task that we have to address ourselves to. And it can summon us to action.

To begin a summary with the matter of war: By effectively removing the limits on human access to the forces of nature, the invention of nuclear weapons ruined war, which depended for its results, and therefore for its usefulness, on the exhaustion of the forces of one of the adversaries. War depended, above all, on the weakness of human powers, and when human powers came to exceed human and other earthly endurance—when man as master of nature grew mightier than man as a vulnerable, mortal part of nature—war

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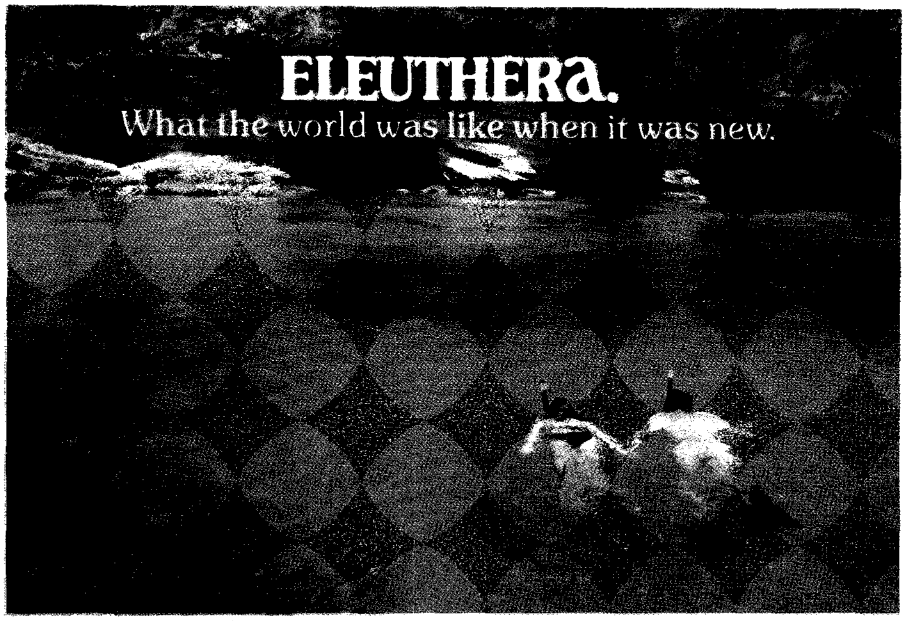

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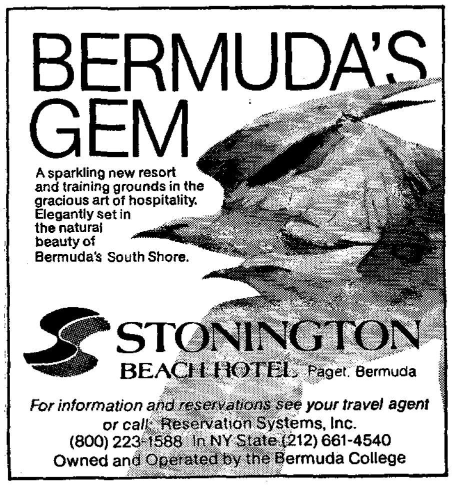

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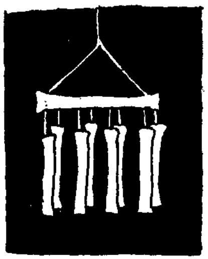
was ruined. Since war was the means by which violence was fashioned into an instrument that was useful in political affairs, the ruin of war by nuclear weapons has brought about a divorce between violence and politics. I submit that this divorce, being based on irreversible progress in scientific knowledge, not only is final but must ultimately extend across the full range of political affairs, and that the task facing the species is to shape a world politics that does not rely on violence. This task falls into two parts—two aims. The first is to save the world from extinction by eliminating nuclear weapons from the earth. Just recently, on the occasion of his retirement, Admiral Hyman Rickover, who devoted a good part of his life to overseeing the development and construction of nuclear-powered, nuclear-missile-bearing submarines for the United States Navy, told a congressional committee that in his belief mankind was going to destroy itself with nuclear arms. He also said of his part in the nuclear buildup that he was "not proud" of it, and added that he would like to "sink" the ships that he had poured so much of his life into. And, indeed, what everyone is now called on to do is to sink all the ships, and also ground all the planes, and fill in all the missile silos, and dismantle all the warheads. The second aim, which alone can provide a sure foundation for the first, is to create a political means by which the world can arrive at the decisions that sovereign states previously arrived at through war. These two aims, which correspond to the aims mentioned earlier of preserving the existence of life and pursuing the various ends of life, are intimately connected. If, on the one hand, disarmament is not accompanied by a political solution, then every clash of will between nations will tempt them to pick up the instruments of violence again, and so lead the world back toward extinction. If, on the other hand, a political solution is not accompanied by complete disarmament, then the political decisions that are made will not be binding, for they will be subject to challenge by force. And if, as in our present world, there is neither a political solution nor disarmament, then the world will be held perpetually at the edge of doom, and every clash between nuclear powers will threaten to push it over the edge.



A. Malcolm

The significance of the first aim—disarmament—which, without being paradoxical, we can describe as a "strategic" aim, can be clarified if we extend to its logical conclusion the reasoning that underlies the doctrine of deterrence. At present, the world relies on nuclear weapons both to prevent the use of nuclear weapons and to regulate the behavior of nations; but let us go a step—a very large step—further, and suppose, for a moment, that the world had established a political means of making international decisions and thus had no further need for nuclear or any other weapons. In order for such a thing to happen, we may ask, would the doctrine of deterrence and the fears on which it is based have to evaporate in the warmth of global good will? They would not. On the contrary, fear of extinction would have to increase, and permeate life at a deeper level: until it was great enough to inspire the complete rearrangement of world politics. Indeed, only when the world has given up violence does Churchill's dictum that safety is the sturdy child of terror actually become true. (At present, as we have seen, it is not safety but sovereignty that is the sturdy child of terror.) Under the current deterrence doctrine, one might say, safety is only the frail, anemic child of terror, and the reason is precisely that the terror is not yet robust enough to produce a sturdy offspring. For we still deny it, look away from it, and fail to let i reach deep enough into our lives and determine our actions. If we felt the peril for what it is—an urgent threa to our whole human substance—we would let it become the organizing principle of our global collective existence: the foundation on which the world was built. Fear would *no* longer dictate particular decisions, such as whether or not the Soviet Union might place missiles in Cuba; rather, i would be a moving force behind the establishment of a new system by which every decision was made. And having dictated the foundation of the system, it would stand guard over i forever after, guaranteeing that the species did not slide back toward anarchy and doom.

This development would be the logical final goal of the doctrine o nuclear deterrence. In the pre-nuclea world, the threat of war, backed up by the frequent practice of war, served a a deterrent to aggression. Today, the threat of extinction, unsupported, for obvious reasons, by practice but backed up by the existence of nuclear arms and the threat to use them, serves as the ultimate deterrent. Thus, in today's system the actual weapons have already retired halfway from their traditional military role. They are "psychological" weapons, whose purpose is not to be employed but to maintain a permanent state of mind—terror—in the adversary. Their target is someone's mind, and their end, if the system works, is to rust into powder in their silos. And our generals are already psychological soldiers—masters of the war game and of the computer terminal but not, fortunately, of the battlefield. In this cerebral world, strategy confronts strategy and scenario battles scenario, the better to keep any of them from ever actually unfolding. But we need to carry this trend further. We need to make the weapons *wholly* cerebral—not things that sit in a silo ready to be fired but merely a thought in our minds. We need to destroy them. Only then will the logical fallacy now at the heart of the deterrence doctrine be removed, for only then will the fear of extinction by nuclear arms be used for the sole purpose of preventing extinction, and not also for the pursuit of national political aims. In a perfected nuclear deterrence, the knowledge in a disarmed world that rearmament potentially means extinction would become the deterrent. Now, however, it would be not that each nuclear-armed country would deter its nuclear-armed adversary but that awareness of the peril of extinction would deter all mankind from reëmbarking on nuclear armament. All human beings would join in a defensive alliance, with nuclear weapons as their common enemy. But since that enemy could spring only from our own midst, deterrer and deterred would be one. We thus arrive at the basic strategic principle of life in a world in which the nuclear predicament has been resolved: *Knowledge is the deterrent.* The nuclear peril was born out of knowledge, and it must abide in knowledge. The knowledge in question would be, in the first place, the unlosable scientific knowledge that enables us to build the weapons and condemns us to live forever in a nuclear world. This knowledge is the inexpungible minimum presence that the nuclear peril will always have in the life of the world, no matter what measures we adopt. In the

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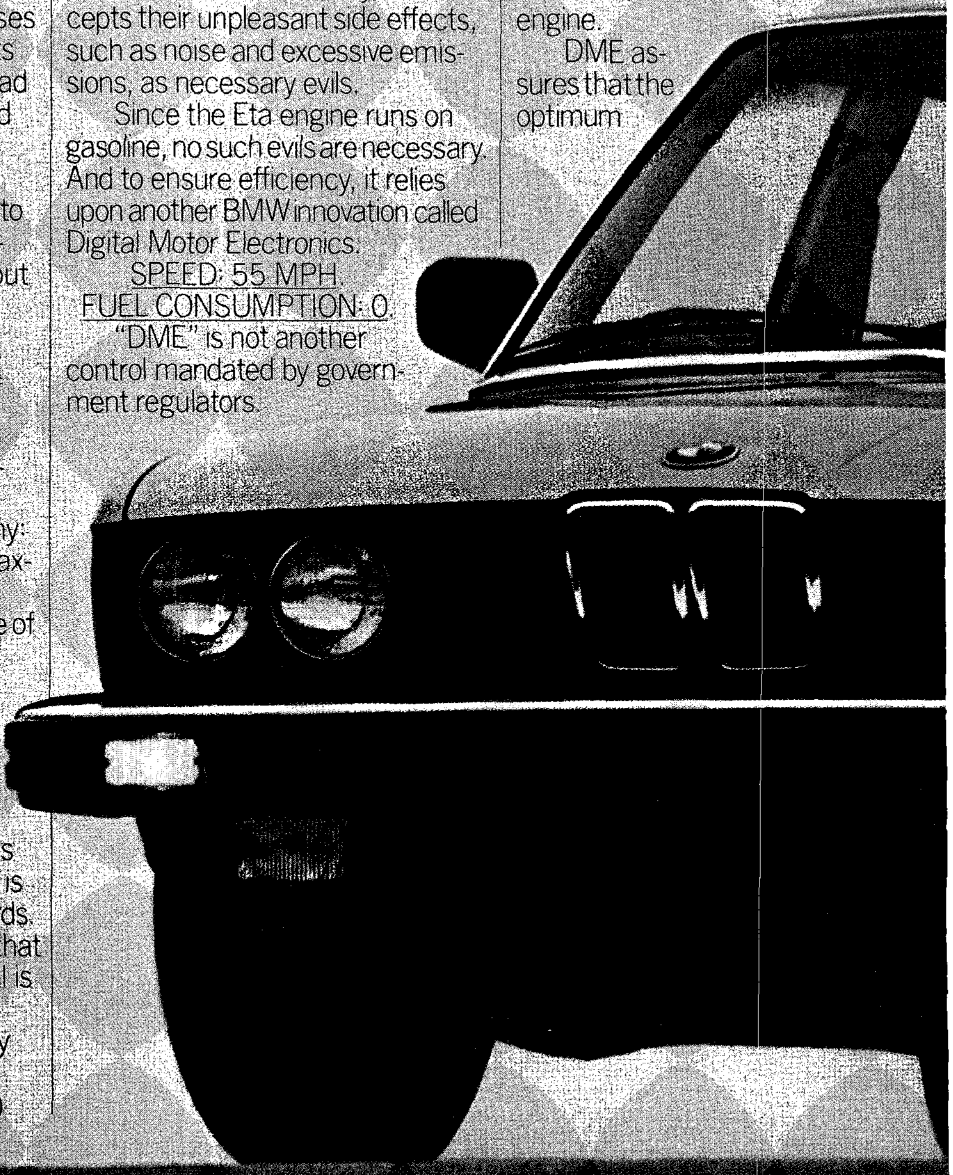

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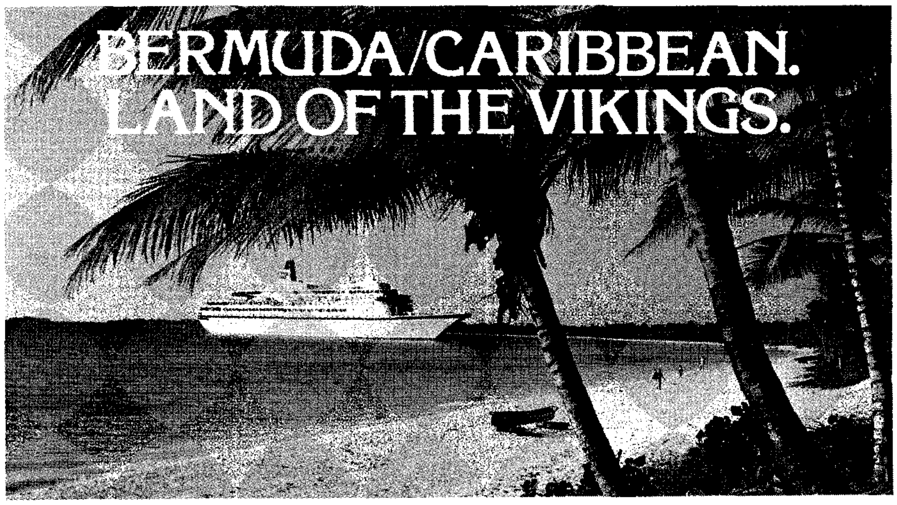

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second place, the knowledge would be the full emotional, intellectual, spiritual, and visceral understanding of the meaning of extinction—above all, the meaning of the unborn generations to the living. Because extinction is the end of mankind, it can never be anything more than "knowledge" for us; we can never "experience" extinction. It is *this* knowledge—this horror at a murderous action taken against generations yet unborn, which exerts pressure at the center of our existence, and which is the whole reality of extinction insofar as it is given to us to experience it—that must become the deterrent.

In a disarmed world, we would not have eliminated the peril of human extinction from the human scene—it is not in our power to do so—but we would at least have pitted our whole strength against it. The inconsistency of threatening to perpetrate extinction in order to escape extinction would be removed. The nuclei of atoms would still contain vast energy, and we would still know how to extinguish ourselves by releasing that energy in chain reactions, but we would not be lifting a finger to do it. There would be no complicity in mass murder, no billions of dollars spent on the machinery of annihilation, no preparations to snuff out the future generations, no hair-raising lunges toward the abyss.

The "realistic" school of political thinking, on which the present system of deterrence is based, teaches that men, on the whole, pursue their own interests and act according to a law of fear. The "idealistic" school looks on the human ability to show regard for others as fundamental, and is based on what Gandhi called the law of love. (Whereas the difference between traditional military thinking and nuclear strategic thinking lies in the different factual premises that they start from, the difference between the "realistic" and the "idealistic" schools of political philosophy lies in different judgments regarding human nature.) Historically, a belief in the necessity of violence has been the hallmark of the credo of the "realist;" however, if one consistently and thoroughly applies the law of fear in nuclear times one is driven not to rely on violence but to banish it altogether. This comes about as the result not of any idealistic assumption but of a rigorous application to our times of the strictly "military" logic of traditional war. For today the only way to achieve genuine national defense for any nation is for all nations to give up violence together. However, if we had begun with Gandhi's law of love we would have arrived at exactly the same arrangement. For to one who believed in nonviolence in a pre-nuclear setting the peril of extinction obviously adds one more reason—and a tremendous one, transcending all others—for giving up violence. Moreover, in at least one respect the law of love proves to fit the facts of this peril better than the law of fear. The law of fear relies on the love of self. Through deterrence—in which anyone's pursuit of self-interest at the expense of others will touch off general ruin that will destroy him, too—this self-love is made use of to protect everyone. However, self-love—a narrow, though intense, love—cannot, as we have seen, extend its protection to the future generations, or even get them in view. They still do not have any selves whose fear of death could be pooled in the common fund of fear, and yet their lives are at stake in extinction. The deterrence doctrine is a transaction that is limited to living people—it leaves out of account the helpless, speechless unborn (while we can launch a first strike against them, they have no forces with which to retaliate)—and yet the fate of the future generations is at the heart of extinction, for their cancellation is what extinction is. Their lives are at stake, but their vote is not counted. Love, however, can reach them—can enable them to be. Love, a spiritual energy that the human heart can pit against the physical energy released from the heart of matter, can create, cherish, and safeguard what extinction would destroy and shut up in nothingness. But in fact there is no need, at least on the practical level, to choose between the law of fear and the law of love, because ultimately they lead to the same destination. It is no more realistic than it is idealistic to destroy the world.

In supposing for a moment that the world had found a political means of making international decisions, I made a very large supposition indeed—one that encompasses something close to the whole work of resolving the nuclear predicament, for, once a political solution has been found, disarmament becomes a merely technical matter, which should present no special difficulties. And yet simply to recognize that the task is at bottom political, and that only a political solution can prepare the way for full disarmament and real safety for the species,

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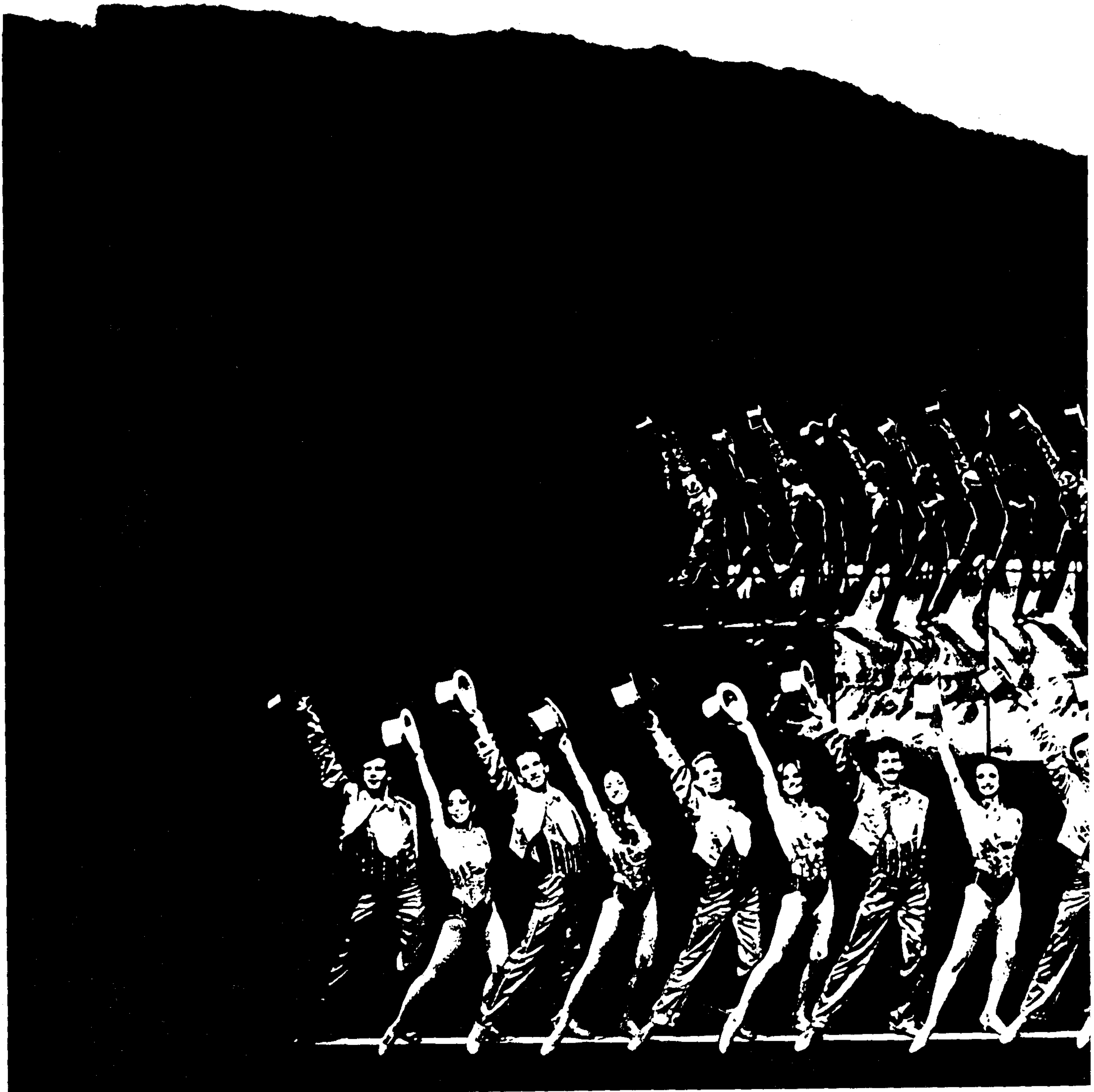

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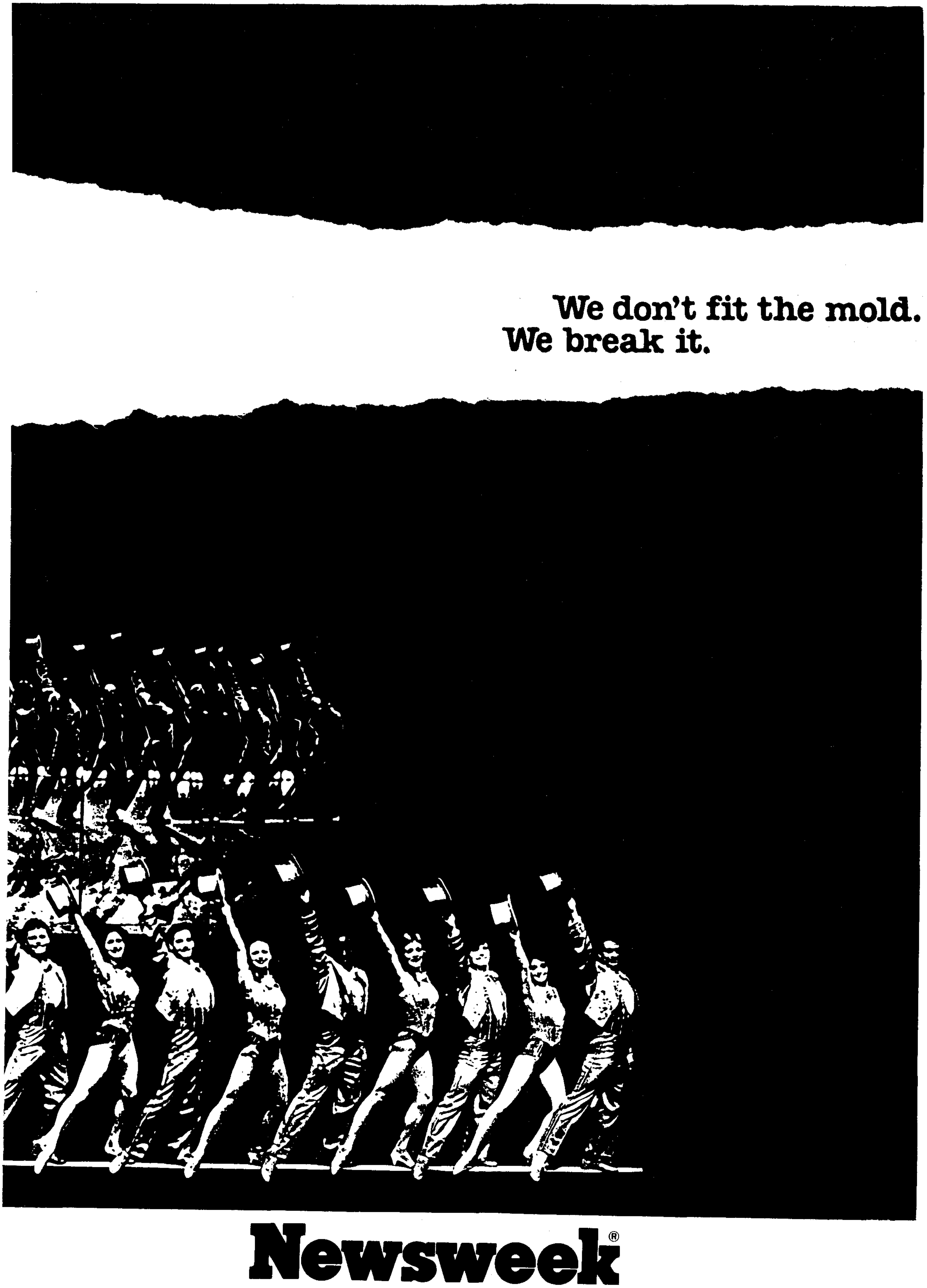
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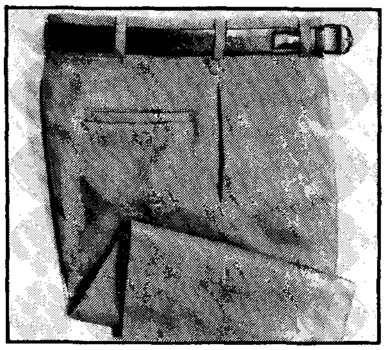

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is in itself important. The recognition calls attention to the fact that disarmament in isolation from political change cannot proceed very far. It alerts us to the fact that when someone proposes, as President Carter did in his Inaugural Address, to aim at ridding the world of nuclear weapons, there is an immense obstacle that has to be faced and surmounted. For the world, in freeing itself of one burden, the peril of extinction, must inevitably shoulder another: it must assume full responsibility for settling human differences peacefully. Moreover, this recognition forces us to acknowledge that nuclear disarmament cannot occur if conventional arms are left in place, since as long as nations defend themselves with arms of any kind they will be fully sovereign, and as long as they are fully sovereign they will be at liberty to build nuclear weapons if they so choose. And if we assume that wars do break out and some nations find themselves facing defeat in the conventional arena, then the reappearance of nuclear arms, which would prevent such defeat, becomes a strong likelihood. What nation, once having entrusted its fortunes to the force of arms, would permit itself to be conquered by an enemy when the means of driving him back, perhaps with a mere threat, was on hand? And how safe can the world be while nations threaten one another's existence with violence and retain for themselves the sovereign right to build whatever weapons they choose to build? This vision of an international life that in the military sphere is restricted to the pre-nuclear world while in the scientific realm it is in the nuclear world is, in fact, thoroughly implausible. If we are serious about nuclear disarmament—the minimum technical requirement for real safety from extinction—then we must accept conventional disarmament as well, and this means disarmament not just of nuclear powers but of all powers, for the present nuclear powers are hardly likely to throw away their conventional arms while non-nuclear powers hold on to theirs. But if we accept both nuclear and conventional disarmament, then we are speaking of revolutionizing the politics of the earth. The goals of the political revolution are defined by those of the nuclear revolution. We must lay down our arms, relinquish sovereignty, and found a political system for the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

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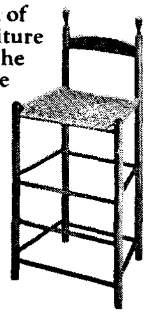

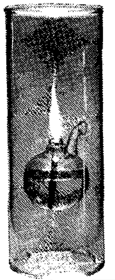

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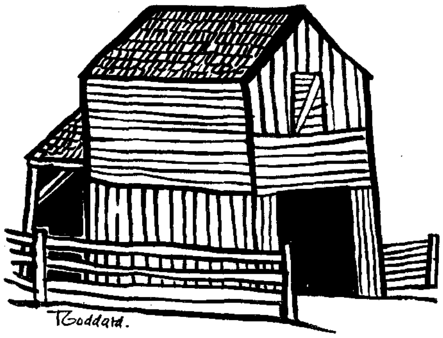
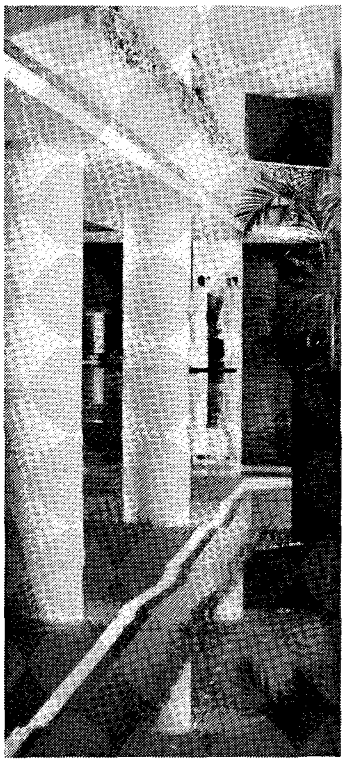
The task we face is to find a means of political action that will permit human beings to pursue any end for the rest of time. We are asked to replace the mechanism by which political decisions, whatever they may be, are reached. In sum, the task is nothing less than to reinvent politics: to reinvent the world. However, extinction will not wait for us to reinvent the world. Evolution was slow to produce us, but our extinction will be swift; it will literally be over before we know it. We have to match swiftness with swiftness. Because everything we do and everything we are is in jeopardy, and because the peril is immediate and unremitting, every person is the right person to act and every moment is the right moment to begin, starting with the present moment. For nothing underscores our common humanity as strongly as the peril of extinction does; in fact, on a practical and political plane it establishes that common humanity. The purpose of action, though, is not to replace life with politics. The point is not to turn life into a scene of protest; life is the point.

Whatever the eventual shape of a world that has been reinvented for the sake of survival, the first, urgent, immediate step, which requires no deep thought or long reflection, is for each person to make known, visibly and unmistakably, his desire that the species survive. Extinction, being in its nature outside human experience, is invisible, but we, by rebelling against it, can indirectly make it visible. No one will ever witness extinction, so we must bear witness to it before the fact. And the place for the rebellion to start is in our daily lives. We can each perform a turnabout right where we are—let our daily business drop from our hands for a while, so that we can turn our attention to securing the foundation of all life, out of which our daily business grows and in which it finds its justification. This disruption of our lives will be a preventive disruption, for we will be hoping through





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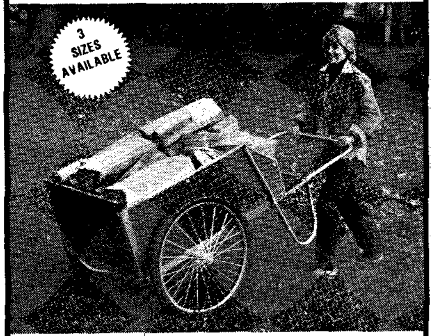

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the temporary suspension of our daily life to ward off the eternal suspension of it in extinction. And this turnabout in the first instance can be as simple as a phone call to a friend, a meeting in the community.

However, even as the first steps are taken, the broad ultimate requirements of survival must be recognized and stated clearly. If they are not, we might sink into self-deception, imagining that inadequate measures would suffice to save us. I would suggest that the ultimate requirements are in essence the two that I have mentioned: global disarmament, both nuclear and conventional, and the invention of political means by which the world can peacefully settle the issues that throughout history it has settled by war. Thus, the first steps and the ultimate requirements are clear. If a busload of people is speeding down a mountainside toward a cliff, the passengers do not convene a seminar to investigate the nature of their predicament; they see to it that the driver applies the brakes. Therefore, at a minimum, a freeze on the further deployment of nuclear weapons, participated in both by countries that now have them and by countries that do not yet have them, is called for. Even better would be a reduction in nuclear arms—for example, by cutting the arsenals of the superpowers in half, as George Kennan suggested recently. Simultaneously with disarmament, political steps of many kinds could be taken. For example, talks could be started among the nuclear powers with the aim of making sure that the world did not simply blunder into extinction by mistake; technical and political arrangements could be drawn up to reduce the likelihood of mechanical mistakes and misjudgments of the other side's intentions or actions in a time of crisis, and these would somewhat increase the world's security while the predicament was being tackled at a more fundamental level. For both superpowers—and, indeed, for all other powers—extinction is a common interest than which none can be greater. And since the existence of a common interest is the best foundation for negotiation, negotiations should have some chance of success. However, the existence of negotiations to reduce the nuclear peril would provide no reason for abandoning the pursuit of other things that one believed in, even those which might be at variance with the beliefs of one's negotiating partner. Thus, to give one contemporary exam-

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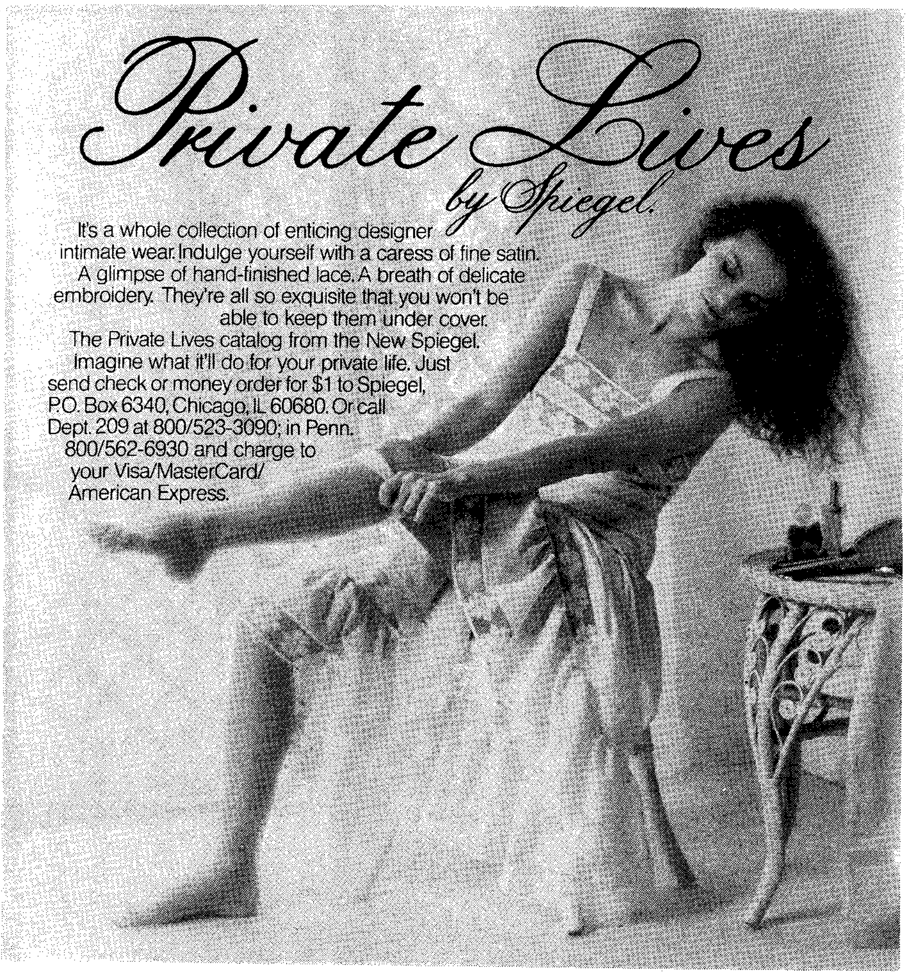
ple, there is no need, or excuse, for the United States not to take strong measures to oppose Soviet-sponsored repression in Poland just because it is engaged in disarmament talks with the Soviet Union. The world will not end if we suspend shipments of wheat to the Soviet Union. On the other hand, to break off those talks in an effort to help the Poles, who will be as extinct as anyone else if a holocaust comes about, would be self-defeating. To seek to "punish" the other side by breaking off those negotiations would be in reality self-punishment. All the limited aims of negotiation can be pursued in the short term without danger if only the ultimate goal is kept unswervingly in mind. But ordinary people must insist that all these things be done, or they will not be.

If action should be concerted, as it eventually must be, in a common political endeavor, reaching across national boundaries, then, just as the aim of the endeavor would be to hold the gates of life open to the future generations, so its method would be to hold its own gates open to every living person. But it should be borne in mind that even if every person in the world were to enlist, the endeavor would include only an infinitesimal fraction of the people of the dead and the unborn generations, and so it would need to act with the circumspection and modesty of a small minority. From its mission to preserve all generations, it would not seek to derive any rights to dictate to the generations on hand. It would not bend or break the rules of conduct essential to a decent political life, for it would recognize that once one started breaking rules in the name of survival no rule would go unbroken. Intellectually and philosophically, it would carry the principle of tolerance to the utmost extreme. It would attempt to be as open to new thoughts and feelings as it would be to the new generations that would think those thoughts and feel those feelings. Its underlying supposition about creeds and ideologies would be that whereas without mankind none can exist, with mankind all can exist. For while the events that might trigger a holocaust would probably be political, the consequences would be deeper than any politics or political aims, bringing ruin to the hopes and plans of capitalists and socialists, rightists and leftists, conservatives and liberals alike. Having as the source of its strength only the spontaneously offered support of the people of the earth, it would, in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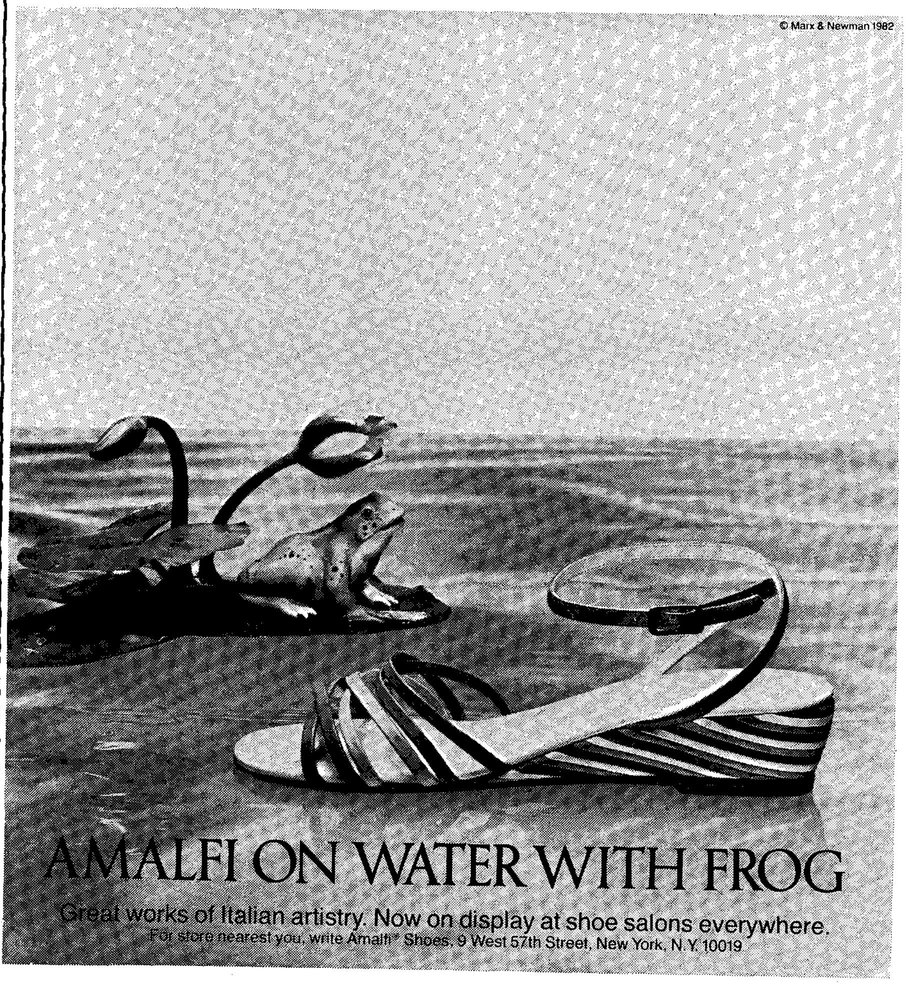
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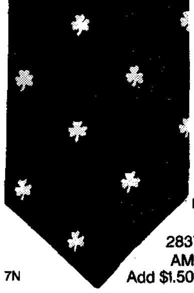

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turn, respect each person's will, which is to say his liberty. Eventually, the popular will that it marshalled might be deployed as a check on the power of whatever political institutions were invented to replace war.

Since the goal would be a nonviolent world, the actions of this endeavor would be nonviolent. What Gandhi once said of the spirit of nonviolent action in general would be especially important to the spirit of these particular actions: "In the dictionary of nonviolent action, there is no such thing as an 'external enemy.' " With the world itself at stake, all differences would by definition be "internal" differences, to be resolved on the basis of respect for those with whom one disagreed. If our aim is to save humanity, we must respect the humanity of every person. For who would be the enemy? Certainly not the world's political leaders, who, though they now menace the earth with nuclear weapons, do so only with our permission, and even at our bidding. At least, this is true for the democracies. We do not know what the peoples of the totalitarian states, including the people of the Soviet Union, may want. They are locked in silence by their government. In these circumstances, public opinion in the free countries would have to represent public opinion in all countries, and would have to bring its pressure to bear, as best it could, on all governments.

At present, most of us do nothing. We look away. We remain calm. We are silent. We take refuge in the hope that the holocaust won't happen, and turn back to our individual concerns. We deny the truth that is all around us. Indifferent to the future of our kind, we grow indifferent to one another. We drift apart. We grow cold. We drowse our way toward the end of the world. But if once we shook off our lethargy and fatigue and began to act, the climate would change. Just as inertia produces despair—a despair often so deep that it does not even know itself as despair—arousal and action would give us access to hope, and life would start to mend: not just life in its entirety but daily life, every individual life. At that point, we would begin to withdraw from our role as both the victims and the perpetrators of mass murder. We would no longer be the destroyers of mankind but, rather, the gateway through which the future generations would enter the world. Then the passion and will that we need to save ourselves would flood into

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our lives. Then the walls of indifference, inertia, and coldness that now isolate each of us from others, and all of us from the past and future generations, would melt, like snow in spring. E. M. Forster told us, "Only connect!" Let us connect. Auden told us, "We must love one another or die." Let us love one another—in the present and across the divides of death and birth. Christ said, "I come not to judge the world but to save the world." Let us, also, not judge the world but save the world. By restoring our severed links with life, we will restore our own lives. Instead of stopping the course of time and cutting off the human future, we would make it possible for the future generations to be born. Their inestimable gift to us, passed back from the future into the present, would be the wholeness and meaning of life.

Two paths lie before us. One leads to death, the other to life. If we choose the first path—if we numbly refuse to acknowledge the nearness of extinction, all the while increasing our preparations to bring it about—then we in effect become the allies of death, and in everything we do our attachment to life will weaken: our vision, blinded to the abyss that has opened at our feet, will dim and grow confused; our will, discouraged by the thought of trying to build on such a precarious foundation anything that is meant to last, will slacken; and we will sink into stupefaction, as though we were gradually weaning ourselves from life in preparation for the end. On the other hand, if we reject our doom, and bend our efforts toward survival—if we arouse ourselves to the peril and act to forestall it, making ourselves the allies of life—then the anesthetic fog will lift: our vision, no longer straining not to see the obvious, will sharpen; our will, finding secure ground to build on, will be restored; and we will take full and clear possession of life again. One day—and it is hard to believe that it will not be soon—we will make our choice. Either we will sink into the final coma and end it all or, as I trust and believe, we will awaken to the truth of our peril, a truth as great as life itself, and, like a person who has swallowed a lethal poison but shakes off his stupor at the last moment and vomits the poison up, we will break through the layers of our denials, put aside our fainthearted excuses, and rise up to cleanse the earth of nuclear weapons.

—JONATHAN SCHELL

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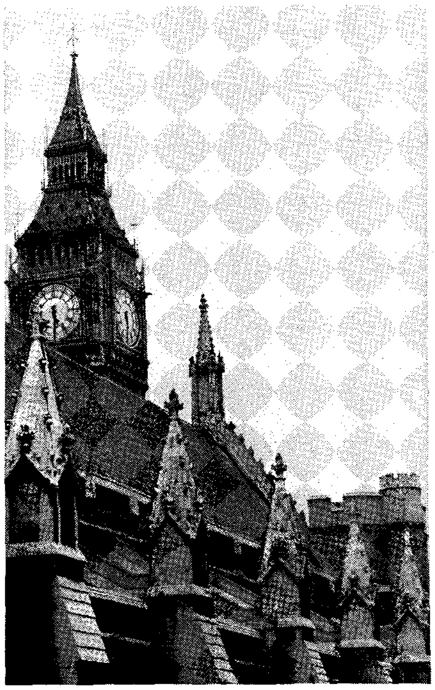

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# THE THEATRE

## *Happy Bachelor*

IN the admirable production of "Othello" that has just opened at the Winter Garden, starring James Earl Jones and Christopher Plummer, I was struck—not for the first time but more forcibly than ever—by the repetition throughout the text of one of the commonest of our contemporary locutions: a locution that was evidently common in Shakespeare's day as well. It is the simple question, nearly always asked in a tone of impatient vexation, "What's the matter?" In contrast to the richly poetic texture of the language encountered elsewhere in the play ("Farewell the plumèd troop and the big wars"), the homeliness of "What's the matter?" gains an unexpected vividness; its very familiarity helps to bring us close to the heart of the play, and even, one might dare to venture, close to the heart of the playwright himself. (Similarly, in the New Testament a single brief remark of Christ's—"If it were not so, I would have told you"—serves as no loftier language could be counted on to do to evoke Christ's presence and the nature of his relationship to his disciples.) In one slightly altered form or another, "What's the matter?" springs to the lips of all the chief characters in the play—Othello, Iago, Desdemona, Brabantio, Cassio, Emilia—but only Iago, masterly improviser of evil deeds, doesn't need to ask the question; that is because he already knows the answer and rarely takes the trouble to pretend otherwise.

"Othello" is a tragedy whose plot continuously skirts the edge of farcical implausibility. After all, how likely is it that three murders and a suicide should emerge as the bloody consequence of a dropped handkerchief? On a more serious level of discourse, how likely is it that even the greatest of playwrights should risk basing a tragedy on the hero's fear of being cuckolded—a primary ingredient not only of farce but of farce's poor relation, burlesque? For the hinge upon which "Othello" turns isn't Othello's love for Desdemona, or hers for him, but Othello's macho horror of being seen to be horned. ("I will chop her into messes. Cuckold me!") The fact is that Othello, a happy bachelor, entered upon marriage knowing nothing whatever about it and knowing scarcely more about sexual love, whether in or out of marriage. He and Desdemona are ideally unsuited to each other, he by foreign birth, exotic color, and age and occupation (the military mind is ill at ease in the absence of enemies), and she by ignorance of the world, ignorance of Othello's personality, and ignorance of her own body. (It is no doubt too easy to say of Desdemona that she fell for a celebrity precisely as howling teen-agers fall for rock stars today, but it is true that she had, poor thing, so little of what we now call self-esteem that her last words amount to a childishly transparent lie.)

Gorgeously costumed and looking twice life size, Mr. Jones skillfully conveys both Othello's simple-minded acceptance of adulation ("She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd") and his masculine pride, so easily placed in jeopardy. Othello is an outsider at court and in the bedroom, and, as such, he falls a ready victim to Iago, a seasoned insider. Mr. Plummer is the most convincing Iago that I can remember. He is a Hamlet turned inside out, resolute and without fear, and I hope nobody will think the worse of me when I confess that I felt a grudging admiration for his having outwitted the carnage that closes the play. We are promised that Iago will be taken away and tortured, but I suspect that he escaped his jailers and passed a contented old age on Cyprus, pulling wings off flies.

*"Why haven't some of my private cogent off-the-cuff remarks found their way into the media?"*

Dianne Wiest as Desdemona gives a performance that gains strength from scene to scene, and Aideen O'Kelly makes a suitably sturdy embodiment of Emilia. I enjoyed David Sabin's vigorous Brabantio, Kelsey Grammer's Cassio, and Graeme Campbell's Roderigo; and Patricia Mauceri as Bianca flutters with such vehemence in an unlaced bodice over the wounded Cassio that I expected him to mend himself on the spot. The handsome sets, which

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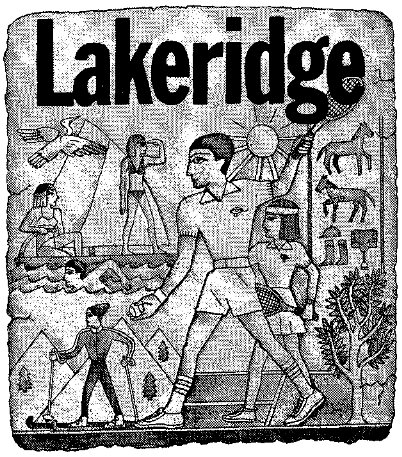

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consist mostly of many-colored sail-like draperies, are by David Chapman, the costumes are by Robert Fletcher, the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss, and the direction is by Peter Coe.

I THINK of Bernard Slade as one of those plastic playwrights who copy themselves time after time with the insouciant mindlessness of a Xerox machine. His latest comedy, "Special Occasions," at the Music Box, is a second-generation reproduction of his celebrated hit "Same Time, Next Year." It has a cast of two and a single set, which spins conscientiously about in an attempt to represent different places at different periods. As we meet the two characters, Michael Ruskin, a playwright, and his wife, Amy, have just given a party celebrating their fifteenth wedding anniversary; they are also on the verge of getting a divorce. The problems that confront them are his career, their children, and their self-fulfillment in marriage. Nothing in the world is more tedious than to listen to a playwright talking about his career, unless it is parents talking about their children, *unless* it is a middle-aged couple talking about self-fulfillment in marriage. The Ruskins are mere paper-thin husks of people, into whose mouths Mr. Slade has placed lines as lumpishly zestless as cold oatmeal. Years pass as the Ruskins fumble their way out of marriage, into unsatisfactory affairs, and then—what a nightmare prospect for both of them!—back into marriage. My Webster's defines "mawkish" as "sickly or puerilely sentimental," and those four words will serve as a thumbnail criticism of "Special Occasions." Suzanne Pleshette has energy and grace, and forces us to take Amy more seriously than she deserves; Richard Mulligan seems totally at sea as Michael, and to say this is to offer him a form of praise. The scenery is by David Jenkins, the costumes are by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, the lighting is by Tharon Musser, and the direction is by Gene Saks. —BRENDAN GILL

## OFF BROADWAY

### *Autumn at the Shore*

DAVID BERRY'S "The Whales of August," at the estimable little WPA (Off Off), is set in a beach house on an island off the Maine coast, where two widowed sisters have been spending their summers for many years; the younger of them, Sarah, presumably in her early seventies, has been looking after her much older sister, Elizabeth, who is blind. There is considerable affection between them, but Sarah is getting restive. Elizabeth—suspicious, irritable, and reclusive—talks constantly of dying, of "the escort" who will carry her off to join her late husband. Sarah is social, romantic, and very much alive—busy knitting and sewing for a forthcoming country fair, gossiping with an old friend about the villagers, and still dreaming of *her* late husband as a living presence, to whom, in the middle of the night and dressed in a formal gown, she drinks a glass of wine by candlelight. She delights in a noisy local man (and so did I, as Daniel Keyes plays him) who repairs water pipes and does odd jobs and would like to put a picture window in the living room. She also starts a deep romantic friendship with a Russian émigré—a nobleman who has spent some years on the island as a guest. Elizabeth, considering him a danger to their establishment—possibly a permanent intruder—is antagonistic to him and subtly rude, and this overt antagonism, more than anything else, decides Sarah to put an end to the arrangement. The sisters must part, the picture window must be built, and her life must continue. So much for the plot; that's it. The time is August, when in the old days whales swam by the house, but the mood is autumnal, and there are no more whales. This mood is admirably sustained, under William Ludel's direction. Bettie Endrizzi and Elizabeth Council portray the sisters at least plausibly, though they barely scratch the surface of the rich roles. (As a blind woman in familiar rooms, by the way, Miss Council gropes far too much.) As the Russian nobleman, George Lloyd is as charming and melancholy as he is meant to be. Mr. Berry is the author of "G. R. Point," a fine play about Vietnam that was given an abominable production on Broadway a few years ago; "The Whales of August" is not nearly as good as that, but it has merit all the same. Edward T. Gianfrancesco's setting—living room and porch—on the tiny stage at the WPA is a minor miracle.

IN Jack Gilhooley's "The Brixton Recovery," at the South Street (Off Off), a young Jamaican woman brings back to her flat in the Brixton district of London—"the Harlem of London," as she puts it—a battered

Irish-American boxer who has just lost a fight and stopped in at the pub where she works as a waitress. The entire action takes place in the flat during the time—a matter of a couple of weeks—in which he is repaired (by her and by nature), and the entire action is their conversation. There is some inadvertent racial bruising by him and some fiery setting-straight by her, but nothing serious. Each of them would like the affair to become permanent, but the forces outside the flat—his past and her future—cannot set them free. His alcoholic wife and their children are in America, and he himself is on the skids, reduced, as he confesses, to being a sparring partner. She has struggled up from the slums of Kingston to the slums of London, and she hopes to quit the slums of London, by way of college courses, for an eventual career in politics. As for the uneasy present, the shouts and fights and songs of the Rastafarians on the street beneath the window are a constant reminder of that. The play is slight, but it is credible and interesting, and the conversation is lively. Hazel Medina is very good as the heroine, and so, on the evening I saw it, was William Russ as the hero; he has since been replaced by Tom McLaughlin.

“Strange Snow,” by Steve Metcalfe, which will be at the Manhattan Theatre Club until February 21st, is about the turbulent reunion of a couple of ravaged Vietnam veterans at the New England farmhouse of one of them, where his sister, an unhappy spinster teacher, acts as his housekeeper. This play is filled with action, and with a number of mistakes, too, the worst of them being a foggy and unconvincing reminiscent scene of some terrible incident during the war. It is my conviction that only a playwright who served in Vietnam—David Rabe, of “Sticks and Bones” and “Pavlo Hummel,” say, or Amlin Gray, of “How I Got That Story,” or, for that matter, Mr. Berry—can write about it with any clarity or conviction, and nobody else should even try. Mr. Metcalfe wasn’t. Nevertheless, mistakes or not, there are any number of dramatic and arresting moments in the play—more than enough to make it evident that he is in the right profession. There is no question about the competence of Thomas Bullard, the director, or of Christopher Curry, Dann Florek, and Kaiulani Lee, the actors. —Edith Oliver

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# U.S. JOURNAL: READING, PA.

## A FEW BEERS WITH SUDS AND DREGS

FOR several years, I've been looking for an opportunity to have a few beers with Suds Kroge and Dregs Donnigan, the authors of "A Beer Drinker's Guide to the Bars of Reading." I like their style. It took a certain amount of flair, I have always thought, for Suds and Dregs to spend a year investigating every single bar in Reading, Pennsylvania—a project that required stops at a hundred and thirty-two bars, not counting return visits—and then dedicate the resulting book to their wives. I became familiar with "A Beer Drinker's Guide" during a visit to Reading five or six years ago, when I ran across a copy for sale at Stanley's, a south-side neighborhood bar that had good reason to distribute it: Suds and Dregs gave Stanley's a 5B, or Five Beer, rating, which is as high as they go. My purpose in buying the book was utilitarian. Like a lot of travelling people, I like to pause for a cold draught late in the afternoon, and I'm always happy to have the advice of any local who can warn me off the sort of joint where conversation is dominated by the host of "The Newlywed Game" or where, as Suds and Dregs once put it, the bartender has "the personality of a Handi-Wipe." Leafing through "A Beer Drinker's Guide to the Bars of Reading," I found that I liked the way Suds and Dregs approached the task at hand. The sentence or two they allowed themselves for summing up a place could be pointed ("It's like entering someone's living room—someone you don't know") or mysterious ("Pool table in back room. Nervous barmaid") or absolute ("We'll never go back"). The excuse for meeting Suds and Dregs that I came up with not long ago was prompted by a suggestion from a friend of mine that I take a look at an Allentown bar called Chick's Hotel Grand, which my friend described as the oldest standup bar in the country—the sort of solid, beer-drinkers' place that is increasingly hard to find now that so many taverns have been redecorated into the sort of place Suds and Dregs have described as "disgustingly cocktail loungish." I figured I'd take Suds and Dregs along to Chick's as consultants. I also figured we might have a few beers together in Reading, just to put everything in perspective.

Reading is a beer-drinker's town. In John Updike's novels, it's the blue-collar town of Brewer, where Rabbit Angstrom and his fellow-printers used to stop in a neighborhood bar regularly for a cold beer in the years before Rabbit fell in with that crowd of suburban Martini-sippers. Around the turn of the century, Reading's hosiery mills and railroad yards and packing plants drew Italian and Polish and German and Ukrainian workers who had a strong attachment to the local taverns that even now seem to be the only punctuation in block after block of row houses. The "Welcome to Reading" greeting I found in my motel room from Suds and Dregs was written, appropriately enough, on a brown paper bag. What was in the brown paper bag was even more appropriate. Naturally, there was a package of locally made pretzels—Bill Spannuth's Unique Pretzel Splits. The eighteenth-century settlers of Reading and the surrounding hills and farmland of Berks County were Pennsylvania Dutch—fortunately for Suds and Dregs, mostly Pennsylvania Dutch of the fancy rather than the plain variety, so that they brought a taste for beer without the pietistic religion that would severely limit its consumption—and the entire area has always been known for its German pretzels. Until the middle seventies, when Reading decided to adopt a motto that would reflect the presence of dozens of factory-outlet stores in its abandoned mill buildings, it was known as the Pretzel Capital of the World. My gift paper bag also contained a large package of Dieffenbach's Old Fashion Potato Chips, which are made not far from Reading, in Womelsdorf, Pennsylvania, in a small shed next to the Dieffenbach family's house, and which carry on the package in large letters the warning "Do Not Expose to Sunshine." I learned later that Suds and Dregs both consider Dieffenbach's to be the Best Potato Chips in Berks County—an encomium that embodies the collateral distinction of the Best Potato Chips in the World. A few years ago, Dregs read somewhere that some potato chips made in Hawaii were the best potato chips in the world, but he later had the opportunity to taste the Hawaiian chips; he speaks of the experience in the tone of voice he normally reserves for discussing cocktail lounges that are decorated in flecked wallpaper and do a steady business in Singapore Slings. Dieffenbach's potato chips, it almost goes without saying, are cooked in pure lard. Rummaging around further in my paper bag, I found a hunk of Lebanon bologna and a hunk of local cheese—both of which would be found on the plate of assorted cold cuts that a lot of Reading bars serve under the name of Dutch Platter. At the bottom of the bag were two bottles of Lord Chesterfield ale and

*"I know nothing about the world. How about you?"*

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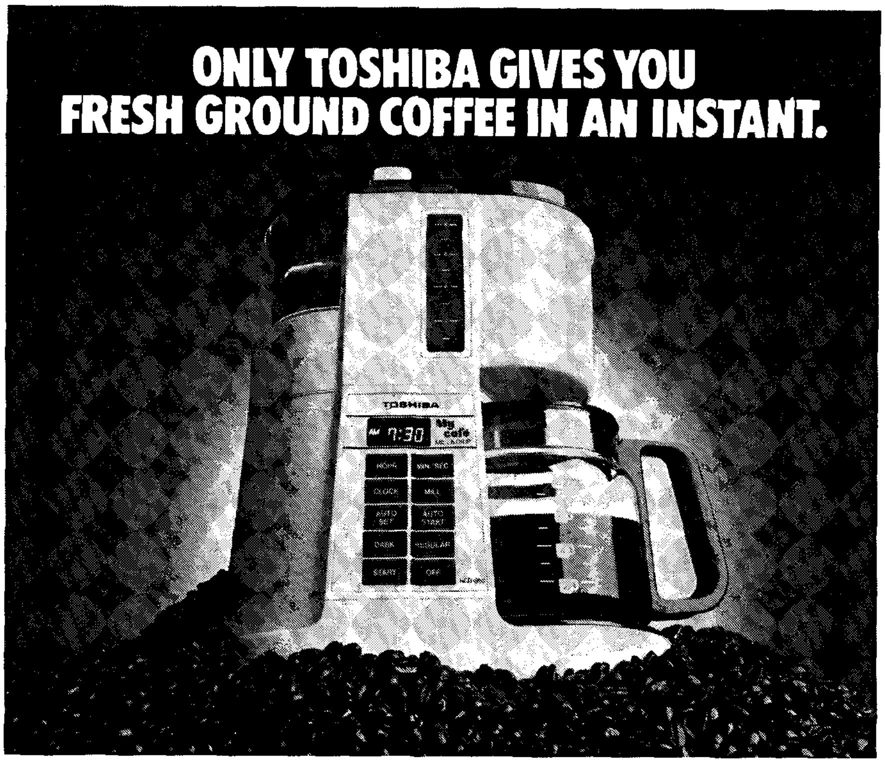

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two cans of Yuengling's Premium—products of Yuengling Brewery, in Pottsville, the oldest brewery in the United States, and a place that Suds and Dregs visit in the spirit that Elvis freaks visit Graceland. I spread the contents of the gift bag on the dresser—beer, pretzels, potato chips, bologna, cheese. A Reading banquet! I figured it would brighten up the hour or so I had to wait until Suds and Dregs arrived for a bar tour. They cannot start visiting bars until after three in the afternoon: both Suds and Dregs are high-school teachers.

Suds Kroge and Dregs Donnigan are *noms de bière*. The authors of "A Beer Drinker's Guide to the Bars of Reading" figured that the school authorities might not like the idea of Berks County youth being placed in the care of people whose sideline required attendance at places like the Anthracite Cafe and Stew's Keg and Dot Bilski's Tavern ("Decor: Hope Rescue Mission"). Suds and Dregs had started out with the intention not of writing a book but simply of visiting every bar in the city—a project that seemed to grow naturally from an effort to find a suitable meeting spot for an organization of beer drinkers that Suds and Dregs usually refer to as "the lodge." ("A bunch of white-collar teachers playing blue-collar for a night now and then.") As it happened, though, the guidebook made Suds and Dregs local celebrities, and the school authorities turned out to be somewhere between tolerant and rather proud. I can see why they might be. Suds and Dregs, after all, set the students a good example of persistence and thoroughness. They did not miss one bar. Their efforts before the idea of a guidebook emerged could even be seen as "pure research." Also, they were ambitious. After the success of the Reading book, they expanded into the entire county—visiting two hundred and thirty-eight bars for "A Beer Drinker's Guide to the Bars of Berks." They have been referred to by their real names in the local press with no ill effect. Suds is really David Wardrop. Dregs' real name is Bob Weirich. I call them Suds and Dregs.

"THIS has it all," Suds said. "This is what it's all about." We were at the Grand Central Tap Room, in Fleetwood, a town more or less on the way to Allentown. In "The Bars of Berks," the Grand Central got a 4½B rating, and Suds and Dregs are now at a loss to explain what led them to withhold that final half a beer that would have indicated perfection. They like everything about the Grand Central. The clientele is what Suds and Dregs tend to call "a good mix." Fleetwood is a blue-collar town best known for having produced the automobile bodies that gave the Fleetwood Cadillac its name, but there is also a large grain elevator that draws nearby farmers. Suds and Dregs dote on the Grand Central's French fries, which are listed on the menu board under "Soups and Platters" and which, it almost goes without saying, are cooked in pure lard. They love the décor—worn wooden floor, softball trophies, a long bar with "pie plate" bar stools, a refrigerator for takeout six-packs with a television set on top of it, a checkerboard on one of the tables, a display of potato chips and pretzels and lighter fluid and razor blades and work gloves. They also like the prices. Suds and Dregs are conscious of what they always call "value." Dregs still refuses to drink a beer called Prior Double Dark, because of a precipitous increase in its prices several years ago. We were drinking half-and-half—half Pabst draught and half Yuengling's porter. Porter is a dark beer that, according to the label on the bottle, is brewed by Yuengling "expressly for Tavern and Family Trade." We were too early to take advantage of an offer the Grand Central was making in honor of its centennial and reunion: after nine in the evening, three dollars bought a centennial beer glass that the management undertook to fill as often as necessary until eleven. Suds and Dregs believed the centennial offer to be particularly good value. "You get to keep the glass," Dregs reminded me.

We were at the Grand Central too early to take advantage of the centennial offer because Suds and Dregs had picked me up promptly after school, and we had headed nearly straight for Fleetwood—taking time only to have some draught Rolling Rocks at the Pricetown Hotel. Considering the amount of time Suds and Dregs have to spend in beer joints, they had struck me as remarkably trim and well spoken and neatly dressed—all in all, in fact, just the sort of young men to whose care you might be happy to entrust your high-school-age children. On the way to the Pricetown, we had given a ride home to Suds' wife, Beth, who teaches home economics at the junior high next to the high school where Suds teaches graphics and print-

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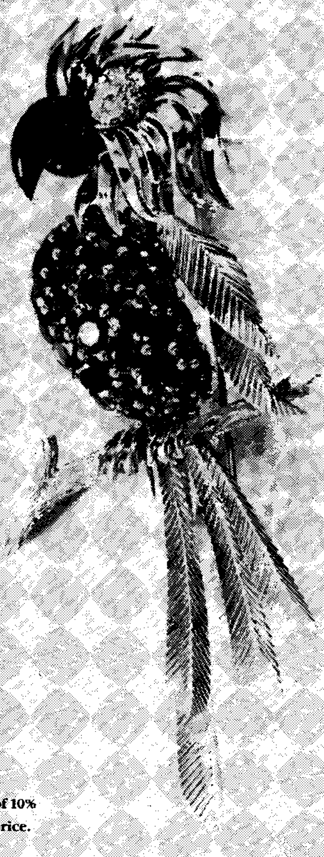

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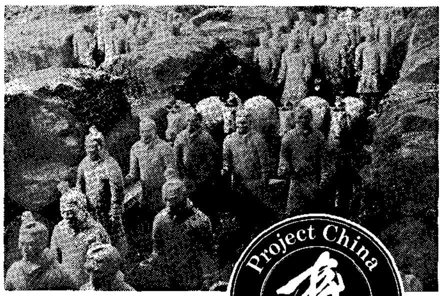

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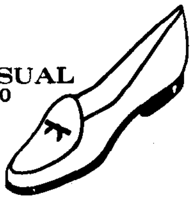

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ing and Dregs teaches English. I asked her if she had gone along to many of the bars being investigated for "A Beer Drinker's Guide to the Bars of Reading."

"That was a different wife," Dregs said. "The first one divorced him after the first book."

"Oh, that's a shame," I said, thinking partly, I'll admit, of the wasted dedication.

"I didn't think so," Beth said.

Suds had managed to hold on to his second wife straight through the research for "A Beer Drinker's Guide to the Bars of Berks," although the suggestion that the dynamic duo follow up the county book by tackling the entire state of Pennsylvania did not fill her with enthusiasm. "Beth even guest-starred a number of times for the county book," Suds said proudly.

"Guest-starred?"

Someone who accompanies Suds and Dregs on their rounds, it was explained to me, is always referred to as a guest star. I was a guest star.

BECAUSE of a wrinkle in the liquor laws, a lot of Pennsylvania bars are called hotels, even though they often lack such hotel accoutrements as registration desks or lobbies or overnight guests. Chick's Hotel Grand turned out to be a corner bar that made a good first impression on both Suds and Dregs. "It looks like it has potential," Suds said as he walked up to the bar and ran his hand along a bar rail made of highly polished wood. Both the bar counter and the back bar—the shelves that bartenders normally use to display bottles of whiskey—were finely crafted of wood that had the look of decades of care. Under one end of the bar was a prizefight bell that the bartender could clang any time someone bought a round for the house. One wall of Chick's was devoted almost entirely to pictures of Babe Ruth. Attention had also been paid to Carmen Basilio. Suds and Dregs were impressed. They acknowledge a bias toward polished old wood and stamped-tin ceilings. Part of their interest in bars is obviously just an attachment to home ground; if they had lived in El Paso, I suspect, they would have done a book on every single Mexican restaurant in town, limiting their enthusiasm to the ones that serve *menudo* and allow only the mother of the family to preside over the kitchen.

Suds and Dregs were less impressed by the Hotel Grand's clientele, two or three of whom looked as if a clang of the prizefight bell might find them unable to come out for the next round. One portly, gray-haired woman named Dorothy seemed particularly taken with Suds—she said he looked like a professor—and insisted on filling him in on what her life had been like in better days. She was drinking boilermakers. Just before we left, Dorothy pulled Suds aside for some intense conversation, and then started to weep—overcome with a sadness that seemed to have passed by the time we got to the door.

"A little too derelictish," Dregs said when we were back on the street.

"I'll say this for Dorothy," Suds said. "What started her crying was when she told me that a beer at the Hilton costs two dollars."

Dregs nodded in sympathy. "It's enough to drive anyone to tears," he said.

THE next night, we finally got to Stanley's, a place Suds and Dregs revere as almost the model for 5B bars ("the kind of bars that make the world seem a whole lot better than it really is"). Stanley's appeal is not in the décor. A lot of brick buildings in Reading have glued-on façades of something called Perma-Stone—slabs of a dreary gray material whose appearance is made all the more dispiriting by the implication in its name that it will be there forever. Stanley's has Perma-Stone on the *inside*. "At Stanley's, we rise above aesthetics," Suds told me. Although Stanley's is a Polish-run bar in a Polish neighborhood, its clientele is "a good mix," dominated by shift workers from a nearby box factory and meat-packing plant. The mix does not include women. Like a lot of Reading bars Stanley's has what is still sometimes called a "side room"—a sort of family dining room accessible through a side entrance—and at Stanley's the side room has remained the only place where women and children are served. When Suds and Dregs drink at Stanley's, they tend to refer to their wives as "the little lady."

"One of the nice things about Stanley's is that if the little lady sends you out for groceries you can have a few beers at Stanley's and pick up some lunch meat and a dozen eggs before you leave," Suds told me. Although the barroom at Stanley's is small—there are maybe fifteen spots at the bar and three or four tables and a phone booth and a pinball machine—it seem to carry an inventory of goods com-

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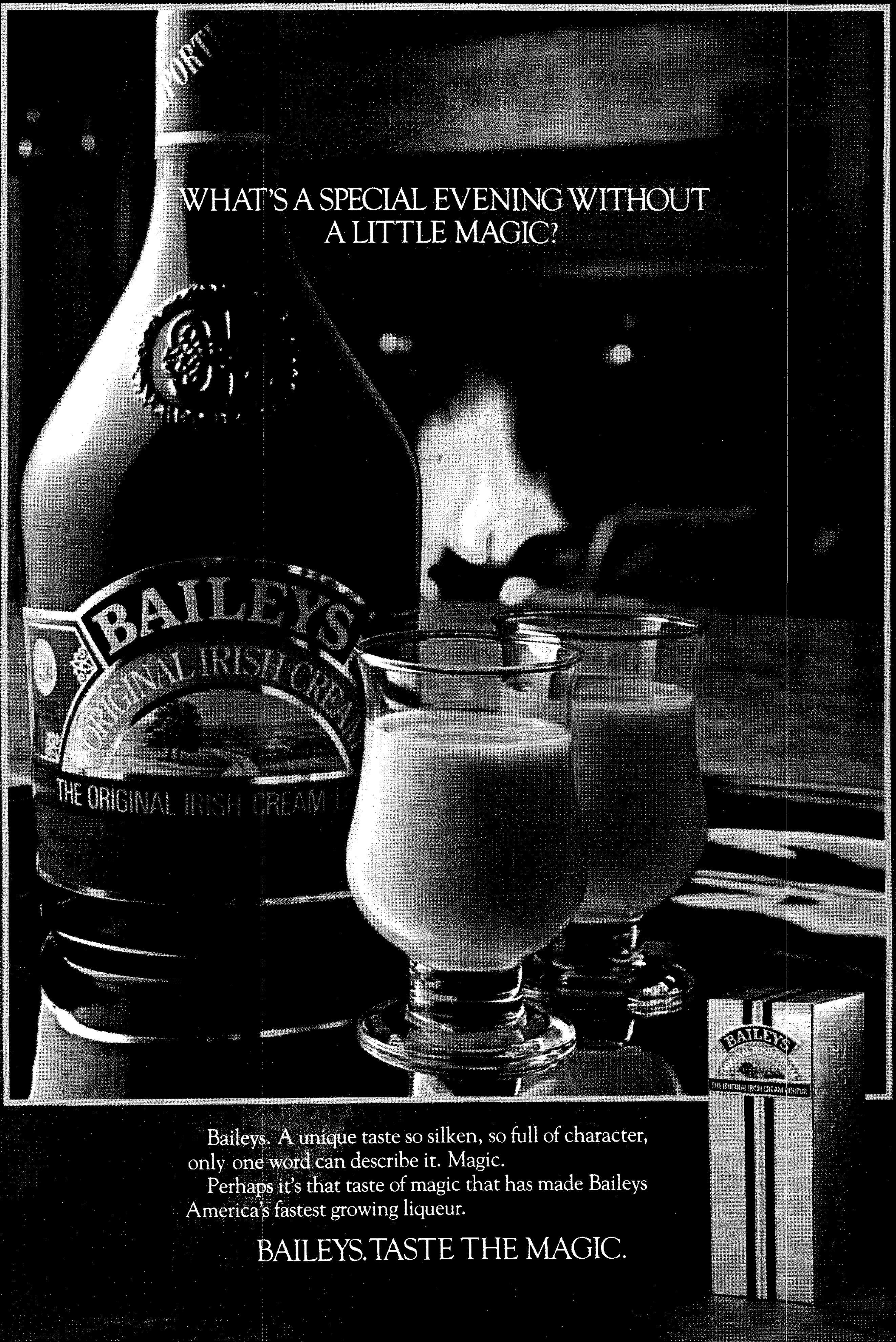
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parable to a small K mart. Naturally, Stanley's has takeout six-packs and lighter fluid and potato chips and work gloves and lottery tickets. But it also has groceries and kerosene space heaters. On the back bar, among the bottles of rye and bourbon, there are signs that say "Genuine Antique Coin Necklace $4.00" and "Mens and Ladies Watches $10.00" and "Gas-Teflon appliance connector $5.00" and "Picnic table $10.00" and "Model Rolls-Royce $12.00." Suds and Dregs assume that Stanley, who still works behind the bar himself after forty or fifty years of owning the place, sells model Rolls-Royces because he happens to own a full-sized one. Stanley's bar has always given good value—the draught prices listed on the back bar range from Piels at twenty cents to porter for thirty-five cents—and Suds and Dregs have concluded that the secret of Stanley's success may be carried in the motto he once gave them: "I'd rather make a fast nickel than a slow dollar." In the side room, there is an entire table of for-sale items—men's jackets and "ladies designer sweaters" and assorted vases and ceramic pigs and plates with pictures of Jesus Christ on them and boxes of banana-crème cookies. A sign above the table says, "Please Lord—Paralyze the Hand That Steals."

Suds and Dregs seemed to be settling in at Stanley's, and I was beginning to feel rather settled in myself. Stanley had made a lot of fast nickels on me, and before we arrived we had spent some time at Jimmy Kramer's Peanut Bar and a bar called the Shoboat Hotel—a place Suds and Dregs admire for its hunting trophies and always refer to as "the fur, fish, and game bar." I had come to believe that the evening was drawing to a close. Then Suds informed me that a friend of his from Berks Packing—a man who had just presented him with a ring bologna direct from the factory—had invited us back to the home of a colleague who was locally renowned for his homemade wine. That was going to put us behind schedule a bit, Dregs said, because we still had to go to the Paddock Bar and to a roadhouse in Reinholds, Pennsylvania, whose stamped-tin walls would knock me out. The evening, I realized, had just begun. The most bars Suds and Dregs ever visited in one evening while researching "A Beer Drinker's Guide to the Bars of Reading" was twenty-one. "And," Dregs said, "that was on a school night." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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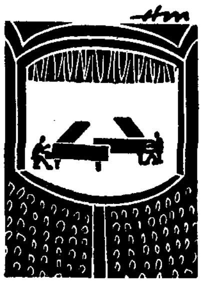
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Puzzles*

Tobias Picker's Violin Concerto, commissioned for the American Composers Orchestra and first performed last week in Alice Tully Hall, is a teaser. From the few works of his that I had previously heard (four recorded on a CRI disc, and "Nova," which the Group for Contemporary Music gave recently), I had judged Mr. Picker a composer who was absolutely sure of what he wanted to say, and who possessed an enviably wide range of techniques for saying it. Now, after the concerto, I wonder if he is so sure. Mr. Picker has here assembled the full apparatus of a virtuoso display piece. He gives his soloist brilliant figurations, arpeggios that wing their way up the instrument, and bold, strongly articulated melodies that hold the attention. He makes his orchestra sweep to grand, lyrical climaxes. He has provided an intelligible structure for the work—one that reinvents traditional form with considerable ingenuity. It finds its heart in a tense, titanic cadenza for the soloist between the second and third movements, which recalls the one in Mr. Picker's Third Sextet. And he has realized all this in an idiom that, according to his program note, is based on a twelve-note row derived from interlocking diminished sevenths. But that is not always easy to hear; the cadenza, for instance, which is supposed to reveal the diminished sevenths (and does indeed outline them), sounds more like a rapid sequence of chromatic major sixths. There are block chords, against which the orchestra periodically stubs its toe, that seem resolutely to avoid diminished sevenths; there are major sevenths, minor ninths, a sweet dominant thirteenth, and even, at the end of the first movement, a sudden C major. These moments may point to an insecurity in the concerto's harmonic language; it is difficult to know whether to attribute this to a failure of imagination or to a desire to jolt the listener. At other moments, the composer sounds on very sure ground: the violin writing (which has grown out of that in the chamber duos "Rhapsody" and "Romance") is idiomatic, and the melodies that Mr. Picker derives from his note row have a Bergian warmth and shapeliness. But is he joking? It's hard to restrain a smile at the violin's more openly Tchaikovsky-inspired flourishes. Affectionate reminiscence is undoubtedly intended here, yet the orchestral writing belies such quasi-romantic confidence. Is the tone meant to be naïve or ironic? I don't know.



The concerto remains a compelling, fresh, individual creation—it demands to be heard again.

Rolf Schulte played the solo part with extraordinary intensity, jabbing his violin against his shoulder, bowing stiffly and incisively—a distinctively twentieth-century virtuoso manner. Paul Dunkel conducted unobtrusively and cleanly; only in the last movement were there momentary slips of ensemble. The American Composers Orchestra is an indispensable part of the city's musical life. Where else could such a work receive a sympathetic, well-prepared performance before an enthusiastic audience in a program that helps it to make sense? After an intermission, the orchestra gave the New York première of Chester Biscardi's "At the Still Point," a serious, rather introverted exploration of musical time and movement—a good foil for the Picker—and then Peter Mennin's Seventh Symphony. At the start, there was Elliott Carter's fresh, bouncy Symphony No. 1, of 1942. Carter continually contradicts expectations in the resourceful working of his simple material—the deft fragmentation of the theme in the last movement sounds like Haydn, and a drone borrowed from the "London" Symphony seems to confirm the notion. Mr. Dunkel drew out all the surprises well; the orchestra played beautifully in the central movement, a little stiffly in the first, a little roughly in the last.

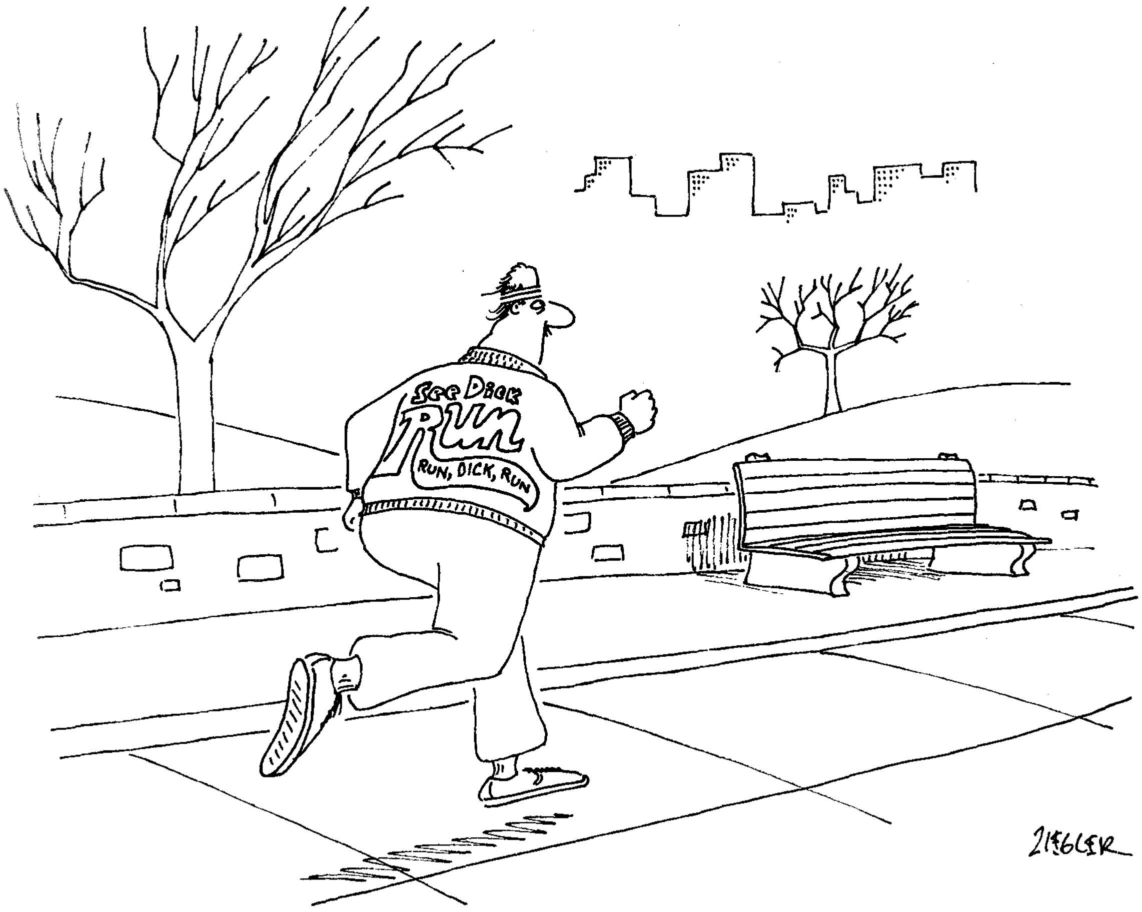
A CONCERT by Musical Elements in the Merkin Concert Hall at the end of last month was a praiseworthy, ambitious affair that in spite of good intentions overreached itself. Five pieces were given, involving some forty-five different players, four singers, one speaker (on tape), and two conductors. There were four contemporary premières and the première of an eighteenth-century violin concerto. Much stage rearrangement was necessary between the numbers, and because of a late start only nineteen minutes of music was heard in the first fifty minutes; the evening lasted nearly three hours. All this fragmented the concert. The ear was confused by too many changes of timbre and idiom, and the program did not add up. The climax should have been the New York première of Luciano Berio's marvellous, multicolored *moto perpetuo* "Points on the Curve to Find," for piano and twenty-three instruments, which dates from 1974 But Daniel Asia, who conducted plowed through the work too fast: the instrumental playing was unsubtle—the lower clarinets seemed to be los for much of the time—and even the assured and energetic solo pianist Peter Takács, had to take one breather from his hectic figurations. The ensemble did better by Andrze Panufnik's tender, atmospheric "Autumn Music," though the effects were not precisely controlled. (Coincidentally, on the same evening Mr Panufnik's new "Sinfonia Votiva" received its first performance at Symphony Hall in Boston.) The evening' world première, Martin Bresnick' "Der Signal," was very well presented—a simple story in Yiddish, translated in an illustrated program book into Russian and English, was sung by three sopranos while the composer' grandmother recited the tale on tape—but the music was its least memorable aspect. Arnold Franchetti's "I Sette Passetti della Luna" was an unfocussed piece in seven movements, each a couple of minutes long, which the performance did nothing to improve.

That left the eighteenth-century work as the highlight of the evening The Violin Concerto in A Major Opus 5, No. 2, by the famous black French composer and violinist th Chevalier de Saint-Georges wa played by Gabriel Banat. The concerto is presented in facsimile in th third volume of "Masters of the Violin," which Mr. Banat edited (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). This volum usefully complements those works o Saint-Georges already available in Barry Brook's volume of French symphonies, but it is a major irritation tha Mr. Banat has reproduced only th original parts, without making a score In his notes to the facsimile, Mr Banat floats the idea that the extrem demands of agility and articulation in these concertos of the seventeen-seventies may have been met by the intro uction of the modern-type violin bow the so-called Tourte bow) some thir- / years earlier than was previously upposed. Even if that meant that aint-Georges used a bow "identical ) bows we employ today"—a radical nd questionable assertion—I doubt /hether the composer would have used with the fierce attack and pounding eaviness that Mr. Banat employed in is performance. The concerto is harming, and retains its easy, un- orced amiability even in its strato- pheric passagework; Mr. Banat made hectoring. The accompanying string nsemble was approximate in tuning nd lumpish in phrasing.

THERE are surprising riches to be found on New York's classical- usic radio stations, if you can pick our way through the stacks of records and, on the commercial stations, the ritating ads) that fill up much of eir time. More musical events in the ty should be broadcast live, so that sense of occasion could be com- unicated to a wider audience. mong the events I attended in a re- nt week, only a concert by Musica acra was carried live, by WNYC. ut many concerts are now recorded r broadcast: in the same week, idon Kremer's recital at the 92nd reet Y was recorded by WNCN. he American Com- osers Orchestra con- rt was recorded by 'NYC and will be oadcast on February 1st, in the course of an dventurous American lusic Festival, which e station has revived, id which will include veral other contem- orary music programs corded in the city. 'NYC has a regular unday series, "New ork in Concert;" 'NCN recently began series of recital re- ordings, "The New ork Concerts," which most welcome. The ne serious lack is of udio recordings that e planned specifically r broadcast; Robert herman's programs on 'QXR begin to meet is need, and WNCN ans to have its own udio in operation ithin a few months. But even for the most assiduous listener the impact of all this activity is random, because information about the programs is so diffusely presented. Anyone who cannot spend time and money collating the WNYC program guide, the WNCN guide in *Keynote*, and the WQXR guide in *Ovation* has to rely on the patchy, selective, and often enigmatic listings in the *Times*.

I doubt if the listing "Bach Day" in the *Times* would have encouraged me to tune in to WBAI Sunday before last. But I'd been forewarned by a press release that this was no routine playthrough of discs. The fare was exceptional—and, ironically, it would have been impossible to program it so lavishly on a more rigorously organized station. There were ten hours of performances taped from 78-r.p.m. records made between the nineteen-twenties and the advent of the L.P.—none of them currently available. There was Arnold Dolmetsch playing part of the "48" on the clavichord; a couple of performances by Wanda Landowska that have escaped transcription onto L.P.; Marcel Maas's recording of the Toccata in C Minor; early recordings of cantatas and concertos (the D-Minor Clavier Concerto played by Harriet Cohen with Henry Wood conducting, from 1923); and even a glimpse of the first American recording of the St. Matthew Passion, from the early thirties. This last, with Allan Jones (later the romantic lead in "A Night at the Opera") as the Evangelist, was overblown and sometimes hilarious. But an extract of "Der Geist hilft," done in the late twenties by the choir of St. Thomas's Leipzig, under the great Karl Straube, was a revelation: strong, throaty singing, without a trace of romantic cotton wool. The performances might have been chosen to overturn our preconceptions of "old-fashioned" Bach style: the nineteen-year-old William Primrose played the A-Major Violin Sonata in 1923 with consummate purity of line; the Boyd Neel Orchestra played the Fifth Brandenburg around 1950 crisply, with Kathleen Long a delicate, poised piano soloist. The set of Brandenburgs was exceptionally well chosen by the presenters—Chris Whent and the pseudonymous Laughing Cavalier. The Third, under Alfred Cortot, and the Sixth, under Henry Wood, were rather gross, but the Fourth, by a German chamber orchestra, under Wilhelm Stross, though it plodded, was sharp-edged and musical.

It was easy to enjoy these performances from the past on their own terms, and to revel in them. WNYC broadcast that same Sunday morning



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a Bach concert from Washington, in which the Smithsonian Chamber Players, under James Weaver, gave the Fourth Orchestral Suite on original instruments and were joined by soloists and the American Boychoir in the cantata "Der zufriedengestellte Aeolus." The playing was fresh, not always sophisticated. It showed that while taste in Bach performance has changed (transparent textures are now preferred to sustained tone, for example) the essential requirements of good Bach style—dancing rhythms, shapely phrases, crisp articulation—have not changed. Performers who now use forces and instruments close to those that Bach possessed stand a better (though by no means an assured) chance of success.

The real shock of the day was to go down to Avery Fisher Hall in the afternoon and find the talented young players of the Brandenburg Ensemble exhibiting a style that would have been thought old-fashioned when most of the 78s were made. Under Alexander Schneider's direction, hardly a trace of postwar understanding of Baroque music could be heard. Apart from the solo violin playing of Krista Bennion, the performances were not good by any criterion save that of enthusiasm. There were elementary grammatical mistakes: the finale of the Fourth Brandenburg hit four beats heavily in each bar where the score marks two; the opening of Handel's Concerto Grosso, Opus 6, No. 11, featured long and short upbeat notes hopelessly mixed. Even the most rigid partisan in the arid musicological argument that has recently surrounded the "overdotting" of Baroque overtures would agree that Handel's notation requires interpretation here: the four recordings of Opus 6, No. 11, that I possess coördinate the upbeats. (Admittedly, though, they are all L.P.s.)

The English Chamber Orchestra, which recently visited the city for concerts at Carnegie and Fisher Halls, plays on modern instruments, yet its interpretations sound enlightened beside those of the Brandenburg Ensemble. Most important, its performances (like many of the old accounts on 78s) are also musically responsive. Handel's Concerto, Opus 6, No. 10, which began the orchestra's Fisher Hall concert, had plenty of air between the dramatic phrases of its overture, and the dance movements danced. The bowing was heavy, the sound perhaps too relentless. Yet the phrases were well shaped, and Baroque conventions

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were followed. (La Grande Écurie et la Chambre du Roy, recorded on CBS, shows that a light touch in this concerto need not preclude grandeur. One has to go back to Furtwängler's account, of 1950, reissued on Deutsche Grammophon, for a performance that succeeds in spite of everything being unstylish.)

For the remainder of the concert, which consisted of Vivaldi's "Seasons" and Arvo Pärt's "Tabula Rasa," the orchestra was joined by a soloist who had the ability to sweep stylistic considerations away by sheer force of personality. The Latvian violinist Gidon Kremer first came to my attention when he electrified a conventional London concert by interpolating into Beethoven's Violin Concerto an avant-garde cadenza by his Soviet friend and colleague Alfred Schnittke. He has gone on to make some explosive recordings of the Baroque repertory (most recently, Bach sonatas and partitas, on Philips—magisterial playing—and an inflated "Seasons," under Abbado, on Deutsche Grammophon), and he has consistently championed the music of Soviet composers, especially Mr. Schnittke and Mr. Pärt. "Tabula Rasa," an essay in Russian minimalism that first wove repeated patterns out of tiny broken-chord figurations and then went up and down various scales very slowly for twenty minutes, could have been unbearable, but Mr. Kremer and the viola soloist, Kim Kashkashian, played it all with such concentration that I was engrosssed.

At his recital at the 92nd Street Y, Mr. Kremer played Schnittke's "Prelude in Memory of Dmitri Shostakovich," a quietly moving solo with a dramatic close in which the soloist is joined by a second violinist offstage. The music was treated with infinite respect, and made its mark. In the rest of this concert, Mr. Kremer was joined by three colleagues in chamber works, but the atmosphere could not have been more different from those ". . . and Friends" evenings that we are expected to enjoy because the players are having such fun. These were meticulous, careful performances. Mozart's B-Flat Duo, with Miss Kashkashian, was a delight; she provided a foil to Mr. Kremer's occasional extravagances of phrasing and inflection. Schubert's B-Flat-Major String Trio, in which they were joined by Ko Iwasaki, was slightly less successful: Mr. Kremer's playing was oversubtle for this attractive work (phrases bulged from nothing and then disappeared again), but the cohesion and precision of the ensemble was splendid.

MUSICA SACRA, at Fisher Hall, made a fine program from Stravinsky's 1948 Mass, choral pieces by Charles Ives, and Schütz's "Musicalische Exequien." The Ives was magnificently done: sentimental choruses were interleaved with three powerful, original Psalm settings; Richard Westenburg directed tautly. The Schütz, which I heard at home on WNYC, was less potent: sluggish rhythms and strained solo singing reduced the impact of this grave and expressive music. Requiems as serene as this one should flow; a recent recording under Hans-Martin Linde (EMI Electrola) is plangent and moving.

—Nicholas Kenyon

• •

## LATER TODAY

Later today, when most of the ice is melted
and the water is black again, we'll sit for one minute
on the side porch and stare at the bright shadows.
We'll start talking about the wall
and the green pool beside the copper feeder
and how the birch could grow again
and how the door would look with roses on it.
We will live in the light,
as if we were still in France,
as if the boats were there
and we were staring into space,
as if we were in Babylon,
walking beside the iron giants,
touching their black beards,
looking at their huge eyes,
going down to our clay houses and our tiny cafés
on the muddy river.

—Gerald Stern

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# BOOKS

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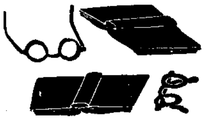
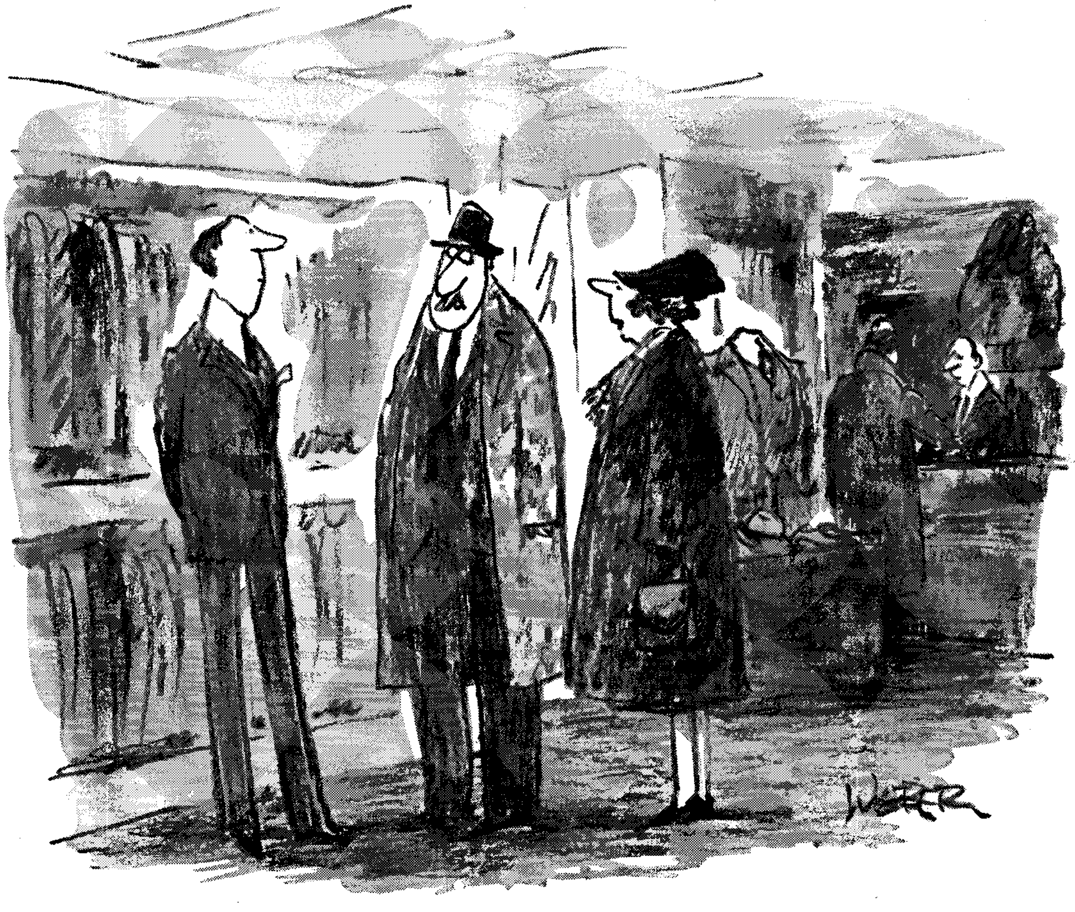


THE "Collected Poems" of Sylvia Plath (Harper & Row; $17.50) has finally appeared, almost twenty years after Plath's suicide, on February 11, 1963. Nothing in the introduction, written by her former husband, the British poet Ted Hughes, quite explains the long delay in the publication of this collection. Before Plath died, she had prepared the volume called "Ariel" for the press, but "the *Ariel* eventually published in 1965 was a somewhat different volume from the one she had planned," Hughes tells us; it incorporated poems she had planned to keep for a subsequent book, and omitted "some of the more personally aggressive poems from 1962"—those concerning her husband's infidelity, which led to the dissolution of the marriage and to Plath's move from Devon to London. Her daughter, Frieda, was two at the time of the move; her son, Nicholas, not yet a year old. Less than a month after his first birthday, Plath was dead. She had managed to live and to write after previous attempts at suicide, but, like Pavese (to cite a comparable case), she continually needed to find reasons *not* to kill herself, rather than a reason to do so.

Until recently, most of the writing about Plath has been psychologically or politically motivated. The time of her fame coincided with a widespread acceptance of the Freudian myths of selfhood (which she also embraced) and with the rise of women's liberation. Plath's life seemed a textbook illustration of the "Electra complex" (as she herself called it, schooled by her therapists and her college reading in psychology), and she also seemed an instance of the damage done to gifted women by social convention. Plath's language—a heady cross of *Kinder*, *Küche*, Freud, and Frazer—found an audience that already knew and shared its world of reference. An electric current jumped between "Ariel" and a large (mostly female) set of readers, and from then on the poetry of Plath became a part of the feminist canon. "Crossing the Water" and "Winter Trees" were published in 1971; they, together with "The Colossus" (the only volume published in Plath's lifetime, in 1960) and "Ariel," made up the Plath poetic canon until the present "Collected Poems."

Plath scholars will know most of the work published here. Ted Hughes and his sister Olwyn (of whom Plath was bitterly jealous) have been publishing, bit by bit, small groups of the poems in limited editions in England (all royalties are assigned to the two children). The poems not previously published in any form are mostly very early; the few later ones in this category are undistinguished. For the general reader, however, this volume will for the first time convey the whole of Plath's work, arranged chronologically by date of composition. Fifty very early poems are printed in an appendix; the chronological arrangement begins with the year 1956, when Plath, who was born in 1932, was twenty-three. But the memorable poems do not begin until she turns twenty-four—after her marriage, in June, 1956. She had six years of mature writing before she died, at thirty. Those years included her second year as a Fulbright fellow at Newnham College, Cambridge; a year of teaching at Smith, where she had been an undergraduate; a year in Boston, where she audited Robert Lowell's writing class at Boston University; and her return to England. In London, after she and Hughes had decided to give up teaching and to live as writers, she had, in succession, a child, a three-month miscarriage, and an appendectomy. There she also wrote her autobiographical novel, "The Bell Jar" (published in England under the pseudonym Victoria Lucas). In 1961, she and Hughes moved from London to Devon, and she had her second child. Then came the separation



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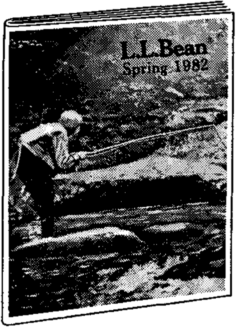

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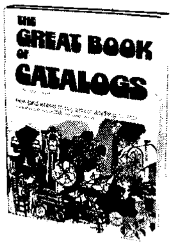

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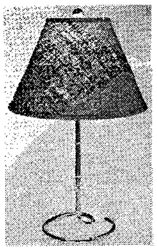

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from Hughes, which produced a remarkable spate of writing: in the thirty-one days of October, 1962, Plath finished twenty-five poems (while in the entire year of 1960—which included the last three months of her first pregnancy, the birth of her daughter, and her first months of motherhood—she wrote only twelve).

The events of Plath's life during these years—though some, like the transatlantic move, are slightly unusual—are on the whole those that many women have lived through, not excepting marital disappointments, the discovery of infidelity, and finding oneself a single mother. These events, banal to everyone except the one experiencing them, have been the occasion in the twentieth century of any number of banal poems. As subjects, they are as well worn as the subject of parents (Plath's other topic). What is striking, and satisfying, about reading this volume is how well Plath holds her own, and how firmly she transforms the topics she masters—how her best poems maintain themselves in passion without lacking a strict, informing intelligence. In some of the poems (notably the early ones), intelligence averts its eyes from feeling or overcontrols feeling; later, the balance sometimes tips in the other direction, and Plath becomes merely vituperative or spiteful, angrily refusing the acuteness of reflection present in her best work. Her piercing strength when intelligence and feeling coöperate is not easily forgotten.

Plath seems very young now to any older reader, and her career seems cruelly self-aborted. Remembering ourselves at thirty, we wish she could have had the years of living that would inevitably have provided her with new views of her past and, in consequence, new views of herself. Her suicide, for all her attempt to dress it in Greek necessity, seems an unhappy accident—a failure of social resource, a failure of medicine (a hospital bed could not be found for her), and even a failure of weather (she hated the cold, and died in London's coldest winter in sixteen years). We are more conscious now of the physiological causes of (and remedies for) depression, thanks to poets like Lowell, who have expressed considerable irony about the sedulous efforts of therapists to ascribe to environmental causes what turns out to be a lack of lithium.

By the time she died, Plath had written at least two scenarios of her

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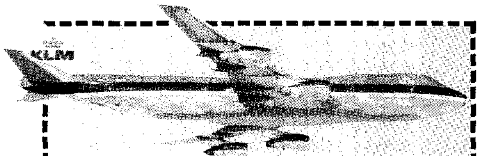

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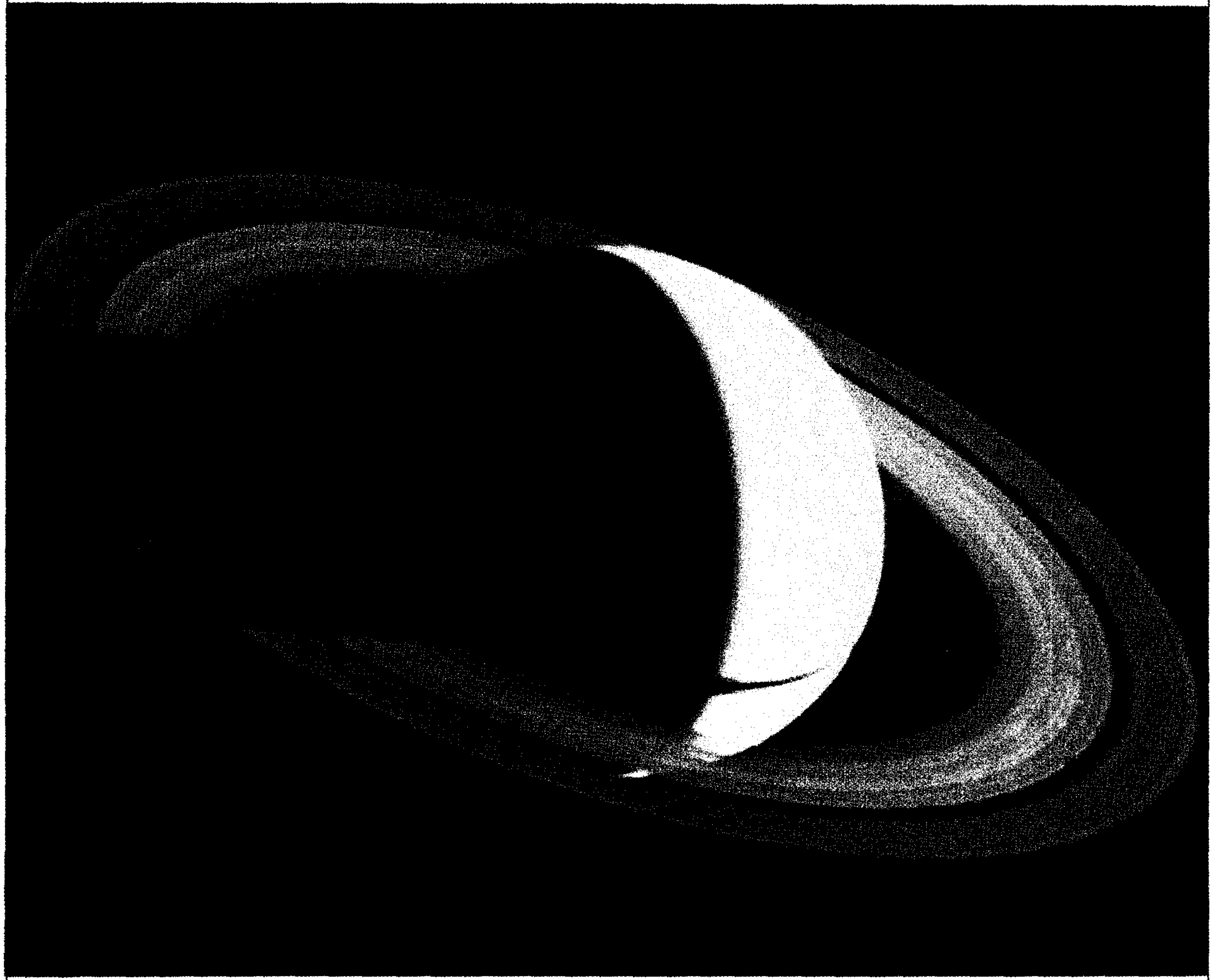

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**More goes into it.**

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life. In the first scenario, her father, Otto (an entomologist who died, when she was eight, of willfully uncared-for diabetes), is a doting parent, a hero, and a god, and she is his mourning daughter; her mother, Aurelia, is a heroine who keeps Plath and her brother alive by working as a teacher of secretarial skills. (Plath's devotion to her mother and Aurelia Plath's to her daughter appear in the incessant letters they exchanged; some of Sylvia's were collected in "Letters Home," published in 1975.) In the second scenario, Otto Plath becomes an incestuously seductive father, a Nazi, and a vampire; and Sylvia is his victim, a Jew in his concentration camp. Aurelia Plath in this scenario is a tentacular mother, a barnacle obsessively clinging to her daughter, a "blubbery Mary." Plath's scenarios about Ted Hughes underwent comparable changes, as he metamorphosed from fertility god into monster; and Plath's fictions about herself changed, too—from the fruitful bride of the sun, "quick with seed," bearing a king as she couches in the grass, she turns into Lady Lazarus, who eats men like air. Eventually, if Plath had managed to stay alive, all the scenarios would probably have revised themselves; she would have seen her parents in yet another guise, and perhaps her ex-husband, too. Certainly she would have seen both herself and her children differently. As she writes about them, her children are infants, pure and poignant, untroubled by their mother's anxieties:

> Your clear eye is the one absolutely
>  beautiful thing.
> I want to fill it with color and ducks,
> The zoo of the new
>
> Whose names you meditate . . .

When, in the future, they became contrary and baffling adolescents, Plath would have needed to find another fiction for them, and for herself.

The one thing that recommends Plath to us most strongly now is her ability to change her mind when she saw a new truth. She was on the lookout for new truths; never one to receive the world passively, she hunted for accuracy and excoriated herself for her failures. She changed her mind, when it was necessary, in a violent way, repudiating her previous position with all the force of her daunting energy. She had no Keatsian capacity for maintaining two contrary truths at once. But it is not impossible that in middle age she might have come to entertain her scenarios as plural

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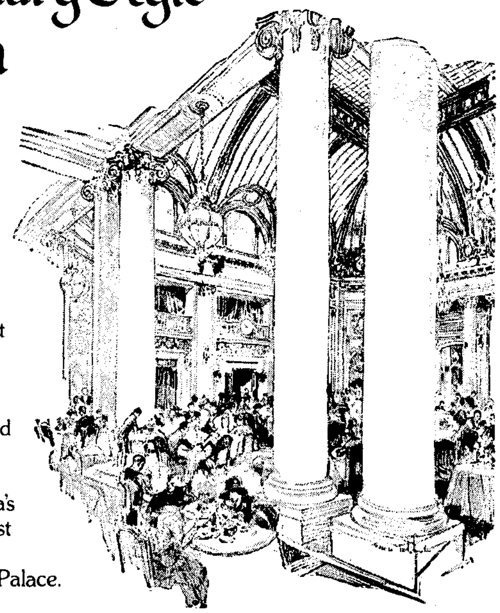

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truths, to find some of the equilibrium granted, late, to Lowell, who ended by seeing his parents less harshly. Sylvia Plath, when she died, had at last begun to recognize a monstrousness in herself. If her father was a vampire, so was she. She had also begun to realize that "there is no terminus," no point at which the world is arranged for good, with all its truths established:

> There is no terminus, only suitcases
>
> Out of which the same self unfolds
> like a suit
>
> Bald and shiny, with pockets of
> wishes,
>
> Notions and tickets, short circuits and
> folding mirrors.

This realization could be the chief principle of interest in life—more wishes, more notions, more tickets—but to Plath, in her tiredness, it seemed a nightmare.

What is regrettable in Plath's work is not the domestic narrowness of her subject matter (Dickinson and Herbert made faultless poetry out of matter as putatively "narrow") but the narrowness of tone. She has wit and sardonic irony; she has blank despair; and she has neutral judgment and observation, and even, at the end, tenderness. But she veers from zero to one hundred like a dangerously swinging needle; she has none of the ravishing variety of tone that colors Herbert's colloquies with God. Plath has another narrowness, too—her scrupulous refusal to generalize, in her best poems, beyond her own case. She will not speak about the human condition, in the way Emily Dickinson emboldened herself to. Dickinson had an acute, generalizing mind as well as an eye for minute particulars; in Plath we miss the sudden, illuminating widening of perspective that Dickinson learned from Emerson. Plath was stubbornly truthful, and she may have felt herself the exception rather than the rule. But her sense of herself as exceptional prevented her from seeing herself as one of many.

There are two hundred and twenty-four mature poems in this collection, and those after "The Colossus" are better (as most critics have said) than those composed for that volume. Plath assiduously worked and worked on poetry, as she had worked on academic subjects; no poet has worked harder. Either marriage and childbearing alone or the encouragement and help of Ted Hughes—or, more probably, both—changed her style. She discovered ways to make lines seem inevitable, not only in sound but also (her most interesting discovery) in looks. She had worked hard at imitating Dylan Thomas, and had early mastered certain coarse sound effects. But in a late line like "The shadows of ringdoves chanting, but easing nothing," she has given up on a bald imitation of Thomas and has found her own voice. Some of the binding devices in such a line are familiar—the parallel of "chanting" and "easing," the repetition of words of two syllables. But what is more unusual is the matching of "nothing," though it is syntactically not parallel, with "chanting" and "easing." Such ear-rhymes are a true binding and a false binding at once, setting the words aslant. The last half of the word "shadows"—"dows"—almost matches the "doves" of "ringdoves" in the same witty way. Plath's later style is full of such cunning; her eye-rhymes (often without any aural equivalent like that in "doves" and "dows") continue vigorously to the end of her career, and replace her earlier, self-conscious overwriting for the ear. We require of a poem that the words spring toward each other in magnetic attraction, but we are offended when the trick is done obviously. Plath's later rapprochements seem almost casual by contrast with her obtrusive early rhymes and rhythms, but they are far more premeditated. She began keeping drafts, Hughes tell us. Eventually, they may be published, and testify to the angle of revision she favored. The later poems, at their best, bear witness to Plath's painstaking work to make their parts fall into place and lock.

When Plath began to be able to find adequate language for her feelings, she redid a great number of her earlier themes. Here is early (pre-1956) Plath writing about the moon, always for her the presider:

> The choice between the mica mystery
> of moonlight or the pockmarked face
>     we see
>         through the scrupulous telescope
> is always to be made: innocence
> is a fairy-tale; intelligence
>         hangs itself on its own rope.

"Intelligence hangs itself on its own rope" is a formulation better than what turns up in most college verse, but the language of this poem is Audenesque, prematurely "disillusioned," and arch. (Auden must have been the recommended intellectual model at college in those days; he is equally present in early Rich.) Only the end sounds particularly vigorous;

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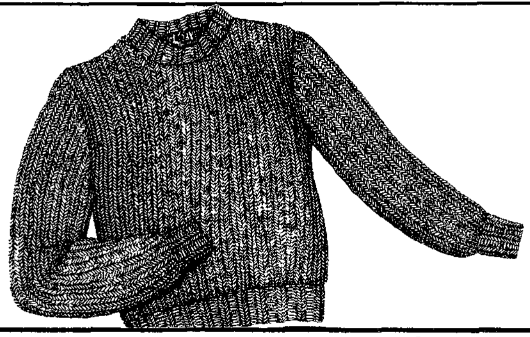

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"the mica mystery of moonlight" (in a poem alliteratively named "Metamorphoses of the Moon") shows off Plath's easy alliteration, which in fact does *not* draw the words together but pushes them apart, by calling attention to its own flashiness.

This is from "The Moon and the Yew Tree," written in 1961, just before Plath's twenty-ninth birthday:

> The moon is no door. It is a face in its
> own right,
> White as a knuckle and terribly upset.
> It drags the sea after it like a dark
> crime; it is quiet
> With the O-gape of complete despair.

The complacency of the earlier poem is replaced by a distraught but tenacious appropriation of both the world and earlier poetry. (The "gape" is from the gape of Niobe mourning her children in Keats' "Endymion.") This appropriation comes as much from the poet's staring at the moon and staring at a particular line of Keats as from her staring at herself. In any case, the merely fashionable is cast aside, and Plath now seeks out her own affinities—helped, it seems clear, by Hughes.

Plath's phrasemaking went from strength to strength in her last two years, and it is a steady instruction to see her exact eye (with "no preconceptions," as she said of a mirror) attempt to take in reality afresh. An owl cries "from its cold indigo," and the chill lies in the matching c-o-d-i-d-i-g-o, where the "c" and the "g" are only variants of one sound. Under Plath's clinical gaze, her lungs are "two gray, papery bags;" at a funeral, as the open grave yawns, "for a minute the sky pours into the hole like plasma;" the buzz of bees in a bee box is a "furious Latin;" the glittering snow is "marshaling its brilliant cutlery" (a theft from Emily Dickinson); the darkness of a storeroom is "the black bunched in there like a bat," and the compression of "bunched" hides a beast waiting to spring; the flesh of a cut thumb is, as a detached eye takes a cool look, "red plush;" glistening worms are "sticky pearls" (with the shock coming from the sudden endowing of the inorganic word "pearls" with gluey life); a calla lily displays "cold folds of ego" (the "cold indigo" trick again, but with the added surprise of a pairing like "sticky pearls"); and on the farm in winter Plath sees "the barbarous holly with its viridian/Scallops, pure iron," matching the holly leaf's shape with scallops, viridian with iron, and erecting a stiff, bristling fence of

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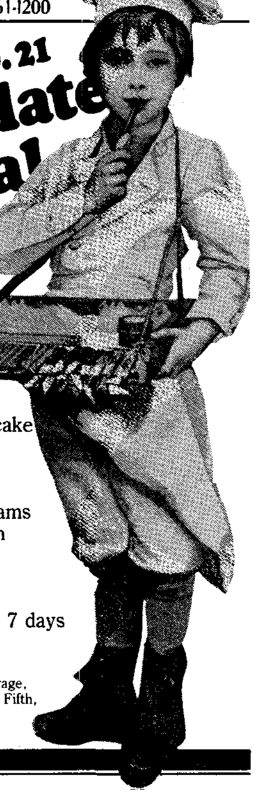

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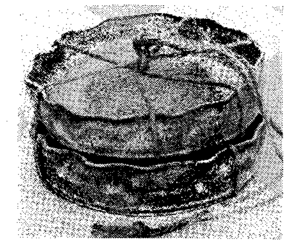

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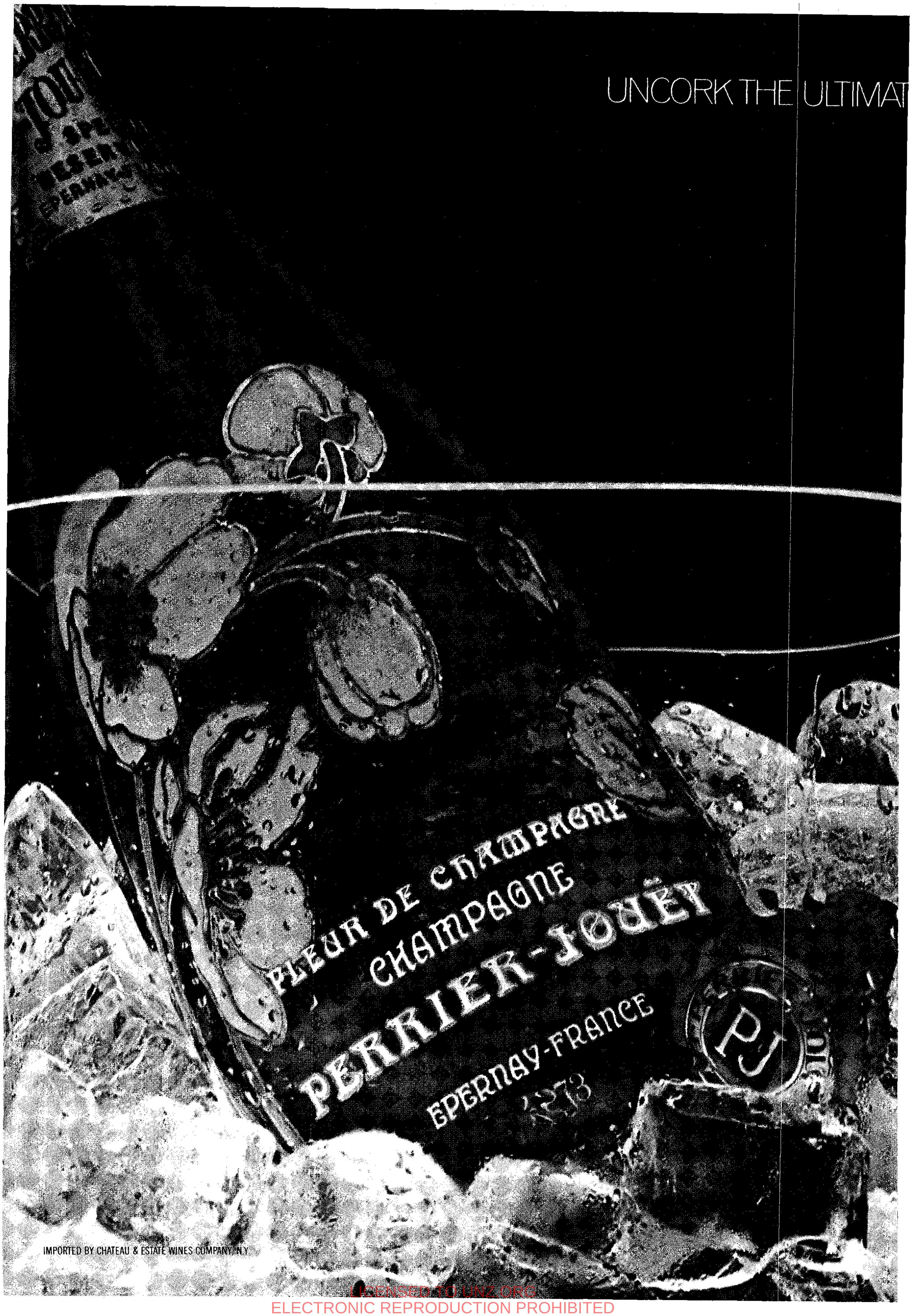
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''s—"barbarous," "viridian," ure," "iron." These are all virtuoso rases, and no poetry could be made of such things exclusively, but they ıssure us that in her most violent ›ments Plath's eye and ear could main undisturbedly, and even laborisly, accurate.

Plath used to berate herself for not membering everything in detail—a om she had seen, or what a person d been wearing—and in her journal f which only a small but impressive rt has been published, in the prose llection "Johnny Panic and the Bi- of Dreams") she noted things ›wn with meticulous exactness. 'hen the journal is published comete, we will know a truer Sylvia ath. She apparently deceived all of ımbridge into seeing her as a gushg, if intelligent, American coed, but is to her credit that she could not ceive herself. "That is the latent rror, a symptom: it is suddenly either l or nothing; either you break the rface shell into the whistling void or ›u don't," she wrote in the journal in ›56. The terse, diagnostic language ıthorizes the experience even to those us who may not have had it: "The ›rror is the sudden folding up and vay of the phenomenal world, leavg nothing. Just rags. Human rooks hich say: Fraud."

The poems of Plath's last years find way of giving illustration to that ılding up of the phenomenal world. or her, the poems also filled the void: If I sit still and don't do anything, ıe world goes on beating like a slack ·um, without meaning," she says in ıe journal. The best of her poems lustrate both the fullness and the nptiness of the universe: how it is lled with complicated, rich, obdurate, ıd significant forms—yew trees, ;othic letters, blackberries—and how ıese forms are shadowed by others, iaphanous, elusive, obscuring, and lank, whether moonlight, fog, cloud, r ocean. This dialectic of forms is rought at times to an almost supernaıral beauty. For example, under the ıreatening veils of "a sky/Palely and amily/Igniting its carbon monoxles" there open the poppies in Oc›ber:

O my God, what am I
That these late mouths should cry open
In a forest of frost, in a dawn of corn-
flowers.

'hat is from a poem written on her hirtieth birthday, the same day as Ariel," with its equally riveting balnce of "substanceless blue" and "the

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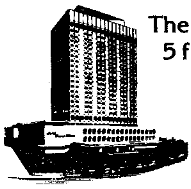

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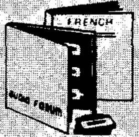

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red/Eye, the cauldron of morning." A bleaker version of form appears in "Blackberrying," where the organic is both beautiful and disgusting:

I come to one bush of berries so ripe
  it is a bush of flies,
Hanging their bluegreen bellies and
  their wing panes in a Chinese screen.

A "last hook" in the downward path through the blackberry brambles takes Plath from the overdetermined berry/fly bushes to the obscure emptiness of the sea:

            A last hook brings me
To the hills' northern face, and the
  face is orange rock
That looks out on nothing, nothing
  but a great space
Of white and pewter lights, and a din
  like silversmiths
Beating and beating at an intractable
  metal.

The resistance of experience to meaning, expressed here in the word "intractable," appears in comparable words all through Plath's poetry: I note, at random, "indefatigable," "irrefutable," "irreplaceable," "irretrievable," "inaccessible," "invisible," "untouchable," "inexorable," "unbreakable," "impossible," "indeterminate," "unintelligible," "indigestible," "unidentifiable," "incapable," and "ineradicable"—a family of barriers to soul, mind, and body. Against those glassy barriers Plath heroically went about her business of constructing meaning, both psychic and literary. She knew enough to choose "The Colossus," a poem about this wearing struggle, as the title poem of her first book. The poem resembles the anxiety dreams Plath had as a child, about tasks too large ever to be done adequately. She addresses, in the poem, the broken statue of her father:

I shall never get you put together
  entirely,

Pieced, glued, and properly jointed. . . .

Thirty years now I have labored
To dredge the silt from your throat.
I am none the wiser.

Scaling little ladders with gluepots and
  pails of Lysol
I crawl like an ant in mourning
Over the weedy acres of your brow
To mend the immense skull-plates and
  clear
The bald, white tumuli of your eyes.

The many poems about Plath's father, including the famous bee poems (Otto Plath had written a book called "Bumblebees and Their Ways"), take up many myths of explanation, including Freudian diagrams, folk myths, fairy tales, and religious analogies.

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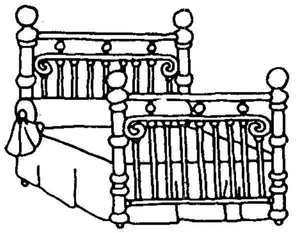

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'hile we may all need such myths to proach the mystery of family rela- ons, Plath not only, with new in- ghts, replaced one myth with another t also changed her style to fit the yth. The sacrificial victim of the bee ems speaks in a style of obedient, ralyzed sentences, in a dead-toned ama. Occasionally, it modulates to elodrama ("I have a self to recover, queen"), but in style that melodrama never satisfactorily voiced in the bee quence. It awaits its cold and con- olled derangement in "Lady Laza- s" and in "Daddy," where style rns to slashing caricature of eudian self-knowledge:

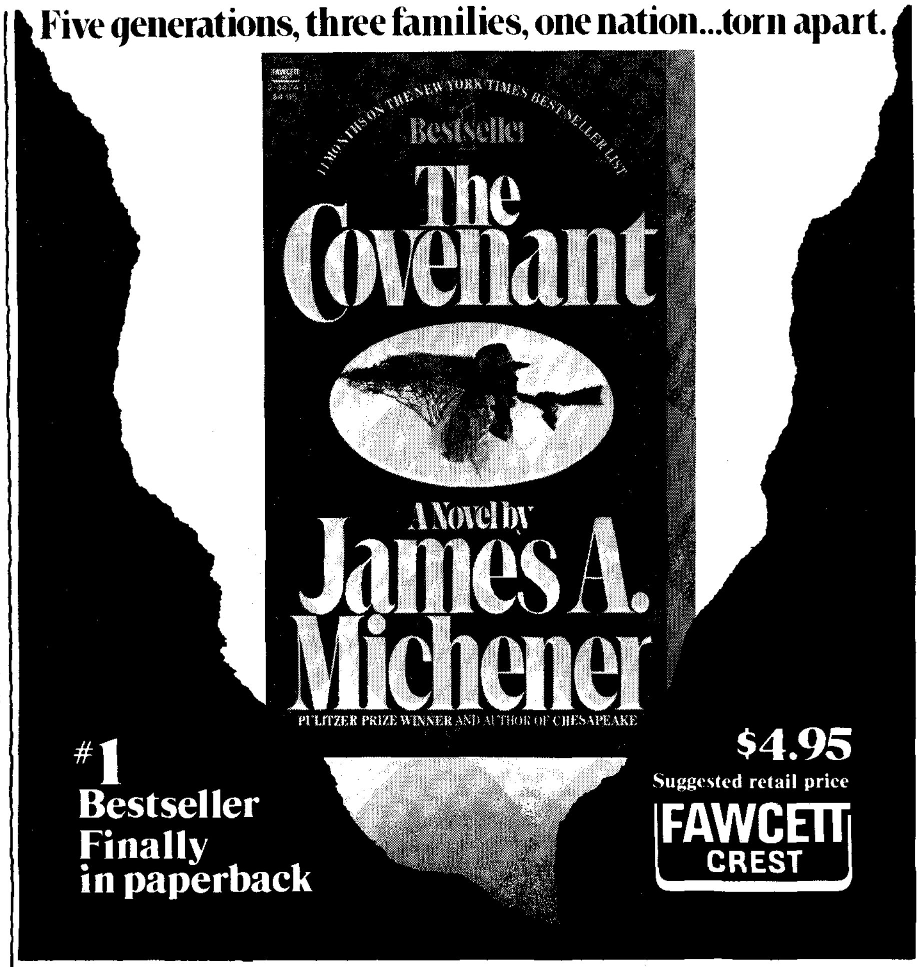
> Every woman adores a Fascist,
> The boot in the face, the brute
> Brute heart of a brute like you.

one are the elegant vicissitudes of yme, slant rhyme, and syllabics, and l the genteel college-writing-class nventions:

> But they pulled me out of the sack,
> And they stuck me together with glue.
> And then I knew what to do.
> I made a model of you,
> A man in black with a Meinkampf look
>
> And a love of the rack and the screw.
> And I said I do, I do.

his "Threepenny Opera" style is an fect usable only once; the violence ne to the self here (provoked by the olence Plath suffered under the ock of Hughes' desertion) is the sub- ance of the jeering style. Plath lashes ut at her former idolatry of her father d at her subsequent idolatry of her sband, but she also demolishes the oble myths of her own earlier poems, rning the Freudian-Hellenic colos- s into a "ghastly statue with one ray toe/Big as a Frisco seal."

"Lady Lazarus," written in the me feverish thirtieth-birthday month at produced "Daddy" and "Ariel," a mélange of incompatible styles, as ough in a meaningless world every yle could have its day: bravado ("I ave done it again"), slang ("a sort f walking miracle"), perverse fash- n commentary ("my skin/Bright s a Nazi lampshade"), melodrama 'Do I terrify?"), wit ("like the cat have nine times to die"), boast 'This is Number Three"), self-dis- ust ("What a trash/To annihilate ach decade"). The poem moves n through reductive dismissal ("the ig strip tease") to public announce- ent, with a blasphemous swipe at the Ecce Homo" ("Gentlemen, ladies/ hese are my hands/My knees"), and omes to its single lyric moment, re-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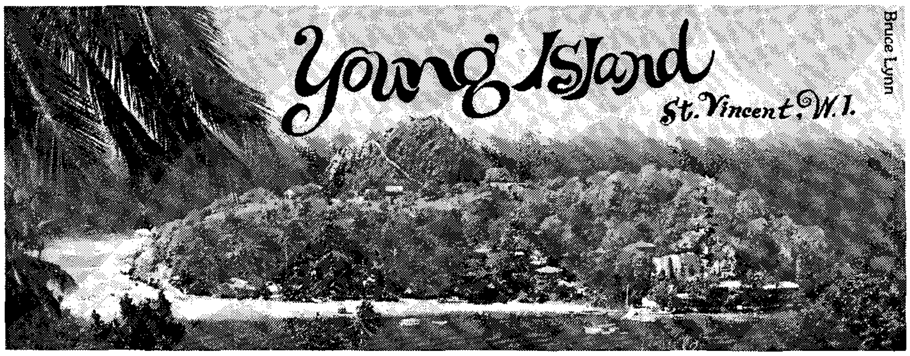

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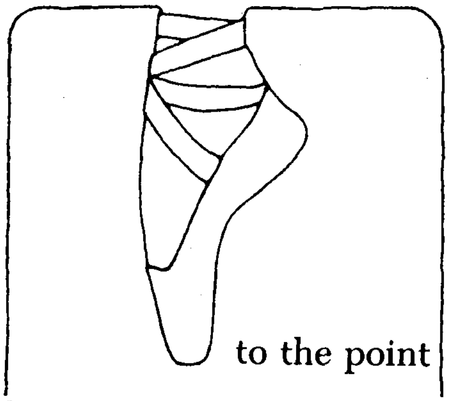

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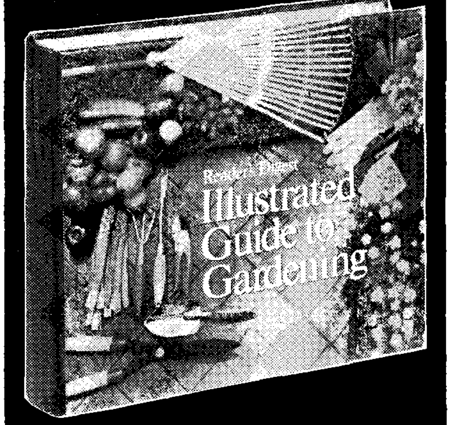

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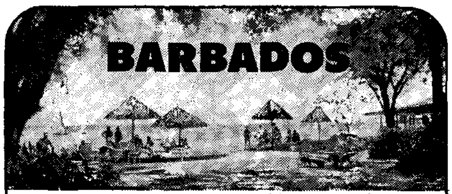

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calling Plath's suicide attempt in the summer before her senior year at Smith:

> I rocked shut
>
> As a seashell.
> They had to call and call
> And pick the worms off me like
> sticky pearls.

Almost every stanza of "Lady Lazarus" picks up a new possibility for this theatrical voice, from mock movie talk ("So, so, Herr Doktor./So, Herr Enemy") to bureaucratic politeness ("Do not think I underestimate your great concern") to witch warnings ("I rise with my red hair/And I eat men like air"). When an author makes a sort of headcheese of style in this way—a piece of gristle, a piece of meat, a piece of gelatine, a piece of rind—the disbelief in style is countered by a competitive faith in it. Style (as something consistent) is meaningless, but styles (as dizzying provisional skepticisms) are all.

Poems like "Daddy" and "Lady Lazarus" are in one sense demonically intelligent, in their wanton play with concepts, myths, and language, and in another, and more important, sense not intelligent at all, in that they willfully refuse, for the sake of a cacophony of styles (a tantrum of style), the steady, centripetal effect of thought. Instead, they display a wild dispersal, a centrifugal spin out to further and further reaches of outrage. They are written in a loud version of what Plath elsewhere calls "the zoo yowl, the mad soft/Mirror talk you love to catch me at." And that zoo yowl has a feral slyness about it, which rises to a heated hatred in the poems about Hughes and about Plath's rivals (as she saw them)—her mother, Hughes' sister Olwyn, and Hughes' mistress. The distress of these poems unbalances them aesthetically. When Plath turns her loathing back on herself, she instantly resumes control of structure, and the newly stoic poems recover shape and power: "The heart shuts,/The sea slides back,/The mirrors are sheeted."

Plath's cold verdict on her own choices admits the irreconcilables in her psychic constitution: "Perfection is terrible, it cannot have children." Her drive toward perfection (of which she had such a clear and distinct idea, and toward which she slaved) was incompatible—or so it seemed to her in her depleted state—with the act that had, along with poetry, brought her real happiness: the bearing of children. The verdict of the poems is agai perfection and for children. This cc viction enlarged and deepened her l poems, in which she alternated, pi ably, between a deathly resignati and a despair that envied the narciss tically appetitive flowers:

> The claw
> Of the magnolia,
> Drunk on its own scents,
> Asks *nothing* of life.

There is more outrage and satire a hysteria in some of the last poems th there is steady thought, especia steady thought evinced in style. Pla for whatever reason, could not rise the large concerns of tragedy in Keatsian way. Her unevenness reca Hart Crane, but she did not ha Crane's open generosity of vision. S did possess—and it gives her a cla on us—a genius for the transcripti in words of those wild states of feeli which in the rest of us remain so i choate that we quail under the speechless. —HELEN VENDL

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

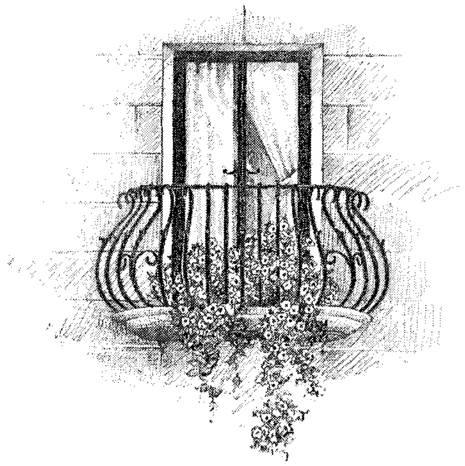
THE REBEL ANGELS, by Roberts Davies (Viking; $13.95). A coı plex, eccentric novel—part mysteı part romance, part farce, part fable set in the Collegiate Gothic ivo towers of a Toronto universiı There are eight major characte two of whom are narrators. One i scholar (an authority on New T tament Greek and Gnostic heresie and the other is a brilliant and bea tiful half-gypsy Ph.D. candida named Maria Theotoky (Greek f "Motherhood of God"), whom t scholar comes to adore. Four oth scholars riding rickety hobbyhors (one of them analyzes excreme in a spotless lab; another calls l specialty "paleo-psychology," aı argues that modern gypsies a precious "cultural fossils") also a mire Maria, as do the young heir a vast collection of manuscripts aı art works and (grudgingly) Maria gypsy mother. The plot involv the disappearance of an unusu Renaissance manuscript and vario conspiracies that lead, by way of murder, a suicide, and many a wi and witty monologue, to a surpri ing and happy ending.

### GENERAL

END OF THE AFFAIR: THE COLLAP OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANC 1939-40, by Eleanor M. Gat

(University of California Press; $28.50). Between the two world wars, the Allies followed divergent policies toward Germany: the French, concerned about their security, favored the maintenance of the Versailles Treaty, while the British, concerned about their trade, favored its relaxation. By the time Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland, in 1936, the French were tired of trying to persuade the unpersuadable British, but they lacked the self-confidence to face the Germans alone. When the partners entered the war side by side in 1939, their attitudes were diverging once more: the British will to fight was growing, while the French will was declining. Also, as this exceptional history reminds us, the British had an almost religious faith in the invincibility of the French Army. Eleanor Gates has, in effect, organized a story of disorganization and disintegration. From it, one infers that some political gifts, such as the art of compromise, are not invariably statesmanlike: the Vice-Premier of France, Camille Chautemps, famed for his abilities at reconciliation, was the first to find a formula that absolved the French Council of Ministers of any sense of guilt over breaking the agreement with Britain not to seek a separate armistice. Eleanor Gates is just, never partisan, but we understand the reasons for British disillusion and distrust that led to the final break in July, 1940, when British warships attacked a French naval force at Mers-el-Kébir, in North Africa.

EWIS CARROLL: A CELEBRATION, edited by Edward Guiliano (Clarkson N. Potter/Crown; $17.95). A generous assortment of essays, collected, as the subtitle proclaims, "on the occasion of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson." A report on Carroll's/Dodgson's friendship with Ellen Terry (which concludes that it was no more than that) and an explanation of his diagram-riddled pamphlets on electoral reforms and lawn-tennis tournaments are first and last; in between, thirteen essays deal with the "Alice" books, "The Hunting of the Snark," and "Sylvie and Bruno." Four of the most interesting of these focus on Tenniel's illustrations: one points out the parallels between his Tweedledum, Tweedledee, and Caterpillar and the caricatures of John



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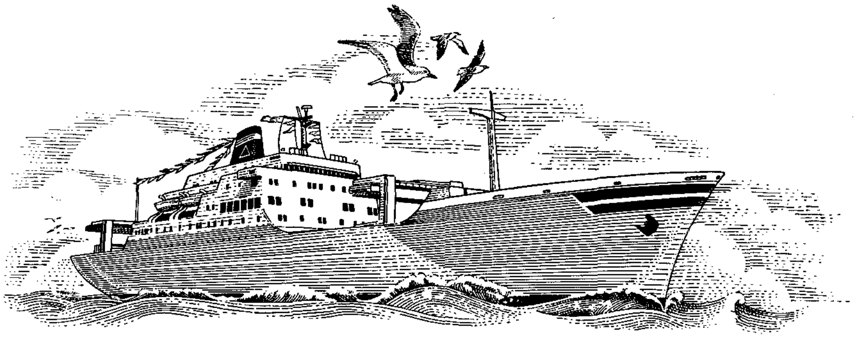

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Bull and the Pope (among many examples) that he drew for *Punch;* another explains why Tenniel was wrong in making Carroll discard an episode featuring a wasp in a wig, and in portraying (contrary to Carroll's instructions) the White Knight as an old man with whiskers. A number of essays are by and for one humorless academic clique or another, but if their talk of morphology and folk motifs (not to mention parallels in "Finnegans Wake" and French Surrealist paintings) is tiresome, the point (made in several places) that Carroll was familiar with traditional puppet shows and pantomimes—full of costumed animals all quick to offend and to take offense—helps explain why the "Alice" books, and not "Sylvie and Bruno," continue to grow curiouser and curiouser, for readers of all ages. Illustrations.

Jack London: An American Myth, by John Perry (Nelson-Hall; $21.95 cloth, $10.95 paper). This biography, as the subtitle suggests, is a devaluation of Jack London as a writer, as a Socialist, and as a man of integrity; it seems a wholly gratuitous exercise, for by the time of his death, at forty, in 1916, London had accomplished most of the devaluing himself. After the success of two novels written before he was twenty-eight—"The Call of the Wild" and "The Sea Wolf"—he became one of the most prolific burnt-out authors in history, writing nearly half a hundred more books, not one of which came even close to redeeming his early promise. He plagiarized from other writers, and he sold to magazines stories that he had sold before. His vaunted Socialism was a public joke: he travelled the world first class, he lived lavishly on a fourteen-hundred-acre ranch, and in his books and in his life he celebrated the superiority of the white Anglo-Saxon over all other races. (He once declared that even the *dogs* of black people were cowards.) Mr. Perry dutifully details all this with a fairly long face, and appears to think that his work of demolition is final. But Jack London is still there. For all his sins and absurdities, his best work is still read; he is part of our literary heritage.

Early Memoirs, by Bronislava Nijinska, translated from the Russian and edited by Irina Nijinska and Jean Rawlinson (Holt, Rinehart

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& Winston; $22.50). Bronislava Nijinska had two brothers; both went mad. The older, Stanislav, was hospitalized permanently as a boy. Vaslav's mental disorder did not become acute until some years after he had established himself as the world's foremost male dancer and the choreographer of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" and "Le Sacre du Printemps." By that time, a world war had passed, Nijinsky was a husband and father living in exile, and his sister had lost sight of him. When they met again, it was in the Viennese sanitarium where he was confined as an apparently incurable schizophrenic—lost, as this memoir puts it, "in his own inner world of the Dance." The book ends there, with no further speculation on the great dancer's life and fate. He is as much a genius in his sister's eyes as he is in the eyes of the world, and as much an enigma. But although she cannot account for his behavior, Nijinska can and does provide full and precise descriptions of his art, both as a performer and as a choreographer. Brother and sister trained together in the Imperial School; together they left Russia and went to work for Diaghilev. Aesthetically, they were twins—"Faune" and "Les Noces" are their monuments, preserved to this day—though Nijinska stresses that he was the teacher and she the pupil. Besides her brother, the only great artist who receives her homage in this book is Chaliapin, with whom she fell in love. Nijinska died in 1972, after a lifetime of making ballets and directing companies all over the world. She left a voluminous autobiography, with instructions to her daughter on preparing it for publication. This first installment, which adds vital information to an already famous story, was delayed until after the death of Nijinsky's wife. Part II, which deals with the far less familiar facts of Nijinska's own contribution to dance history, must not be so long in coming.

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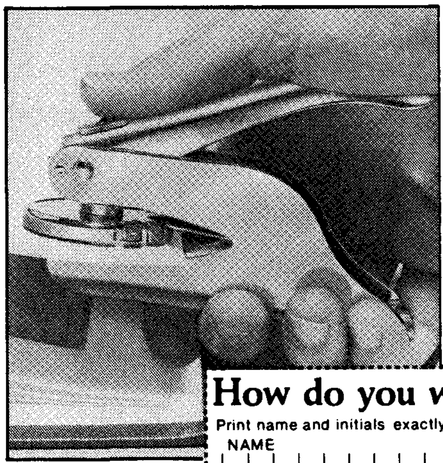

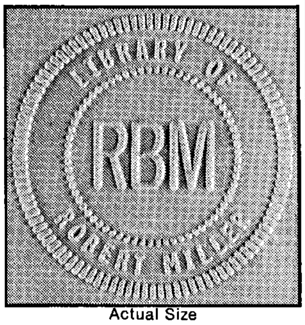

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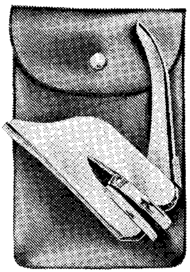

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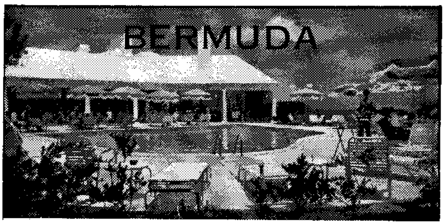

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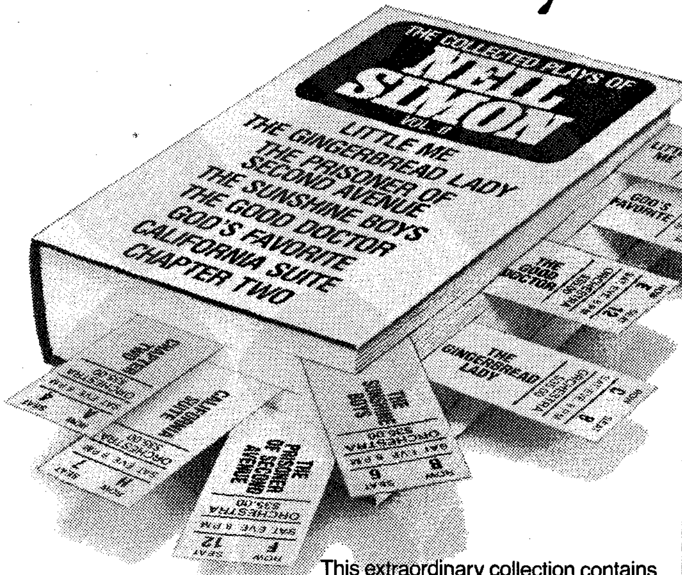
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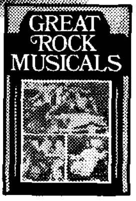
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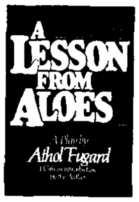
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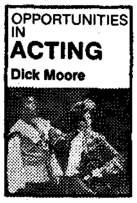
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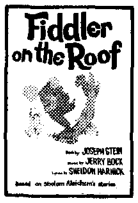
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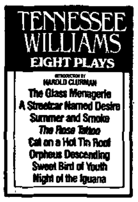
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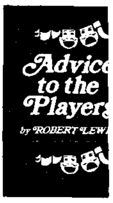
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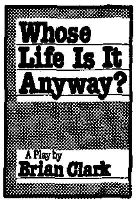
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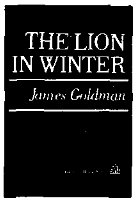
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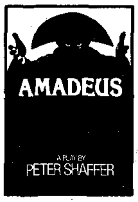
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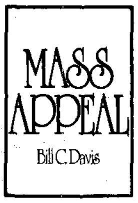
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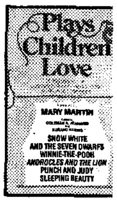
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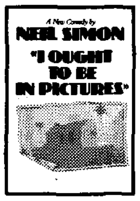
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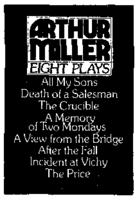
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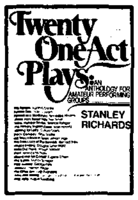
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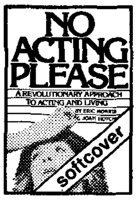
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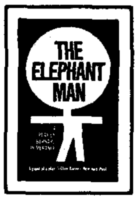
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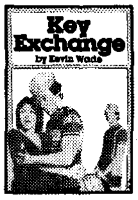
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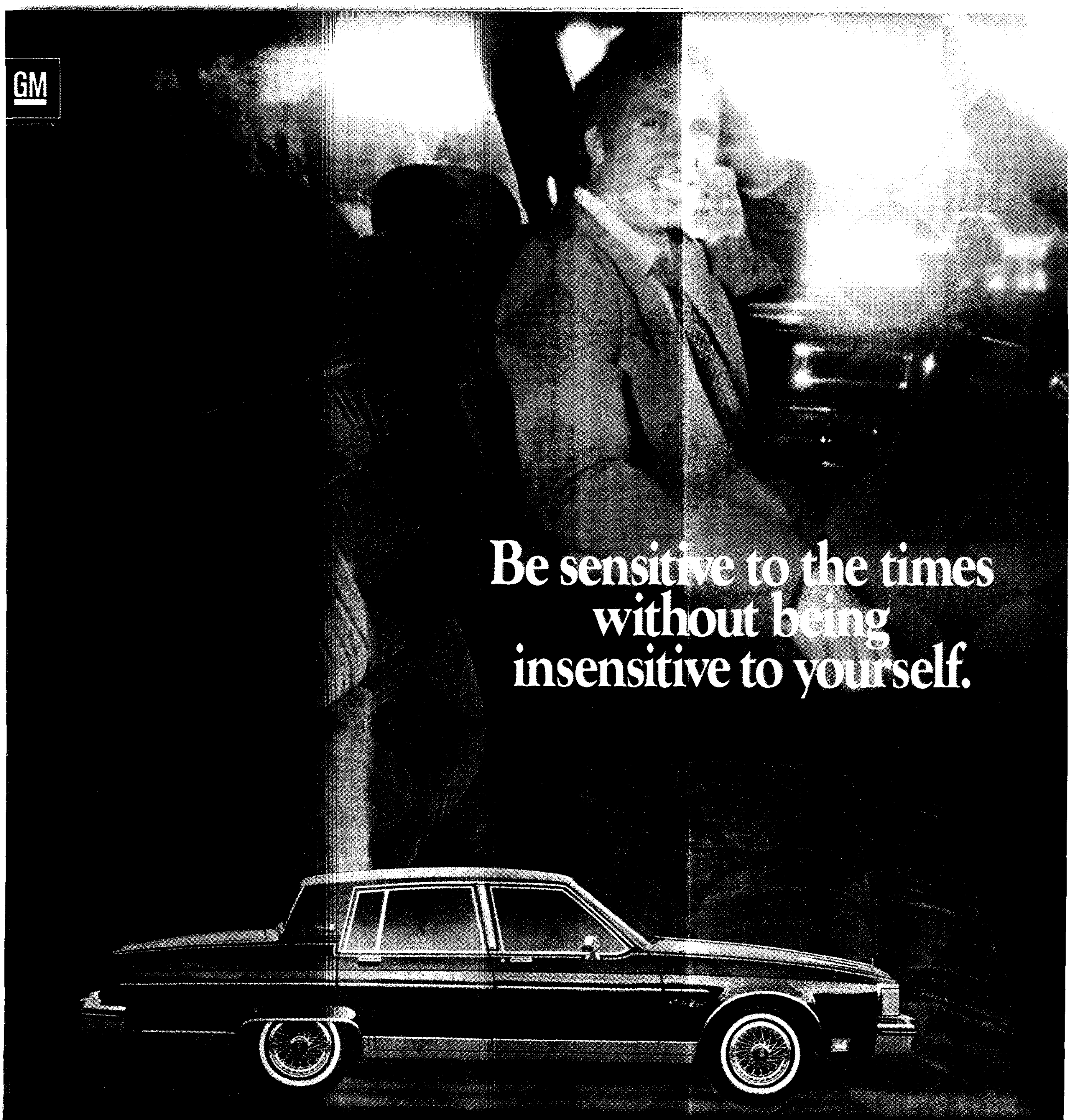

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# ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT FINE HANDMADE INDIA CARPETS.

## IT'S ALL IN OUR NEWEST, BIGGEST BOOKLET OF SUMPTUOUS PANDE CAMERON CARPETS AND FRESH, INNOVATIVE DECORATING IDEAS.

**FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD, MAGNIFICENT HISTORIC AND CONTEMPORARY DESIGNS. SHOWN IN FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS!**
Think of this booklet as your own private showing of our glorious handmade carpets from India. Designs of legend and lore: Dramatic Chinese designs, ancient Persian motifs, ornate French Aubusson flora and fauna. As well as the more contemporary Caucasian designs and our magnificent new Dhurrie collection!

**DECORATING IDEAS TO PIQUE YOUR IMAGINATION. AND TO GIVE IT ROOM TO FLOWER ON ITS OWN!**
Dramatic, full-color photographs show these carpets in myriad settings of wit and warmth and splendor: Not just in living rooms, but in every room you live in, from bedrooms to dining rooms to dens to hallways. Ideas galore and more, for every room imaginable!

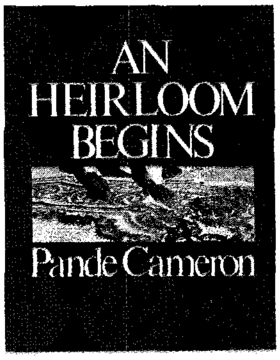
**SEE HOW THESE GREAT CARPETS ARE CREATED. LEARN THE FASCINATING FACTS ABOUT THEIR ORIGINS AND HISTORY.**
Every one of these fabled carpets is made in India of the finest wool: Hand-knotted and hand-finished. They are made according to a time-honored tradition of skill and care, handed down from generation to generation with pride. You'll see the making in step-by-step, full-color photographs, taken in India.

**A COMPENDIUM OF COMPLETE INFORMATION ON COLORS AND SIZE**
Think about it: you can actually use this booklet *practically* to give you more than background information. You can use it to plan your purchases–right in the comfort and privacy of your own home–before you visit your dealer.

Choose from a wealth of color ways. Many Pande Cameron carpets come in one, two...up to seven richly beautiful color combinations to harmonize with your decorating scheme. Choose from a range of sizes, too. From a 2′ x 3′ area rug to a magnificent 12′ x 20′ carpet. Or custom order your carpet in any design, size or color combination, at a nominal additional charge.

**MUCH MORE! SO THAT ORIENTALS ARE NO LONGER INSCRUTABLE!**
In this booklet, you'll find out what you should know before buying an Oriental carpet from India. How, for instance, you can be truly sure it is an authentic and fine Oriental. And: Will it fit into the decor of your home? And: What are the features that make a Pande Cameron such a wise investment? All these questions and their answers are found in this fact-filled booklet.

**GET READY FOR A DECORATING EXPERIENCE THAT'S AS ENRICHING AS IT IS BEAUTIFUL!**
Send for your copy today. Mail this coupon and $5.00 (U.S. funds) right now!



**PANDE, CAMERON & CO. OF NEW YORK**
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Please send me your new, full-color booklet, "An Heirloom Begins."

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